

SATURDAY MOR

**GEN. HERNAN
QUITS CARRA**

*Declares His Independence
De Facto Government*

*Condition of Gen. H.
Practically Unchanged*

**Great Reform in Juarez
into Effect.**

(BY A. P. HENRY WIRE.)

EL PASO (Tex.), Jan. 1.—Donato Rosillo Hernandez has declared himself independent of the government of Mexico, according to reports from Santa Rosillo to the press. sources admit his independence (the Santa Rosillo district in Chihuahua State into the hands of a band of followers, but not as to the cause. Hernandez was formerly

OF AMERICA
Laws at Which Our
the English Govern
Recently Promulgated,
for the Benefit of

[BY ATTORNEYS]

LONDON, Jan. 7.—The price of the securities which the British government has offered and prepared to buy American under the securities mobilization act, were made known today as follows:

American Telephone, 4 per cent.
U.S. 94-2; American Telephone
and Telegraph Co., 4 per cent.
of 1923, 118; American
Mortgage 4 per cent.

99; Atchison adjustable
91-2-4; Atchison Convert
112; Atchison Convert
112.
Baltimore and Ohio, prior
page 3 1/2 per cents of
1934; Baltimore and Ohio
page 4 per cents of 1934.
Baltimore Southwest 2 1/2 per cents
of 1934; Baltimore Convert
per cents of 1933, 1934-1-4
and Ohio, Pittsburgh, Lake
West Virginia refunding
of 1941, 93 1-4.
Canadian Pacific 6 per cent.
1934, 110; Central Pacific
1934, 109; Central Pacific
1934, 109.

Milwaukee and St. Paul guar-
 antee 4 per cent. of 1933, 9
 Milwaukee and St.
 4 per cent. debenture 4 per
 cent. 98; Chicago, Milwaukee
 and North Western 4 per cent.
 108; Chicago, St. Louis
 and Northern Indiana 5 per cent. of

PS BUILDING
TO L

[BY FRANK]
NO. Jan. 7.—While the nations of Europe have been pitting armaments and the United States prepared for big naval and air increases, Japan has been busy headsnags and battle cruisers. Limit of its financial ability. to the best information available here.
 American Kato, Minister of War, has announced in the Diet fundamental naval programme. are better than the

Competition.
PEAP LUMBER RATES

—

The Pacific Announces a New
This Allows Eastern
Compete with Japan in
Hardwood Markets of
Pacific Coast.

(ST. A. P. ROBERT WIRE.)
FRANCISCO, Jan. 7.—Red-
the rates on hardwood lumber
which will allow the eastern
to compete in the Pacific
market with hardwood lumber
from Japan and other foreign
countries, were announced to-
day by the Southern Pacific Company
of the transcontinental com-
mercial rate from Cincinnati
and Birmingham territory was
and the intermediate rates
on an average of 100 per cent.

Chicago the rates will be 70 and 75 against 75 from Mississippi River and 75 from Missouri River and rates will be reduced from 75 to 70 and 75 respectively. Rates have been ordered also for birch, gum, hickory, maple and poplar.

NEW A. P. DAY WEEK.]
KEEPSIE (N. Y.) Jan. 7.
 A hundred girls, striking
 wages, gathered before the
 factory of Samuel I. Davis &
 today and bombarded the
 with stones and similar mis-
 eries. The strikers were ar-
 rest and fined \$2 each.

San Baptist Church, located on Broadway and Main streets, is holding a service at 10 o'clock this morning. The service will be held in the church building, which is located on Broadway and Main streets. The service will be held in the church building, which is located on Broadway and Main streets. The service will be held in the church building, which is located on Broadway and Main streets.

Classified Liners.
The following are the names of the liners which are scheduled to leave for various ports during the month of January, 1916. The names of the liners are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the liners are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the liners are listed in alphabetical order.

Business Announcements.
The following are the names of the businesses which are located in the city of Los Angeles. The names of the businesses are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the businesses are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the businesses are listed in alphabetical order.

Wanted.
The following are the names of the persons who are wanted by the police department. The names of the persons are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the persons are listed in alphabetical order. The names of the persons are listed in alphabetical order.

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**TO BUILD BIG
IRON FOUNDRY.**

Four Hundred Thousand to be
Cost of Fine Plant at
Torrance.

The initial steps looking to
the immediate erection of a
\$400,000 plant at Torrance by
the Llewellyn Iron Works of this
city will be taken today when
the preliminary survey of the
site is begun. Actual ex-
cavations for the factory will prob-
ably be started next week.

The plant to be erected by
the Llewellyns was first projected
two years ago, being held
up at that time, in common
with many other big enter-
prises, as the result of unfavor-
able financial and business con-
ditions. The recent general up-
lift in business throughout the
country has led the iron com-
pany to shape its plans to complete
the Torrance plant in
1918.

The company has the tract of
twenty-five acres in the heart
of the industrial suburb and in-
tends to cover practically the
entire area with its buildings.
The layout will be one of the
biggest of its kind in the West.

Will-o'-wisp.

**MUCH-WANTED LAD
IS SPIRITED OFF**

**MISSOURI SHERIFF STEALS A
MARCH ON LAWYER.**

Charles Forbes, a skyrocket among
minerals, whom Missouri calls her
"best son," was spirited out of the
state Thursday night in a manner be-
coming his sensational career. At his
last, sat the old sheriff of Butler
county, Harve Johnson. At his last
the boss of the Missouri Pa-
cific could send to safeguard the
prisoner, Detective W. H. Boult.
Two pairs of handcuffs bound his
wrists. On each ankle was a heavy
weight. As the three walked
out of the City Jail, Sheriff Johnson
with a whimical drawl to his
prize: "Son, you sure are going
somewhere. I don't care what
you get you there dead or alive,
you sure are going back."

Although Missouri considers him
one of her best sons, Sheriff Johnson
sent him out of the backwoods that
evening. Forbes became the most
notorious criminal that ever
left this city. Unlimited money and
legal talent to hold him within
the jurisdiction of the law, could
or three weeks Sheriff Johnson
severed and waited to get legal
report of the boy.

Then consent of the Governor
was finally given that he would honor
admitted papers if the case in the
major Court involving Forbes was
dismissed. Sheriff Johnson im-
mediately made application to Super-
ior Reeve to secure the dismissal
of the case. Despite the argument of
his attorney, John S. Fleming,
Reeve determined the case with-
out understanding Attorney Fleming
to test the legality of the action
taken. That the appeal might be
made the court agreed Forbes
should be kept in Los Angeles until
yesterday.

Attorney Fleming made
his appeal yesterday to start his habeas
corpus proceedings he found the sub-
was in Utah, speeding eastward.
The fight is not to stop but to
make the habeas corpus proceedings
be kept in the courts in the morning.
He heard."

Reunion.

**HONOR OF BIG
CIVIC ADVANCES.**

**OF COMMERCE CHAMBER
WILL BE CELEBRATED.**

More than a Hundred Former and
Present Directors and Officials of
the Foremost Organization will
gather Tonight at a Banquet
to Speak.

Celebrating the birth of the Cham-
ber of Commerce, the foremost or-
ganization of its kind in the world,
over 100 former and present direc-
tors and officials of that great pro-
gressive body will attend an elaborate
dinner at the Alexandria tonight.
Five-minute addresses by many of
the leaders will feature the happy re-
union.

Mal E. W. Jones, the first
president, telling of the organization
John S. Mitchell, who has been
nominated for president for the
coming year, outlining its future
and the reunion undoubtedly will
be of interest and value to the
fraternity he will reside with S. B. Lewis
and W. E. Hughes the evening of
Monday, when they met at
the Spring streets and talked
the possibilities of organizing a
Chamber of Commerce. He, too, will
be the names of those who were
in the formation of the or-
ganization. Among them was Gen.
Gray Otis, who drew up the
bylaws that were adopted at the
first meeting of the chamber had 141
members, while today there are
over 2000. These men are the
representative citizens and the pri-
mary bankers and business and
professional men.

The organization of the cham-
ber of Commerce has been in
the first home have housed the
the first being on First street,
second in Mott Market, the third
in North and Broadway and the present
in the six-story building at No. 121
Broadway.

The image shows a dark, vertical, textured surface, likely the cover or endpaper of an old book. The material appears to be a dark, possibly black or very dark brown, with a fine, vertical ribbed texture. There are visible signs of wear, including small white specks and faint, irregular lines that suggest age and handling. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with a slightly lighter area towards the left edge, creating a sense of depth and highlighting the texture.

DEATHS.
At the Los Angeles hospital, January 7, 1916, at the age of 72 years, Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, nee Smith, widow of John Smith, died of complications following a long illness.

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The Times

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1916.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—218,131
By the City Directory (1915)—228,131

XLVth YEAR.

WORTH TRIP ON MARRIAGE SEAS.

William E. Langdon Weds Ida Meyer at Alhambra.

Mystery Shrouding End of Third Wife Recalled.

She Knows Nothing of His Private Affairs.

His fourth venture on the matrimonial sea, William E. Langdon, married Friday night to Ida Meyer, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. N. Garst at the home of the groom, Helman and Harwood, Alhambra. The groom and the bride is 27.

Attached to the wedding were the sensational circumstances surrounding the death of his third wife on October 1, 1914. She died from the effects of a poison which she had taken. The physician's office made a thorough examination upon the theory that she had been murdered. No formal funeral was ever made and the mystery never entirely cleared up.

Mr. Langdon was formerly a member of the Meyer family, and it was known that he had married a woman who had died from the effects of a poison. A chemical analysis of the woman's stomach showed that she had taken a fatal dose of strychnine. The police made no effort to find the person who had given her the poison, and at all times she was given the impression that she was being poisoned. He admitted that he had taken a fatal dose of strychnine, but he was never arrested.

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William E. Langdon, who has just married for the fourth time. The death of his third wife by strychnine poisoning was a sensation of fifteen months ago.

expressed the opinion that she had placed poison in it.
IN BROMO-SALTZER.
A sufferer from headaches, Mr. Langdon was accustomed to using bromo-saltzer as an opiate. On the day his wife died he said he returned home and found her writhing in pain and while in the throes of death she said she had taken some of the drug. During the police investigation it was found that some strychnine had been purchased from a clerk in an apothecary.

(Continued on Second Page.)

GOLDEN LINING TO WAR CLOUD.

Great British Economist, Here, Optimistic for Us.

Sees Greatest Prosperity Era in American History.

Noted Visitor's Distinguished Services to England.

Alfred Mosely, Companion of St. Michael and St. George, Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem of England, Honorary L.D., noted philanthropist, international economist and one of the most distinguished men in Great Britain, who arrived in Los Angeles yesterday, said he believed the United States will face the greatest era of prosperity in its history, following the European war.

He stated he did not agree with the conclusions of Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, whose address before the members of the local Chamber of Commerce Thursday night has attracted widespread attention.

Mr. Mosely, who is at the Alexandria, said the enormous loss in men as a result of the war will greatly affect labor conditions in England and cause the greatest increase in the rates in wages that country has ever seen.

ECONOMIC AUTHORITY.
Mr. Mosely was a member of the British Tariff Commission of 1904, and was the organizer of the Industrial and Educational Commission of America in 1902-1903. He is an admirer and a friend of the United States, believing California's winter climate to be the finest in the world.

Twenty years ago Mr. Mosely fled from active business, following a successful career in the mining centers of South Africa. He had interests in the Kimberley and Johannesburg diamond mines where he made a great fortune.

At the commencement of the war in Europe Mr. Mosely built, equipped and presented to the naval authorities of England the Queen Mary and Princess Christian Hospital, near Edinburgh. He also gave the use of his palatial country residence in England to the authorities for a home of rest for nurses during the war.

Mr. Mosely will return to England in about five weeks. He is interested in some property in the Imperial Valley with his son-in-law, John Elliot Druff, who resides there.

"What do you think of the economic outlook of war?" Mr. Mosely was asked last night.

"In the face of an entirely new condition, such as without parallel in the history of the world," he said, "it is very difficult to make a forecast, and I note with some interest Mr. Filene's address in the Chamber of Commerce. I do not agree with Mr. Filene's conclusions, although had they been uttered fifteen months ago I should have been in complete accord with his views. Then, undoubtedly, with the enormous debt and burden facing the populations of Europe, there would have been an exodus of able-bodied men to take up arms, and a more peaceful sphere and where they would be free from having to shoulder the burden of the heavy taxation that Europe is now laboring under and which must be augmented in the future."

"But the length of the war has altered this. It is true the debts are maintained and are ever increasing and it will tax both the labor and the ingenuity of the whole of the European nations to pay interest."

"But a change has come over the labor market. Inasmuch as the price of labor in England has pretty well doubled, the consequence is the working man has more money to spend, and instead of trade being bad, there is a greater demand for goods of a middle-class nature than has ever been known in England since industrialism became the main feature. And with the enormous loss in men this shortage of labor must continue with high rates of wages and consequently dearer merchandise and products than England has ever seen."

"In fact, I do not see how it is possible we should ever go back to the old conditions, and if the statesmen are wise, they will turn their backs entirely upon the old conditions. Inasmuch as if men have to work for low wages with probably dearer commodities, where are they ever going to get the money from to pay the quota of the taxation? It seems to me, if one gazes into the future, that we are going to have dearer labor, dearer commodities and an entire readjustment throughout Europe."

"This in turn must react upon the United States, as the million of immigrants that formerly came to these shores, however anxious they may be to leave their homes, will not be allowed to, because the governments of Europe will realize if the young men of the countries are allowed to get up and leave there will be no one to sustain the population and the shortage that the whole of Europe will be suffering from at the end of the war. Today no young man drawn from the European countries and more especially the Slav race and Italians."

"This in turn will have the effect of raising the price of labor in the United States; in fact, it has already manifested itself in the Eastern States—a few months ago men were walking the streets looking for jobs, and now the factories are putting out notices for men, but in vain."

PROSPERITY FOR US.
"All this, in my opinion, means an era of great prosperity for the United States, because you are paying rapidly

(Continued on Second Page.)

BLOODED FOWLS GIVEN HONORS.

Nine Prizes go to Smart Set of a Gardena Henyard.

Poultry Show Judges Placing Eighty Special Awards.

Great Crowd Views Points of Feathered Beauties.

Exhibitors and spectators at the Southern California Poultry Breeders' Association's great poultry show were

breeders yesterday afternoon in the assembly-room on the second floor of the poultry show. It was well attended and full of interest. After the reports of officers and committees there was a general discussion, led by Harold Walthew, president of the club. Among the speakers were J. L. Harrison, V. R. Long of Covina, A. G. Goodacre of Compton, Lester Payne of San Bernardino, C. F. Lape, C. O. Ream of Azusa, Dr. Cushman of Santa Ana, S. E. Coons of Covina, Joseph Fowler of Duarte, Frank Greenleaf of Santa Ana, J. H. Harrison of Pasadena and others. There is no difficulty in getting poultry people to talk when they are assembled and there was a general love feast of chicken lore at yesterday's meeting.

The Plymouth Rock Club of Southern California held its seventh annual meeting in the assembly-room last evening, and this also was spirited and enthusiastic.

The poultry show will remain open until Tuesday night, and be intact all of this time, although the ownership of many prize fowls has changed hands since the exhibit opened.

Rhode Island Red pen, won by Harold Walthew.

V. R. Long cup—Rose-comb Rhode Island Red, best display, won by Harold Walthew.

Walter M. Rose cup—Best display of White Leghorns, won by Emerson & Mumford.

Poultry Breeders' Association of Southern California cup—Best display of single-comb buff Leghorns, won by H. E. Williams.

C. C. Bonnell cup—Best Black Minorca pullet, won by Druce & Co.

In a debate on the question, "Resolved, that our legislation should be shaped toward a gradual abolition of the protective tariff," the Los Angeles High School team at their school last night defeated a team from Santa Monica for the affirmative side of the issue.

Another Los Angeles High School contingent at Manual Arts, in an argument for the negative side of the same question, lost to their opponents. In a debate of the question by the Long Beach team against the Santa Monica boys, at Santa Monica, the latter won for the affirmative.



Albert A. Bamford and his champion White Plymouth Rocks.

These birds were yesterday awarded The Times Illustrated Weekly Cup offered for the best male and female birds in the American class owned and entered by a single exhibitor in the poultry show.

special interest yesterday in the awards of the eighty special prizes offered by clubs, individuals and business concerns. The judges' task was not easy, there were so many exhibits of excellence to be considered. The list of awards was not completed last evening.

Great interest centered around the award of the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly Cup, a beautiful silver vessel, suitably engraved, the holding of which is an honor that may well be striven for. The winner was Albert A. Bamford of Gardena, breeder of White Plymouth Rocks.

This cup was offered for the best male and female bird in the American class owned and entered by one exhibitor. The prize fowls are White Plymouth Rocks of magnificent plumage and many fine points. The cock weighs eleven pounds and the hen seven and a half.

Mr. Bamford is the proud possessor of nine special awards at the present poultry show. He gets the American Poultry Association medal for the best cock; the challenge cup for the best cock and hen and cockerel and pullet; the Joseph E. Davis cup for the best display of White Rocks; a diploma for the best pen of Plymouth Rocks; the Plymouth Rock Club cup for the best White Rock cockerel; two prizes on color and one on shape.

These, in addition to the high-prized honor of holding The Times Magazine cup, are considered enough to make any poultryman feel proud of his accomplishments. The Times cup is offered to stimulate a keener interest and a broader appreciation for the great American class of pure-blooded poultry.

STANDARD FOR FUTURE.

A feature of the show today will be the exhibition of a speckled capon, which bird is to be the standard by which capons are to be judged hereafter. This capon is the property of the Orpington-Buzzards Ranch at Sawdust. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition it was given 94 1/2 points, in competition with twenty-nine others. It now becomes the standard and the American Poultry Association will have drawings made of it, so they may be used hereafter for judging capons wherever exhibited. This capon is fourteen months old and weighs sixteen pounds.

The attendance from out-of-town sections was large yesterday. Among the visitors were well-known poultry raisers of the north, and especially of the Petaluma and Calistoga districts. There were visitors during the day from many parts of Southern California.

With about 1700 entries and all classes of fowls represented, there is some exhibit in each class that has its special crowd of admirers. Probably the most popular sections yesterday were those devoted to the white strains. T. H. Bowen's exhibit of Single Comb White Minorcas, brought from his ranch at Buena Vista, held almost constant attention. J. H. Dickerson's pens of White Orpingtons were also popular with the spectators, and W. J. Stewart's Orpingtons from Ramona Acres charmed many. So it went all along the aisles. The six pens of Dark Cornish chickens showed by John D. Mercer, No. 1201 North Vermont avenue, vied with the white fowls for popularity yesterday. Captain, a twelve-pound Cornish cock, was the winner of the first prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

"Queen Mary," the beautifully pencilled hen that has traveled thousands of miles and garnered in the prizes at the biggest exhibitions of the country, as well as in England, continues to be a great attraction. Every visitor wants to see her and to study her points of beauty. "Queen Mary" is of such value that her owners have refused to set a price upon her.

The Rhode Island Red Club of California held its annual rally of Red

WINNERS SELECTED AT POULTRY SHOW.

LIST OF THE SPECIAL PRIZES SO FAR AWARDED.

Cups, Money, Medal and Incubator are Given Out by Judges to the Owners of Exceptional Birds and of Feathered Flocks of Many Breeds.

Following is a partial list of the special prizes awarded at the poultry show yesterday:

Chamber of Commerce cup—Best ten birds in the show, White Orpingtons, won by W. J. Stewart.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly cup—Best male and female in American class, White Plymouth Rocks, won by A. A. Bamford.

Special American Poultry Association medal—Best cockerel in the show, White Plymouth Rock, won by A. A. Bamford.

Germantown Seed Company cup—Best Wyandotte, male and female, one exhibitor, Partridge Wyandotte cock and pullet, won by Robert Mitchell.

Cremarie challenge cup—Best cock, cockerel, hen and pullet, all varieties of Plymouth Rocks, won 1914, 1915 and 1916 by A. A. Bamford with White Plymouth Rocks.

E. S. Lawyer \$20 certificate of award—Best pen of Plymouth Rocks, all varieties, White Plymouth Rocks, won by A. A. Bamford.

Globe Grain and Milling Company cup—Best pen of Leghorns in the show, single-comb White Leghorns, won by Emerson & Mumford.

Poultry Breeders' Association of Southern California \$60 challenge cup—Largest exhibit from Orange county, won in 1915 and 1916 by Druce & Co. with single-comb Black Minorcas.

Everybody's Poultry Magazine cup—Best single-comb Rhode Island Red male, won by Fowler & Masteron.

Orange County Club cup—Best single-comb Rhode Island Red, female, won by Brookdale Ranch.

Payne's Poultry Park—Best single-comb Rhode Island Red, pen, won by Brookdale Ranch.

Harold Walthew cup—Best display single-comb Rhode Island Red, by points, won by V. R. Long.

V. R. Long cup—Best rose-comb Rhode Island Red, male, won by Harold Walthew.

J. L. Harrison cup—Best rose-comb Rhode Island Red, female, won by Lester Payne.

Red Club of California cup—Best shaped male, single-comb Rhode Island Red, won by Fowler & Masteron; best-colored male, single-comb Rhode Island Red, won by Fowler & Masteron; best-shaped female, single-comb Rhode Island Red, won by Fowler & Masteron; best-colored female, single-comb Rhode Island Red, won by Fowler & Masteron.

Security Trust and Savings Bank solid-silver challenge cup—Best display of Silver Campines, to be won three times, won by Hance & Martling.

James R. Wallace, electric incubator—Best White Orpington, male, won by W. J. Stewart.

J. H. Dickerson, \$5 in gold—Best Buff Orpington, male, won by W. J. Stewart.

Mrs. E. B. Martin cup—Best pen of Campines, won by Golden Campines of Hance & Martling.

Dr. Sukow cup—Best rose-comb

Fourth Trip.

(Continued from First Page.)

Alhambra drug store, but Detective McLaren of the District Attorney's office learned that the purchaser was a young man. This led the officers to the end of their clues and soon thereafter the case was dropped.

Mr. Langdon was detained temporarily by a Long Beach officer while the inquiry was being continued. Mr. Langdon always declared he had nothing to fear and courted a full investigation.

Mr. Langdon freely admitted that he had had considerable trouble with his third wife. In an interview with a Times reporter he said she became enraged when she found that while she and their little daughter, Ramona, who now is 8 years old, were visiting in Cincinnati, he loaned his heart to a Mrs. Louise Nicholson, a pretty blonde, whom he met in a moving picture theater.

"When my wife found that out she got awful mad," the man said, "but I finally smoothed things over when I promised to stay away from Mrs. Nicholson."

PROPERTY INVOLVED.

Following the death of the third Mrs. Langdon, Attorney Howard E. Resch, representing Langdon, discovered that the woman shortly before her tragic end had transferred property valued at about \$6000 to a local real estate man. Last night Mr. Resch said he had caused the realty dealer to turn the property back to the Langdon estate.

This action left the property for division between Langdon and his daughter. Attorney Resch has been looking after the estate, having rented the Alhambra home to a good tenant.

When he went there last night to collect the rent he was surprised to find the tenants gone and the home occupied by Mr. Langdon and his bride.

"When I started to make inquiries about the tenant I must have let the cat out of the bag to Mrs. Langdon No. 4," said the attorney. "She said she knew nothing of the private affairs of Mr. Langdon other than that he had told her the home was his."

SIX BARGAIN DAYS

To Refurnish Your Kitchen

1000 Real Good Values to help you do it now.

Reliable Gas Ranges from \$18.00 to \$40.00.

Domestic Science Fireless Cookers from \$13.50 to \$30.00.

Wagner Aluminum Utensils from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Saturday Special

Marvel Triangular Polish floor mop with large bottle cedar oil. 49c for both.

Advertised by manufacturer for \$1.00.

Jantzen-Railsback Co.

242 So. Broadway, near 3rd.

Next Door to City Hall.

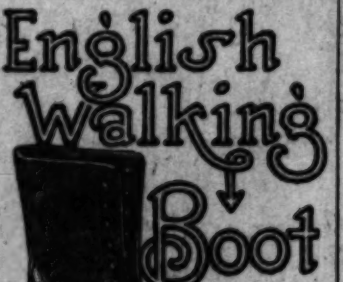
Times Excursionists

(Continued from First Page.)

giano, Mrs. Roland Boigiano, L. D. Bayley, L. J. Pfeiffer, Ernest Pfeiffer, J. C. Fox, W. E. Cummings, W. W. Kribbs, C. L. Butterfield, E. Newmire, F. G. Wyman, W. P. Barrett, Mrs. W. P. Barrett, L. W. Rhodair, Miss E. B. Gubush, Miss Elsie Maywald, O. L. Holton, Mrs. G. L. Holton, W. H. Gochrauer, Mrs. R. A. Higman, W. H. Gochrauer, Mrs. W. H. Gochrauer, E. B. Noble, Mrs. K. K. Beck, G. W. Sherwood, Jr., H. D. Rinsart, Mrs. H. D. Rinsart, J. A. Dodge and J. R. Smith.

SUE ON CONTRACT.

An action was brought in the United States District Court yesterday by the Chicago Bonding Surety Company to recover from the county of Orange \$1746.45, alleged to be due on account of the construction of a reinforced concrete bridge across the Santa Ana River on what is known as the Olive-Anneheim road. The original contract price for the work was \$14,592.30, and of this it is set out that \$5,941.75 has been paid.



English Walking Boot

\$5.00

A trim, strongly made unusually graceful shoe that is specially styled for skating, walking, climbing, outdoor and sport wear.

A gammetal lace boot with mat calf top—low square heel—in sizes 2 1/2 to 7.

Now a sale of men's, women's and children's slippers, values up to \$5 at \$1.

Harris & Frank

437-441 South Broadway St.

Known for Better Values

Open Saturday Until 9 p.m.

"Wheco" Iron

\$2.25

A high-grade iron complete with stand and 7-foot cord. This iron is absolutely the equal of any \$3.50 iron on the market. Fully covered by our guarantee, which is perpetual. Not a cheap advertised article made only to sell but made to use every day in the year.

Wheco Iron

Wheco Iron

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Golden Lining.

(Continued from First Page.)

your foreign indebtedness, not in money or in interest, but by the products that you are raising in this country and supplying to the warring nations, and in war materials which are now being turned out at your ammunition factories.

"The consequence will be, in the course of another year you will practically have paid your debts by the work of your people; will have the largest stock of gold that the United States has ever had in its possession, and, furthermore, with the depleted farms and factories in England, there will be a great demand for your products and your manufactured goods."

And, although I do not doubt that the people of the United States would willingly have foregone this wave of prosperity which the war is going to bring you, the fact remains that Europe's tragedy will be your financial and material gain.

"How long the war is going to last no human being can forecast, but the longer it goes on the more will the conditions which I have sketched out become exaggerated, and if, on top of this, you return an administration pledged to tariff revision on scientific and rational lines, I almost fear from the property that you are going to set things will burn in this country at such a pace that it will stagger the older students of economics."

Mrs. Cornelius Cole, an honorary member, who lives in Colgrove, argued passionately for united support of the Republican party. "If we have not had convincing proof that the Democratic policy is a failure we must have been very stupid," she said. "May God choose one of the best and greatest men in the country to lead us."

Miss Gregory complimented the women for the positive stand they

Under Party Banner.

(Continued from First Page.)

individuals, have their place in the universal plan, and it is the mission of the people to establish the principles of Republicanism throughout the world.

The Republican party must have that management which comes about in a way that will not cause antagonism or invoke criticism of the motives or connections."

Police Judge White stirred great enthusiasm by his declaration that the people in California are certain to rule. Without mentioning any names he said it matters not how big a man may be that the principles of Republicanism must surround the individual. He said he had been a Republican always because he believes in the principles of the party and is proud to be connected with a party of such lofty and admirable fundamental policies.

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Miss Gregory complimented the women for the positive stand they

have taken in the

publican; and said

into their precious

good work, success

ward.

FOR THE CAUSE

Mrs. R. W. Nicholson

of the league, presiding

ing. She announced that

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luncheon on the first

month throughout the

that headquarters

closed.

ENTERTAINMENT

One of the hardiest

with the desert land

Register Roche and

in the case of Nor-

against Warren M. An-

a quarter section near

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and spent \$1400 in doing

the desert land set

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on his annual proof, and

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closed.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY

given yesterday in the San

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W. D. Hamilton to the

to flood the lands

San Diego River.

Civil engineer

of the Department of

who had visited the

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The "Great Spirit" taught

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and the Indians and the

The new houses that

in case of removal,

of \$100 each, and \$500

with a new church. He

cost of removing the

and the Indians and the

would be \$214,516.

HISTORY OF VETO.

Col. Edward Fletcher, on

amination, told an inside

some of the veto by Gov.

of the Senator Bruce

and the California Legisla-

ing from 15 to 2

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

H. G. OREN, President and General Manager,
HARRY CHANDLER, Asst. Gen. Mgr. and Treas.
HARRY E. ANDREWS, Managing Editor,
F. N. SPATLING, Assistant Treasurer,
HAROLD OTTE-CHANDLER, Vice-Pres. and Secy.

Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.

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OFFICE: New Times Building, First and Broadway.

LOS ANGELES: Local Advertising Office.

Entered at the Postoffice as second class matter.

TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.

(At Home): An extension of industry in nearly all lines is indicated by reports from the various sections of the country. With domestic finances in such an extraordinarily sound position, all restraint to the promotion of new enterprises seems to have been removed. The new year starts with a record of production and distribution never before attained. The traveling salesman, recognized as an infallible sign of the times, reports greatly increased orders from every section. Bank clearings continue to increase.

(Abroad): England's December trade shows an increase in both imports and exports. Fifty millions in new French treasury notes are to be issued on January 16. Switzerland is quoting German exchange at its lowest price.

(For details see financial pages.)

CHOICE WORK.

There was a fine bit of acting at the Mason this week other than that of Walker Whiteside. It was "Herr Popplemeister," the old music conductor, created by Mr. W. A. Whitecar, to whom the belated congratulations of The Times are now extended.

MYSTERY DECLARED.

The purpose of life is no mystery, but a lot of people who are half alive make a great mystery of it. Life is consciousness and the purpose is an expansion of consciousness, and whoever has light has life and he who has more light has more life, and light is the absolute.

EVERYTHING SETTLED.

We try to like all newspapers and all newspaper people, but as heaven is our judge the sob sisters of afternoon newspapers are not to our liking. The amount of sick-mindedness and sentimental debauchery which they attribute to their subjects is enough to drive the public to the needle in a body.

NOT SAFE AT LARGE.

A man who had married seven times often than the law allows without a proper number of divorces and deaths in between, and tried to enlist in the Canadian army, was pulled up at the American border and sent to the penitentiary for four years. He should have prayed for a life sentence. A man who will deliberately marry that much has no business with liberty.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The American Lutheran Survey boasts that an Indiana congregation runs a baseball team of which the pastor is manager and a deacon the pitcher; an opera troupe conducted by the choir; a moving-picture show in which the Sunday-school children are exhibited throwing somersaults; a building association composed of the elders, and a real estate exchange conducted by the sexton. Can you beat it?

HURT ONLY THEMSELVES.

It was rather amusing to read that four masked men raided a dice game at a downtown hotel. We have often wondered how it happened that the gambling-houses were not raided by the professional highwaymen. It looks so stupid of them to limit themselves to the fifteen or twenty dollars that some lonesome little conductor might have on him at the end of the line. Maybe the bandits, like the police, leave it to the gamblers to rob one another, and maybe they move too fast for robbers or officers to find them.

DOES ANGER CORRECT?

Not so long ago we passed a small garden in which stood a sunny-haired baby plucking from a rose the bright red petals and watching them float like fairy boats to the green grass at her feet. Then came a storm and a tragedy. A dark being sprang from nowhere with a terrible shadow upon its face and harsh words upon its lips. The being shook the baby roughly by the arm, the baby was smiling like an angel. There was anger in that clutch at the rose-child's arm and there was a blow in the words that accompanied the grasp. Then the creature went away and we rubbed our eyes in wonder because it was dressed like a woman.

FACING THE FACTS.

It is very hard to get any work done in one's own study these mornings. Somebody comes quite impudently to the door and demands whether you know that a certain persistent mocking bird is planning his eighth consecutive nest in the old white rosebush that climbs over the aviary. You plead not guilty and are just settling down to business again when the presence returns to announce a stupendous discovery. The curly willow is putting out new buds and fresh leaves will be in evidence in ten days. Determined to let nature take its course, you expel the presence and try to face the more sordid facts of existence. It is absolutely of no use. Through your open window a free and laboring soul who stands below hurls a La Marque rose, the first of this blessed 1916, and you are undone for the day. Had it been a Reve d'Or, or even one of the first Wootens, you might have resisted, but the first La Marque could not but break you. Your surrender is complete. After all, you did not seriously believe that you belonged to the world. Down in your heart you knew quite well that life was a matter of willows and roses.

JACKSON'S DAY.

Louisiana is the only State in which the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans is made a legal holiday; but it is not the only State in which the 8th of January is celebrated at festive gatherings with song and speech and a modest amount of assimilation of alcoholic beverages.

Today in Los Angeles a number of gentlemen of primeval, prehistoric, Democratic politics will for once suppress the tendencies to prohibition which they exhibited when they voted for Congressman Randall and will, at a banquet, whoop it up for Gen. Jackson.

It is certain that 101 years ago Gen. Jackson, with 6000 troops at New Orleans, defeated Gen. Pakenham with 12,000 British veterans. The details of the battle as given in the British and American Encyclopedias are that the loss of Pakenham was 2000 men killed or wounded, while the American loss was but eight killed and thirteen wounded. This statement is probably a historical lie, although there was certainly an enormous discrepancy in losses, which may be partially accounted for by the fact that the British had insufficient artillery, while Jackson's men were well supplied with cannon and were protected from the musket fire of the enemy by breastworks of cotton bales from behind which they fought.

A post of that day, whose name is unknown to fame, epitomized the orders of Jackson to his men as follows:

"Wait 'till you see the whites of their eyes and then fire."

Was the patriotic order of A. Jackson Enquirer?

Enthusiastic Jacksonian Democratic orators, better versed in rhetoric than in history, have been accustomed to speak of the battle of New Orleans as the decisive victory of the war of 1812-15 that compelled Great Britain to sue for peace. It was nothing of the sort, for a treaty of peace had been signed between England and the United States December 24, 1814, fifteen days before the battle of New Orleans was fought, and in those days, as the world was without a wireless or a cable or a steamship, it took a sailing vessel a month to cross the ocean and bring the news of the treaty.

Andrew Jackson's military successes were achieved without modern cannon or bombs or shrapnel or repeating rifles or machine guns or stink pots. The old single-barreled, muzzle-loading, flint-locked rifle, topped with a bayonet was the principal weapon used, and that soldier would have been disgraced who sought immunity from the enemy's fire in a ditch, although it was proper to crouch behind a cotton bale.

The comparison which some Democrats journals are making of Woodrow Wilson with Andrew Jackson is not flattering or even just to Mr. Wilson. Andrew Jackson was a great Indian fighter, but he was not a statesman and not a lovable character. He did not "live as mothers wish their sons to live." His biographer, James Parton, says he had a share in the War of Independence, but it must have been a slight share, for he was but 9 years old when Bunker Hill was fought. He married Mrs. Richards two years before she obtained a divorce from her first husband, but remedied the inadvertence by marrying her again. He was a hater and opponent of George Washington and a friend and supporter of Aaron Burr. He killed Charles Dickinson in a duel. He did his best to embroil the United States in a war with Spain by following the Seminole Indians into Spanish territory. The purchase of Florida defeated his purpose of acquiring it by conquest.

As President he corrupted the civil service with his maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils." He was "vigorous, brusque, uncouth, relentless, straightforward and open." In one particular President Wilson resembles him. "When his mind crystallized on a notion that had a personal significance to himself, that notion became a hard fact that filled his field of vision."

Jackson's exodus from the Presidency was signaled by a crash which prostrated the financial, industrial and commercial system of the country for years. The responsibility of Jackson for this crash is stated as follows by his biographer:

"Jackson was very successful in collecting old claims against various European nations for spoliation inflicted under Napoleon's continental system. Aiming at a currency consisting largely of specie, he caused the payment of these claims to be received and imported in specie as far as possible; and in 1838 he ordered land agents to receive for land nothing but specie. About the same time a law passed Congress for distributing among the States some \$35,000,000 balance belonging to the United States, the public debt having all been paid. The eighty banks of deposit in which it was lying had regarded this sum almost as a permanent loan and had inflated credit on the basis of it. The necessary calling in of their loans in order to meet the drafts in favor of the States, combining with the breach of the overstrained credit between America and Europe and the decline in the price of cotton brought about a crash which prostrated the whole financial, industrial and commercial system of the country for six or seven years. The crash came just as Jackson was leaving office, and the whole burden fell on his successor, Van Buren."

Jackson is not the only Democratic President whose election was, on the whole, a misfortune to his country. James Buchanan was another. Grover Cleveland was a third, and Woodrow Wilson has been a fourth.

HIGH-SPEED INFORMATION.

Mr. Henry Ford is in many ways a marvelous man. This is not "writ sarcasmic," as Artemus Ward used to say. Mr. Ford is a business man and organizer of unusual ability.

But, like so many other men incomparable in their own special calling, as soon as he gets a crocheting into his head Mr. Ford's eccentricity becomes as phenomenal as his former thoroughness. He knows that it took endless patience and planning and concentration on details to build his magnificent industry in Detroit. In suggested improvements for the construction of automobiles he would pay little attention to the advice of an amateur or a novice.

Yet he rushes across the Atlantic, spends a few hours in neutral territory, takes a flying trip back to his own country, and hey, presto! he knows all about the inexplicable war in Europe. His abbreviated stay in Sweden was sufficient to reveal to him that it was not the ammunition makers, as he had previously stoutly asserted, but the soldiers in the trenches who were responsible for the continuance of the war.

Now on his flying peace mission he never

A Bitter Dose.



interviewed an ammunition maker nor saw a soldier in a trench, yet he makes this statement with the positiveness of a specialist. He has also discovered—on this point he is equally decisive—that the spirit of the soldiers is the result of the deadly conviction of their political leaders.

All this talk from a man of acknowledged judgment in the handling of his own business affairs is rather distressing to thinkers anxious for real facts and extra data to obtain concrete information.

THE REMAKING OF MEXICO.

After five years of revolution, brigandage, slaughter of men and women and destruction of property Mexico appears at last to be entering upon an epoch of reconstruction, peace, orderly government and revival of industry.

The Carranza government has entered upon what is called a "preconstitutional period" for the punishment of enemies and the fulfillment of pledges, neither of which, it is claimed, can be effectually, or at least practically, accomplished under strict constitutional rule. The Constitutional party, of which Carranza is chief, begins its exercise of power by ignoring the Constitution.

The promised reforms, says a City of Mexico correspondent of an eastern journal, are begun by the issuing of decrees of almost every kind and nature by officers in all the departments, always stated to be "with the authority and approval of the first chief charged with the executive power." There are no courts and no laws excepting those decrees, executed solely by the military, which includes the police department.

The saloons were notified by the Governor of the Federal district that he proposed to limit their number and to remove entirely those which were objectionable as to character or locality. The saloon proprietors asked the Governor to revoke or modify his decree on the ground—

"First, that it was an injustice to those who had rented their places and had secured advantageous contracts, or had sub-rented with guarantees, also to the owners of the places, whose rents would thereby be greatly decreased; secondly, that the revenue of the government would suffer greatly, and therefore it was prejudicial to the public good, and that finally it was to restrict the liberty of commerce; they in the ultimate case asked for modification of the order and time in which to make satisfactory arrangements for complying with the demands of the government."

The Governor refused the petition, saying that it was his duty to use his administrative authority to dictate measures that will impede the reign of vicious individuals over society, and that private interests must not stand in the way of the highest interests of the community, the general good order of public life and public morality, all of which demanded the suppression of the saloons.

Gen. Carranza's decree of August, 1914, cancelling all grants of water rights and requiring new denunciations is continued in force.

The Governor of Mexico state does not prohibit bull fights, but he prohibits successful bull fighters from being carried through the streets on the shoulders of their admirers, and prohibits the throwing of cushions from the grand stand by the spectators at the bull fights to testify their approbation. He also forbids the resale by brokers of tickets of admission to bull fights.

Gen. Carranza has ordered that all enemies of the Constitutional cause who have "given active service to the usurpers or have denied their obligation to assist in the triumph of the revolution may be separated from the public offices which, under

whatever circumstances, they now occupy, and be excluded from taking part in official functions where their labor will not lend the public the confidence which is necessary, giving in every instance absolute preference to our own partisans."

The Secretary of Communications has issued a circular declaring that his department will consider null and void all contracts, concessions and resolutions dictated by any other government than that of Carranza, but he gives parties holding concessions of any kind until January 31, 1916, to reinstate their titles.

No day has as yet been fixed for the issuance of a proclamation providing for an election of President, Vice-President and members of Congress.

In the meantime Carranza can be of the best service to his country by discreet, firm administration and by measures that will reduce the cost of living, revive industry, protect person and property, promise moderate taxation and place the national finances on a secure basis.

WILSON'S WEAKNESS.

The strength that Germany and Austria will respect and Great Britain will not test too far is not the strength of President Wilson, but of the great nation that stands solidly behind him to resist foreign aggression. The weakness that has encouraged the Teutons to press their submarine warfare in spite of American protests and has caused Great Britain to continue her illegal seizure and search of American vessels is the weakness manifested by President Wilson in his Mexican policy before the European war began.

The diplomats of Europe know that they can continue their belligerent acts to the detriment of neutrals so long as the settlement of scores depends on the written words of President Wilson alone. They remember the fiasco when he sent American warships to compel Huerta to salute the American flag and withdrew those ships without accomplishing this object.

Mr. Wilson hopes that by this time the American people have forgotten this incident. But the American people have not forgotten it, nor have the rulers of Europe. Between Mexico and Europe, however, one must discriminate. The attitude of the American people toward the Mexican fiasco and infringement of their rights by a competent government are two very different affairs. Europe knows that America will never allow Wilson to repeat his Mexican folly when dealing with a first-class foreign power.

So far the belligerents have made capital for their respective causes by presuming on the personal weakness of Dr. Wilson. They, one and all, will call a sudden halt before their operations rouse the sentiment of the whole American nation, which, in the last resort, is behind the President's protests.

This is well for America and for Europe. But had we had a President of known impartiality and determination to deal with European aggression from the start it would have spared us some threatened crises.

The Probable Result.

[New York Times:] "Militarism breeds war!" cried the pacifist, warning to his work. "What do you suppose would be the result if every member of this audience had a chip on his shoulder at this very moment?"

"Ask us something harder," retorted a warriort. "We'd stop listenin' to you and take our chips and have a game of poker with 'em."

KEEPING ONE'S LIPS ROSY.

The Crux of the Much-Disputed Woman Question.

BY JEANNE REDMAN.

Who would have thought that women, especially in this land which is their heaven, would ever have become listed in the magazines for reform along with the drink evil! The ignominy of it! Verily that is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

If we are going to reform them from drinking, the men are going to reform us from being illogical. Personally I would rather the whole of America wallowed in whiskey than read in a magazine of worth that women are incapable of following an argument to its logical conclusion. I would rather hear us accused of anything on the calendar of crime than read that women lack the power of concentration. And I could make Lady Macbeth seem a cringing, timorous creature when I hear it said that women have no sense of humor.

Why, if they must denounce us, can they not say something nice about us, such as they say when they denounce men? For instance, why can they not make us happy by telling us that we are wicked and unscrupulous? Why these tame, mediocre insults about our minds? Now some impossible man is sure to come to the front and say, "Did you ever hear of such unbalance?"

Mr. W. L. George, the excellent novelist and a man who has reasonable ideas about the single standard, is trying to explain us in a series of articles in the Atlantic Monthly. He opens by saying that all this talk about women's mystery is nonsense, and then he proceeds to show us what a deep mystery we are to him.

It is our lack of logic which troubles him, although he says that we speak intelligently to tradesmen when they try to "do" us. Thanks for the compliment, Mr. George—and I dare say the tradesmen will agree with you. One of them recently made an error of \$50 in a bill of mine and I managed to convince him that I was right.

Mr. George numbers us in his articles as you number dogs at a show. He gives instances of lack of logic and heads the "Case 63," etc. In his "Case 2" he tells of an old lady who asked him to tell her the reasons that Germany gives for going to war, and he says: "She asks one or two questions, and then suddenly interrupts me to ask what I have been doing with myself lately in the evenings." Poor old lady! I wonder if she interrupted him with the same motive that I had when I did the same thing recently. A young man, a Yale graduate, told me that the reason why Germany went to war was because she had to go into France as she needed more land for her already overflowing population. I assure you that I interrupted him to ask if he had noticed the increased price of cheese. And to think that, if he is ambitious and is taking notes, that the reason why Germany went to war was because she had to go into France as she needed more land for her already overflowing population. 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Today's Special Luncheons

—50c—	—35c—
Broiled Sirloin Steak	Baked Potato
Pineapple Tartlette	Demi Tasse

—Home of Ostrimoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

FOUNDED in 1878

U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

\$1.25 Initial Stationery at 85c

There is a distinction about this dainty abalone initialed stationery that commends itself to discriminating people; full line of initials, letter paper and correspondence cards; in white or delicate rose tint; today only, box 85c (Stationery: South Aisle)

Coulter's January White Sale Carries Wonderful Savings

We Include John S. Brown's Famous "Shamrock" Irish Linens in The January Linen Sale, at Reductions Averaging a Third

No other store in Los Angeles is privileged to sell this world's best linen at any price; women who know its superiority will buy very liberally. And there are other brands of decorative and housekeeping linens, all offered at the same enticing new sale prices:

"Shamrock" Cloths and Napkins Reduced

Our Best \$1.50 Irish Table Linen, Yard \$1.15

Shamrock Cloths	Now.	Reg.
1.00	\$ 3.35	\$ 6.50
1.50	4.35	7.50
2.00	4.85	9.00
2.50	5.35	10.00
3.00	6.65	12.50
3.50	8.00	15.00
4.00	9.85	18.50
4.50	12.00	20.00
5.00	13.35	24.00
5.50	16.00	

Shamrock Napkins	Now, Doz.
1.00	\$ 4.00
1.50	5.00
2.00	5.85
2.50	6.65
3.00	8.35
3.50	9.85
4.00	12.35
4.50	13.35
5.00	15.85

A seventy-inch snow white pure Irish linen damask, in patterns of the most attractive sort, and in many of them; a grade that we sell universally at \$1.50 a yard, offered in the January Linen Sale at only \$1.15.

Lunch Cloths, \$1.00—two hundred of them; 43x43, in small, neat fleur de lis design, with wreath pattern in the center; a \$1.50 cloth.

Bath Towels, 25c —yellow, pink or blue key borders; made of superior yarn; regularly 35c, 25c.

Bath Towels, 42½c —27x54-inch heavy double thread bath towels; note the extra size; good at 50c; each, 42½c.

Linens by the Yard 64-in. Mercerized Linen, reg. 50c yard 37½c

60-in. Pure Linen, snow white, reg. 85c yard 75c

68-in. pure snow white Linen, reg. \$1.00 yard 85c

70-in. pure snow white Linen, reg. \$1.50 yard \$1.15

72-in. pure snow white Linen; reg. \$2.00 yard \$1.55

Extra Wide Linens 81-in. assorted patterns, reg. \$2.25 yard \$1.85

90-in. various patterns, reg. \$3.00 yard \$2.50

Some Inducements for Buying Bedding Here

The inducement of even small price-reductions should be sufficient to give this Bedding Section all the business it can handle, in the face of a rising market in all lines of Bedding. Such prices as the following make bedding buying a genuine investment:

Blankets	White, gray, tan, red or plaids—
1.00 grade	90c
1.25	1.10
1.50	1.25
2.00	1.85
2.50	2.00
3.00	2.50
3.50	3.00
4.00	3.50
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99.50	99.00
100.00	99.50

Unusual Neckwear at Half

While the sale is a clearance, in that it concerns styles which for one reason or another we cannot duplicate, yet it includes only dainty and stylish articles, which any woman might be delighted to own—vestees, gimpes, rolling collars, stocks and jabots, flat collars and many styles in the new high effects; values \$1 to \$10, now 50c to \$5.00

Silk Net Flouncings to Close at \$5 Yd.

18 and 36-inch silk net flouncings, with opalescent edges; very handsome, indeed, and worth \$6.50 to \$9 a yard; in various patterns; special, yard \$5.00 (Laces: Main Floor)

Sheets and Pillow Cases at These Prices for Today Only

We can accept no telephone or mail orders on any of them. Pillow Cases—torn size 42x36; made of full bleached extra soft finish muslin; regularly 15c, each 10c 45x36; reg. 18c, each 12½c. Sheets—torn size 63x90; regularly 65c, each 49c —torn size 72x90; regularly 70c, each 59c —torn size 81x99; regularly 85c, each 69c Pequot Sheets, Pillow Cases and Piece Goods—plain or hemstitched, all reduced in price; and we have a good stock of all sizes on hand for immediate delivery.

Hats for Girls or Boys, 35c

Shown in the larger sizes, in black or colored plush and velvet; these hats have been selling for 50c and 65c apiece. All Children's Furs—in fox, moulton, ermine, thibet and squirrel, now priced at \$10 to \$22.50, have had their price-tags reduced one-third.

Children's Made-up Dresses at Half

Fresh and clean linen finished lawns, batiste and repp made-up stamped dresses; sizes 2, 4 and 6 years; were 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1, now 25c, 32½c and \$1.00. Free instructions in embroidering daily from 10 to 12. (Art Needlework: Third Floor)

Boys' Wash Suits—a clearance sale of white and colors at 95c, \$1.45, \$1.95 and \$2.45. (Children's Wear: 2nd Floor)

Here Is a Sale of Good Undermuslins for the Woman Who Wears Extra Sizes

The majority of women who wear extra large sizes in muslinwear count themselves fortunate if they can be fitted, even at regular prices! We maintain a special section full of the choicest garments in out and offer them in the January Undermuslin Sales at the same reductions obtaining on regular-size garments:

V-Neck Gowns	High-Neck Gowns
—Empire style, with deep V-neckline, Valenciennes lace, considered organdie belt and wide ribbon; regularly \$5, now \$3.50 (Chambray: Second Floor)	—regularly \$1.25 and \$1.75, are reduced now to \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Hand-Embroidered Gowns	
—That are sewn by hand, too; regularly \$6 and \$8, now \$4.50 and \$6.	

Good Corsets at \$2.50 and \$3.50 a Pair

Discontinued models of such well-known corsets as Parrine, Successo, Lily of France, Redfern, La Grecque and others; those regularly \$3 to \$5, now \$2.50 —Those now \$4 to \$6 are \$3.50 (Corsets: Second Floor)

Low Neck Gowns
—seven styles; regularly \$1.75, for \$1.25
—One in nainsook, shows a front of fine tucks, Madeira embroidery and Valenciennes lace, ribbon run.
—another has V-neck; deep yoke of fine embroidery, insertion and ribbon.

—Another dainty style is of fine nainsook; the front and sleeves of Valenciennes lace, embroidered organdie medallions, insertion and ribbon; this sells regularly at \$3.00, in the sale at \$2.50 —Combinations, skirts and corset covers in extra sizes, also reduced.

Good Rugs Seldom Were So Inexpensive

And good rugs like these are more than likely to be unobtainable, at these prices or the higher ones, next year! For manufacturers are finding in the increasing dye scarcity a grave problem which will probably revolutionize rug-making very soon. These are standard patterns, which will not be repeated next season, hence the unwonted reductions:

Whittall's Anglo-Persian Rugs	Whittall's Anglo-Indian Rugs
12x12; regularly \$65 \$52.50	8.3x10.6; regularly \$48.75 \$39.75
10x10; reg. \$58 \$47.50	6x9; reg. \$33.25 \$27.50
8x8; reg. \$39.50 \$32.50	Whittall's Royal Worcester Rugs
Whittall's Chelmsford Body Brussels	9x12; regularly \$48 \$41.00
12x12; regularly \$35 \$29.50	8.3x10.6; regularly \$43.50 \$37.50
10x10; reg. \$31.50 \$26.50	6x9; reg. \$29.75 \$24.50
8x8; reg. \$21.50 \$17.75	



Unusually Good Values in White Silks

White Habutais
27-inch width; regularly 85c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$2, now 75c, 85c, \$1 and \$1.75.
36-inch width; regularly 85c, \$1 and \$1.25, now 75c, 85c and \$1.00.
White Pongees
—36-inch width; regularly \$1.50, now \$1.25; in 54-inch width; regularly \$3, now \$2.
White Shanghais
—27-inch, regularly \$1.50 and \$2, now \$1.25 and \$1.75; 36-inch Khaki-Kool, reg. \$2.50, now \$2.25. (Silks: Broadway Annex)

Wash Goods Sale

For today only; no telephone or mail orders accepted—Nainsook finished longcloth, in 13-yard pieces; soft finish. Regular \$1.25, for 98c. Mercerized Crepe, 10c Yard—36-inch white, for underwear; very soft finish; regularly 15c. Mercerized Cotton Crepe, 17½c—33-inch white cotton crepe for undermuslins; assorted stripes, but all-white; regularly 25c. (Wash Goods: Rear South Aisle)

Letter Paper 39c, 59c, 79c

At 39c—One box 25c grade Coymore Linen; three packages of 30c envelopes to match; total value 55c. At 59c—One box bulk 35c Santa Barbara Lawn; three packages 45c envelopes; total value, 80c. At 79c—One box bulk 50c Raylawn paper; three packages 60c envelopes to match; total value \$1.10. (Stationery: South Aisle)

Millinery at Half & Less

Every winter hat in stock is included in one or the other of these groups; and untrimmed shapes are similarly reduced—Values to \$10, now \$5.00 Values to \$15, now \$7.50 Values to \$20, now \$10.00 Values to \$25, now \$12.50 Values to \$30, now \$15.00 (Millinery: Main Floor)

Coats and Dresses at \$7.75; Fur-Trimmed Suits Cut 1/3 to 1/2

The prices are mere fractions of the true worth of these garments, of course; but clearance is the order of the day, and cost and desirability can have little importance with winter apparel now:

The Garments at \$7.75	The Fur-Trimmed Suits
—The Dresses, in taffeta and serge; satin and serge, in blue only; some all-taffeta in navy only; all in small sizes; values to \$15. The Coats—are odd lines for street wear; in mixtures and plain colors; some values as high as \$20; all \$7.75 (Garment Section: Second Floor)	—do not include our entire line, but many very handsome garments in velvet, chiffon velvet, gabardine, broadcloths, poplins in loose effects, belted and Russian styles; every modish shade will be found represented in one style or another; and the present prices are \$25 to \$65, less a third to a half.

COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway Cafe—Fourth Floor—Open from 11 to 3 Daily. 224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds, Trade, Local Produce Market, Citrus Market

FINANCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER
Los Angeles, Jan. 7, 1916.
Check clearing yesterday was \$1,705,812.25, an increase of \$1,012,512.25, compared with the corresponding day last year.

New York Money Market.
(BY A. P. MURPHY WIRE.)
NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Money market, 1916.
Money, 100 days, 4 1/2%; 60 days, 4 1/4%; 30 days, 4 1/4%; 15 days, 4 1/4%; 7 days, 4 1/4%; 1 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4 day, 4 1/4%; 1/8 day, 4 1/4%; 1/16 day, 4 1/4%; 1/32 day, 4 1/4%; 1/64 day, 4 1/4%; 1/128 day, 4 1/4%; 1/256 day, 4 1/4%; 1/512 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1024 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2048 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4096 day, 4 1/4%; 1/8192 day, 4 1/4%; 1/16384 day, 4 1/4%; 1/32768 day, 4 1/4%; 1/65536 day, 4 1/4%; 1/131072 day, 4 1/4%; 1/262144 day, 4 1/4%; 1/524288 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1048576 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2097152 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4194304 day, 4 1/4%; 1/8388608 day, 4 1/4%; 1/16777216 day, 4 1/4%; 1/33554432 day, 4 1/4%; 1/67108864 day, 4 1/4%; 1/134217728 day, 4 1/4%; 1/268435456 day, 4 1/4%; 1/536870912 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1073741824 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2147483648 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4294967296 day, 4 1/4%; 1/8589934592 day, 4 1/4%; 1/17179869184 day, 4 1/4%; 1/34359738368 day, 4 1/4%; 1/68719476736 day, 4 1/4%; 1/137438953472 day, 4 1/4%; 1/274877906944 day, 4 1/4%; 1/549755813888 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1099511627776 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2199023255552 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4398046511104 day, 4 1/4%; 1/8796093022208 day, 4 1/4%; 1/17592186044416 day, 4 1/4%; 1/35184372088832 day, 4 1/4%; 1/70368744177664 day, 4 1/4%; 1/140737488355328 day, 4 1/4%; 1/281474976710656 day, 4 1/4%; 1/562949953421312 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1125899906842624 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2251799813685248 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4503599627370496 day, 4 1/4%; 1/9007199254740992 day, 4 1/4%; 1/18014398509481984 day, 4 1/4%; 1/36028797018963968 day, 4 1/4%; 1/72057594037927936 day, 4 1/4%; 1/144115188075855872 day, 4 1/4%; 1/288230376151711744 day, 4 1/4%; 1/576460752303423488 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1152921504606846976 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2305843009213693952 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4611686018427387904 day, 4 1/4%; 1/9223372036854775808 day, 4 1/4%; 1/18446744073709551616 day, 4 1/4%; 1/36893488147419103232 day, 4 1/4%; 1/73786976294838206464 day, 4 1/4%; 1/147573952589676412928 day, 4 1/4%; 1/295147905179352825856 day, 4 1/4%; 1/590295810358705651712 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1180591620717411303424 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2361183241434822606848 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4722366482869645213696 day, 4 1/4%; 1/9444732965739290427392 day, 4 1/4%; 1/18889465931478580854784 day, 4 1/4%; 1/37778931862957161709568 day, 4 1/4%; 1/75557863725914323419136 day, 4 1/4%; 1/151115727451828646838272 day, 4 1/4%; 1/302231454903657293676544 day, 4 1/4%; 1/604462909807314587353088 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1208925819614629174706176 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2417851639229258349412352 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4835703278458516698824704 day, 4 1/4%; 1/9671406556917033397649408 day, 4 1/4%; 1/19342813113834066795298816 day, 4 1/4%; 1/38685626227668133590597632 day, 4 1/4%; 1/77371252455336267181195264 day, 4 1/4%; 1/154742504910672534362390528 day, 4 1/4%; 1/309485009821345068724781056 day, 4 1/4%; 1/618970019642690137449562112 day, 4 1/4%; 1/1237940039285380274899124224 day, 4 1/4%; 1/2475880078570760549798248448 day, 4 1/4%; 1/4951760157141521099596496896 day, 4 1/4%; 1/9903520314283042199192993792 day, 4 1/4%; 1/19807040628566084398385987584 day, 4 1/4%; 1/39614081257132168796771975168 day, 4 1/4%; 1/79228162514264337593543950336 day, 4 1/4%; 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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse. NO BLEMISH ON HER GOOD NAME.

SENSATIONAL DIVORCE SUIT IS BROUGHT TO CLOSE.

Woman Overcome While Testifying in Her Own Defense—Explains Pullman Car Episode and Arrest and Short Detention on White Slavery Charge.

The sensational Burt divorce maintenance and divorce suits came to a close yesterday, after three days' trial, when Judge Rogers took the matter under submission on a legal point. The attorneys will furnish authorities as to how far the court is bound by the findings of the first suit, brought and tried a year ago, when Judge Monroe denied decrees to both parties to the suit.

The good name of Mrs. Gertrude Burt was cleared by the findings of Judge Rogers. The charge of misconduct with a fellow-passenger on a Pullman car en route to Los Angeles from San Francisco, brought in the former divorce suit, was not sustained, the court held, in view of the facts. The court also dismissed the allegations involving a co-respondent. In the previous suit Mrs. Burt was given custody of her son. The arrangement that W. J. Burt, the father, should be allowed to have him from Friday to Sunday of each week was continued by Judge Rogers.

Mrs. Burt asked separate maintenance on the ground of desertion. Mr. Burt, a local automobile man, charged cruelty in a cross-complaint. Mrs. Burt gave a detailed account of her trip in the Pullman, she told of a fellow-passenger's kindness, how he assisted her, and when they missed the train in Bakersfield how he sent telegrams to San Francisco and Los Angeles for her.

On arrival in Los Angeles, she said, she was arrested on a white slavery charge and detained three hours at Central Station. She begged to be allowed to communicate with her husband, but her request was refused, she said. As soon as she was released she telephoned to Mr. Burt, who answered he was too busy to meet her.

The recital almost overcame Mrs. Burt. The court ordered windows raised and the steam heat turned off. Smelling salts restored and aided her to continue her story.

Mr. Burt took the stand to deny that he had received the telegram his wife said she had sent him in which she asked for money.

ROUGH VOYAGE.

DIVORCE DECREE DENIED.

Dr. Charles A. Allen of Long Beach and his good wife, Mrs. Eliza Beth Allen, found the marital ship laboring on a rough sea. She brought the suit and he contested it, and both had a lot to say about the causes of their domestic troubles in court yesterday.

Dr. Allen thought his wife was as much to blame as himself. Some of the responsibility he placed on his mother-in-law, Judge Conley, who tried the case, denied a decree to both. He gave Mrs. Allen \$50 a month maintenance.

In tabloid form, Mrs. Allen charged her husband with encephalitis with milk; never returning empty milk bottles from his office; never taking her riding in his automobile; buying her only one suit of clothes in nine months; making the meat bills and cutting off her credit at the store; locking her out of the house; taking the nuts out of the candy she cooked for her children; swiping her \$8 hat; refusing point-blank to buy her a silk petticoat costing \$1.50 at a bargain sale; leaving the street door open when she was in the bath tub; tearing her white muslin dress into pieces; hiding her clothes under a mattress; not caring for her mother; counting \$100 in letters she made sure her mother got none of them.

Dr. Allen, also in tabloid form, said his wife cut his finger when she took the nuts; that she made frequent trips to Los Angeles; that when she tripped on a rug she said he knocked her down. It was not his wife, but her mother's dress he tore; his wife would not let him take milk to the office; the mother-in-law was a trouble-maker in the house and kept it up in letters she wrote when out of town.

The couple kept a cow and Mrs. Allen began her story with a fuss over the money from the sale of the milk, which was her pin money. They were married May 27, 1909, and have two children.

ASKS WAGES.

KEPT UNCLE'S HOME.

Miss Adelle Burghard, 30 years old, an attractive French girl, is seeking to recover from the estate of her uncle, Louis Brosseau, \$1970 alleged to be due her for services for eight years as his housekeeper, companion and nurse. The amount, less a discount for expenses incurred by her uncle for music lessons, tuition for one year at a business college, clothing and books, is set out in a complaint filed yesterday against Alphonse Brosseau, administrator of Louis Brosseau's estate. Attorney Harriet, counsel for Miss Burghard, says she came to Los Angeles from France in 1907 to live with relatives. Her uncle invited her to live at his home in Pomona. She says her uncle agreed to bequeath her the sum she would earn elsewhere if she attended on him. For a time she went to school, but her chief duties were to make her uncle's home cheerful and care for him in his last illness. She credits the estate with \$740 as the amount of money expended on her.

DISAPPOINTED.

EXPECTS BIG PROFITS.

After hearing evidence in the suit of Lewis Deck against R. G. Munn and Murray Harris, involving a stock transaction, Judge Taft yesterday took the matter under submission. Mr. Deck testified that he exchanged property valued at \$15,000 for 15,000 shares of stock of the Pacific Motor Coach Company in October, 1913. He said he was paid the stock was guaranteed to pay 25 per cent the first year and would be worth a share by March, 1914. He discovered, he said, that only 2000 shares had been bought at 50 cents a share and that the money was devoted to the organization of the company. These and other allegations were denied by the defendants.

NO ILLUSIONS.

TO TEST OWN RULE.

Miss Bonnie L. Knetter, as the chief corroborative witness for her sister, Mrs. Margaret Harpe, in the latter's suit for divorce against Charles A. Harpe in Judge Wood's court yesterday, laid down rules for a married woman. They were on the order of doing unto others what others do unto you, and then she prepared for her own wedding to Galley G. Sullivan. The license was obtained.

At the City Hall. WOMEN IN LINE FOR OPEN CUT.

DELEGATION OF FAIR SEX IS URGING ACTION.

Representatives of New Organization Call on City Council to Request Early Action on Plans for Raising Bunker Hill's Obstruction to Progress.

Representatives of an organization of 200 women who are working for the success of the Bunker Hill open-cut improvement called on the City Council yesterday and urged early and favorable action on the proposed plan to make an opening for traffic to the west and northwest.

Mrs. J. Rorick informed the Council that more than 200 women, who are residents and property owners in the district affected, have been organized to help the public-spirited men of the city make the improvement certain. She said the women are prepared to take active part in the "campaign of education" in favor of the project. Other members of the women's organization who took part in the discussion were Mrs. Jessie Rorick, president; Mrs. A. W. Francisco, Mrs. Pearl Smith, treasurer; Mrs. N. D. Gleason, secretary, and Miss Bonnie Stoddard, vice-president; Miss Florence Cohen, Mrs. Otto Ritters, Mrs. M. Zimmerman and Mrs. Walter Savage.

ASKED MONEY BACK.

COULDN'T PROVE THEAT.

M. W. Beck, accused of threats to kill G. P. McCormick, secretary of Job Harriman's land colony in Antelope Valley, was dismissed from the Superior Court yesterday when brought to trial before Judge Craig. Deputy District Attorney Hogan informed the court that there was insufficient evidence to secure a conviction against Mr. Beck.

One of Job Harriman's first purchases of stock in the Llano del Rio Company was Mr. Beck. After the latter had worked on the development of the land for several months and failed to secure any pay, he left the ranch. He declared that he attempted to secure the wages due him or a refund of what he had paid for stock in the company, and that his proposition would be listened to by the head of the corporation.

Inability to care for his little daughter and the danger of losing her entirely is said to have been the cause for his alleged threats against the company officer.

After Mr. Beck was released from the County Jail about a month ago, when his bail was reduced, he instituted investigation of the company's books.

IN AND OUT ABOUT THE COURTS.

HELD TO ANSWER. Testimony relating to the alleged mistreatment of Miss Elsie Thornton, a movie actress, who is an orphan and almost totally deaf, was heard by Judge Reeves of the Juvenile Court behind closed doors yesterday. Scott Reel, a movie actor, who was charged with contributing to the young woman's delinquency, was held to answer. He furnished bonds for \$2500 for his appearance at the trial.

ADAMS ESTATE. Mrs. Helen M. Adams, widow of Claude T. Adams, who died December 23, last, petitioned for letters of administration on her husband's \$40,000 estate yesterday. She is the only heir. Mr. Adams had a residuary interest in the estate of Alice A. MacKoon, valued at \$20,000, and owned real estate worth \$10,000. It could not be found that a will had been executed.

TIME TO FILE APPEAL. Attorney J. R. McLeod, convicted of perjury after two trials, was granted three days to draw up a motion for a new trial by Judge Craig Thursday morning. J. W. Greenman, a former client of McLeod, swore to the complaint on which he was arrested, charging him with having received \$1175 from A. L. Vivian and the having filed a false affidavit regarding the collection.

INCORPORATIONS. Los Angeles Curb Market, Inc., incorporators H. D. Lore, J. M. Shorte, W. T. Carter, M. W. Musgrove, James H. Hertz, E. F. Campbell and J. I. McKenna, no capital stock; Whittier Chamber of Commerce, incorporators A. Wardman, C. R. Carden, R. B. Kallen, R. E. H. Blair, Jefferson Walbridge, Vasco Mills, John A. Hunter, Edward Ahlswede, Jr., A. Moore, Paul Denninger, C. W. Redman, A. T. Emory, Edwin G. Hart and J. M. Randall, no capital stock.

Comparisons.

MANY CITY JOBS OPEN.

Civil Service Examinations for Various Positions Throw Some Remarkable Side Lights on Salary System Now in Force.

Thirty applicants for the position of Police Court Defender took the civil service examination yesterday. This examination was set for three weeks ago, but because there were only seven applicants the Civil Service Commission postponed the test and removed the year's residence restriction. Examiner Dee said that the commission will endeavor to mark the papers so that a list of successful candidates for appointment within two weeks. This position requires a practicing attorney, and the salary is \$125 a month.

Some of the interesting features of the city's salary list were shown in a civil service bulletin issued yesterday. On January 10 an examination for probation officer will be held. This position pays \$125 a month. Four days later there will be an examination for assistant railroad engineer for the Public Utilities Board. This position, requiring about six years' university training, pays \$125 a month. Another examination will be held the same day for assistant mechanical and electrical engineer, also requiring technical training and long experience at \$125 a month. A motorcycle speed officer at \$110 a month furnishes another comparison, while a field collector for the water department will get the same salary as the electrical and mechanical engineer and \$10 a month less than the motorcycle policeman. An examination for assistant city mother at \$65 a month will be held January 21, and on January 22 the commission will examine applicants for clerk in labor bureau. This clerk, who must speak Spanish, will receive \$80 a month.

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Veteran Guardian of the Bay.

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1916

Illustrated Weekly Magazine



SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1916

JUST CALIFORNIA

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The Latest Additions by Way of Color, Size and Length of Stem.
ROSEBELL—Pure shade of rich rose.
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Price of any of the foregoing novelties, per packet 25c
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Plant Now—GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS
FOR SPRING BLOOMING
Now is a splendid time to make a sowing of these superb late flowering giant Sweet Peas. They will begin to bloom when three or four feet high and furnish a continuous display of flowers from April to July.
The seed we offer has been saved exclusively from the finest selected types at our Montebello nurseries. It is hand picked, plump, bound to germinate and bound to give you absolute satisfaction.

One package of each of the above twelve \$2.25
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TWENTY SUPERB STANDARD VARIETIES OF SWEET PEAS
MRS. RUTZAHN (SPENCER)—Buff suffused with delicate pink; salmon, rose.
MIRIAM BEAVER (SPENCER)—Shades of pink, salmon, rose.
NUBIAN (SPENCER)—Dark, self-color maroon.
OTHELLO (SPENCER)—Deep, glossy maroon.
RUBY (SPENCER)—Bright, rich ruby color.
STERLING STENT (SPENCER)—Rich orange salmon.
VERMILION BRILLIANT (SPENCER)—Deep rich scarlet.
WHITE SPENCER—Snowy white in color.

AGRICOLA—White overlaid with soft lilac.
AFTERGLOW—Reddish mauve with violet wings.
CONSTANCE HINTON—A giant, pure white.
EDNA UNWIN—Large flowered, orange scarlet.
EDITH TAYLOR—A magnificent pale salmon rose.
HERCULES—Beautiful light pink.
LADY EVELYN EYRE—Pale pink, slightly flushed with salmon.
ROYAL PURPLE—Pure rich purple.

THE clergyman read again the note her from falling and in the same instant for my own sake primarily. I have no wish meeting and get converted. Then ask him "Very well, you have done it. I'm through with you, and you shan't complain of the "Oh, no you won't," Crawford best a "No one would believe you. This world really make what he had imagined the woman of her She was so winsome and sweet—so unlike strange excitement. His perplexity was not unshared with a recognized, one of the richest parliamentarians. There was a sharp click which Westworth in his, her heart beating against his own. He realized that she was in his arms, her hand strove to fasten his purpose, and to asking him to call that afternoon, and realize the consequence of his compliance. His perplexity was not unshared with a strange excitement. She was so winsome and sweet—so unlike what he had imagined the woman of her class, no eager for the message he had tried.

Trap for a Minister. By O. K. Britell.

DAWN OF AN IDEAL IN A DARKENED MIND.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 5, 1916.

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

The Explorer.

A heritage of wanderlust—a
Questionable curse or blessing
Mirrored by each mind as
God, in wisdom, deemed it fit.
In boyhood, coerced by some
Force unseen, he followed trails
Through gloomy woods and eagerly
Explored mysterious caves and
Keenly felt the disappointment of
A hollow echo from his childish voice
Then grown a man, the rover's life
Had carried him through countless
Scenes of mental misery, and
Off a treacherous hand had hurled
Him, cut and bleeding, down a
Precipice of tedious heights.
In later years a kindly destiny
Had opened virgin fields for his
Discovery, and guided by the
Visionary signs of love, he hewed his way
Through tangled underbrush of jealousy
And hate, until he found the vale
Of happiness for which he was in search.
By all the ordinary laws of peace
And quietude, the fires of unrest
Should now be ashes, lifeless, cold,
And nevertheless to cause disaster
Or illuminate untrodden depths or
Burn a signal from a new-born peak.
Alas, with unthought vehemence, a
Fiery tongue darted forth, bestirring
Vague ambitions of the past, and
Thinking there is but a misty fog
Of fear between his own good world
And that beyond, he plunges eagerly
Through one brief space of human doubt.
To gaze, with wonder eyes grown wistful
Of a kindred love, into the Valley of Death.
God guide you, brave explorer of a
Land unknown, a country vague,
A peopled orb of truth, of love,
Of fearlessness and faith!
God guide you on and on
Until your restless spirit seeks
Eternal peace through Heaven's gate.

JACK WOLF.

The Explorer.

If you are selfish and complain
You'll never see Saint Nick,
But get a visit some fine night
From grumpy old Saint Kiek.

Saint Kiek is tall and thin and sour
And drives a grunting team;
Eight pigs who pull an empty trough
Beneath the starlight gleam.

From roof to roof they speed and squeal
While sleep enwraps the land,
Then down some chimney slips Saint Kiek,
His empty bag in hand.

He fills it with your best loved toys,
All pretty things and gay,
Then up the chimney quickly climbs
And vanishes away.
—McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

A Song of Winter.

When mountain tops are crowned with sil-
ver snows,
When bold frost kings stalk through the
land at night,
And flowers lie dead which once were fair
and bright,
While wind, like gruesome ghosts without
repose,
Howls through the trees and round the cor-
ner blows,
And red-winged blackbirds chatter as they
light,
I know that Winter rules, nor fear his
might.

For all my soul his ecstasy then know!
I love the wild free raindrops as they splash,
The black clouds boldly covering the sky,
The loudly pealing thunder and the sight
Of lurid lightning in its zig-zag dash—
Free, and yet controlled by powers more
high—
For all my soul with Winter shares delight!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.

HUMOR.

[London Opinion:] Waiter: Er—ahem!
The amount put down in the bill does not in-
clude the waiter, sir!
Diner: Well! I didn't eat a waiter.

[Puck:] "Are you sure that your wife is
coming in on this train?"
"No doubt about it! They just told me
it was three-quarters of an hour behind
time."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Church: I see a
great composer just died in Europe.
Gotham: Too bad. They certainly need
to be composed over there just now.

[Punch:] Mother (to her small son, who
is doing a jigsaw puzzle on the Sabbath):
Bobby, are you sure that's a Sunday puzzle
you are doing?
Bobby: Well, you see, I can't tell until
I've done it.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Teacher: Wait a
moment, Tommy. What do you understand
by the word deficit?
Tommy: It's what you've got when you
haven't got as much as if you just hadn't
nothing.

[Life:] Randall: I just borrowed \$5 from
a friend.
Rogers: Give me his address quick.
Randall: Why?
Rogers: A man who would lend money to
you would lend it to anyone.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Yes, he's one
of our leading citizens. He certainly has
climbed high in a few years. Why, he holds
our best Federal job."
"Indeed! How did he get it?"
"His brother-in-law is our leading politi-
cian."

[Judge:] Miss Gigglegum (single and ro-
mantic): The shower of soot and ashes
from Vesuvius must be an awe-inspiring
sight. Would you not like to witness it?
Mrs. Pottson Pans (married and prosaic):
Oh, I don't know—I've seen my husband take
down a stovepipe.

[Detroit Free Press:] "I wish you to find
out who that homely woman is?"
"Nothing doing, my dear. She'd prove
to be the sister or wife of the first person
I asked."

[Indianapolis Star:] "Yes," growled the
mail carrier. "I am a man of letters."
"Just the chap I'm looking for," said the
stamp clerk. "Lend me a 'V' till next week,
will you?"

[Topeka Journal:] Stranger: Have you a
good hair tonic you can recommend?
Druggist (prohibition town): Here is
something that is spoken of very favorably
by the people who have drunk it.

[Birmingham Age Herald:] "That boy of
mine is always writin' poetry," said Farmer
Gobbles.
"Pretty tough. Still, that's better than
drinking and gambling," replied the sym-
pathetic friend.
"Mebby so. But when he insists on
readin' it ter me an' th' hired man it's im-
possible fur us ter get in a full day's
work."

[Youth's Companion:] As a truly polite
nation the French undoubtedly lead the
world, thinks a contributor to a British
weekly. The other day a Paris dentist's
servant opened the door to a woebegone
patient.
"And who, monsieur," he queried in a
tender tone, "shall I have the misery of
announcing?"

[Kansas City Journal:] On the train
going out, Subbuba got into conversation
with a stranger, who remarked:
"I see you are putting up a good many
new buildings."
"Yes," answered Subbuba: "new build-
ings are the only kind we put up."

Presidential Election in Panama.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

ma market. He is a lawyer by profession
and has quite an extensive practice in Pan-
ama and Colon. He knows the needs of the
country, is in favor of reforming the anti-
quated land title laws, and believes in strict
economy in governmental expenditures.

Dr. Valdez also is a lawyer by profession
and like Dr. Chiari has a home in the coun-
try. However, it is not so large nor is it
a source of income. It is merely a country
home located in the outskirts of Panama,
where many wealthy Panamanians have their
country homes. Dr. Valdez has had con-
siderable diplomatic experience and is recog-
nized as the country's international law ex-
pert. Just what governmental policies he
favors has not been learned, nor has he
publicly announced himself on these ques-
tions.

The position of the Conservative party in
the present campaign has not yet been fully
determined, nor do its leaders know what
candidate, if any, they will support. They
declare they will not put a candidate of their
own in the field. It is likely they will favor
supporting one of the two candidates al-
ready before the public. Dr. Lewis, who is
the leader of the Conservatives, is inclined
to the latter plan. He is a personal friend
of Dr. Chiari and believes fully 80 per cent.
of the Conservatives will support him, while
the remaining 20 per cent. probably will
not vote at all or else give their support to
Dr. Valdez.

The attitude of President Porras toward
American intervention in the coming elec-
tion is bitterly resented by the other politi-
cal parties. They declare that without such
intervention it will not be possible to have
a fair and honest election. They point to
the huge police force which the President
is building up which, they aver, will be used
to intimidate those voters inclined to dis-
regard the wishes of the President.

That the Policia Nacional is a powerful
political factor is well recognized by all
Panamanians, and also the American author-
ities. They vote the way they are instruct-
ed, well knowing they will lose their jobs
if they do not. They are used to round up
the voters and see that they cast their bal-
lots for the ticket they themselves have
been told to vote. In this regard they are
more useful in the interior than in the large
cities. In the interior communities the na-
tives are not so well informed regarding the
institutions of a free government, and hence
will the more readily follow instructions
given by the nearest policemen, especially
when a policeman is armed with a large
club, a high-powered rifle and an automatic
pistol.

As a rule the American government is not
inclined to take an active part in the Pan-
aman elections. It is interested, however,
in seeing that the peace of the country is
not disturbed because of its obligations to
defend and maintain the neutrality of the
Panama Canal. Therefore it will not per-
mit the organization of revolutionary move-
ments within the borders of Panama. On
one occasion American authorities had to
step in and emphatically inform a putative
revolutionary leader that he must give up
his plans or else have the United States to
reckon with. The threat was effective.
Threats of a revolution in case President
Porras's party is victorious at the coming
election are already being heard, but it is
not believed they will be carried out.

Riots are very frequent on election day.
Last July, when only members for the
Asamblea Nacional were balloted for, there
were several serious disturbances in Panama
and Colon. In several of the important in-
terior cities there also was considerable
trouble. The excitability of the Panaman
is largely responsible for this as well as the
fact that in the heat of an argument he
loses his head easily and, as all of them
carry revolvers, a general melee quickly is
started.

The enmity between political factions is
usually at fever heat long before election
day arrives. The campaign issues are
taken as a personal matter, and all political
opponents are personal enemies. Political

enmity is kept at the highest temperature
possible by the daily and weekly press,
which does not hesitate to accuse the op-
posing candidates and their friends in gen-
eral, together with the party leaders, with
all the crimes in the decalogue. This is
quite safe, since there are no libel laws to
fear. Fly-sheets, bearing attacks of the
most violent character, and couched in the
bitterest and frankest language, are of daily
occurrence.

The election is little less than a year
hence, but already the campaign is well
under way and will continue to gain mo-
mentum up to the final week. In the mean-
time the American authorities will content
themselves with watching the course of
events and prepare to take a hand should it
be warranted.

Geese Cannot Skate.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] A flock of
more than fifty wild geese mistook glare ice
in Kabekona Bay, Leech Lake, Minn., for
placid water, and after alighting on the
smooth surface were unable to take flight
and were held prisoners. The ice was so
slippery it prevented the geese from "tak-
ing a running start" in order to fly.

The geese, falling about on their backs,
attracted four hunters, who were unable to
reach the geese on account of the dangerous
thinness of the ice. Finally a wooden plat-
form was built and pushed over the ice into
the flock. The birds then flopped aboard the
platform, made a run of it and soon were
flying away.

[Washington Star:] "Do you think the
next election is going your way?"
"I don't know anything about that," re-
plied Senator Sorghum. "I'm busily revising
my opinions and trying to go its way."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.
[From The Times of January 5, 1916.]
THE SKY. Raining. Wind at 5 p.m.,
northwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer,
highest, 53 deg.; lowest, 48 deg. Forecast:
Fair, cooler.

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Special low price in lots of 500 or
more. First class nursery stock,
well rooted and calipering from a
half to one inch. Delivery when
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Classification, Care and Breeding—Fide Treatment
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Sprinkler is positively without an equal.
Gives permanent lawn sprinkling system
100 per cent. efficiency. Our free folder
tells how. Write for a copy at once. Now
is best time to install lawn system.

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ought to be beaten. Unless a full majority of the voting strength of our lovely city was sufficiently interested to march to the polls and be counted for Charlie Sebastian the town might go mayorless for all the Greeks care. In the case of a bond election if there are two thousand legal, registered voters in a district and one thousand of them sat around the house and smoked the pipe the proposition would be lost even if the other thousand turned out and voted eagerly and unanimously for the issue.

Of course the registration would have to be watched carefully and the citizenry checked up by competent officials, but that is merely an incidental detail, easily worked out.

The system would furnish a new line of election incidents. Possibly we might be able to dig out a new kind of repeater—a man who stayed home twice in one day. Workers near the polls would meet uncertain citizens and urge them to scoot for their homes and remain there. Strong-arm tactics might even result in the voter being slugged and dragged back to his palpitating wife and family. The opposition press instead of sounding a clarion call for voters to turn out and save the country would instead charge them to sit tightly within their doors and beware the bogie man. The other fellows, in order to seduce the stay-at-homes, might turn to unwanted allurements. They might serve punch at the polls or have a free lunch in the booths.

But a one-sided vote would be counted before eleven o'clock and the election judges, after totaling up the single column, would send one of their number out after something wet with which to drink to the absent voter.

The Crucial Point.

EVERY thoughtful American in touch with big business, either domestic or foreign, is busy these days cogitating about what will take place in the industrial world when the European war shall happily come to an end. That there will be great changes in the commercial and industrial world is accepted by all. What our people are interested in is its effect on our own country. Here Americans are very much divided in their opinion. Some think we shall have a terrible time with the competition that will meet us from Europe when the countries now at war return to peaceful vocations and compete with us for the markets of the world. Those who take this gloomy view, while numerous and deserving of consideration, are still in the minority.

The great majority of American business men thoroughly intelligent as to world industries and commerce are confident that we shall be able to hold our own. Why should we not be. We held our own before the war, increasing our manufacturing industries at a marvelous rate. The war has certainly been advantageous to our business in many ways, and why should we lose heart in the prospect of Europe's re-entering the world as our competitor is not easy to see.

That there will be competition again, sharp and severe, there is no doubt. The way the belligerents have taken care of the financing of their conflict has been a marvel to financiers the world over. Of course this financing of the war is largely on paper, most of the countries. They are heaping up huge debts which must be met in gold sooner or later. It is all well to use shin-plasters, due bills and other makeshifts for money at home, but when it comes to international business the settlement must be made either with goods or the balance must be settled in gold payments. Germany is credited with having spent well up toward half a billion dollars in attempts more or less successful to influence opinion and action in neutral countries. This is simply a little side

issue with that empire in financing the great war, which is not over yet.

Of course we realize the fact that while the belligerents are wasting human force and destroying the products of labor in their useless conflict, they are not destroying the creative forces which produce new wealth every day in peaceful times. With the cessation of fighting the men will return to their peaceful vocations, and while there will not be so many of them as before the war, still it is well to remember that women are learning to do a great many services heretofore imposed upon the males of the race. The war is likely to wake up the minds of the fighters, and they will return to peaceful industries with increased energy.

At the same time, we are in a much stronger position than we were before the war broke out. We have been increasing the output of nearly everything from fields and mines and made in the mills and factories of the country. We have been selling these at good prices, which have poured into the country a sum of old metal never known to be shifted to one country in the history of human industries. The country is already enriched to the extent of close to half a billion dollars in the only real money in international commerce. At the same time we have made foreign loans amounting to a round billion of dollars and have purchased an immense sum of our own securities heretofore held abroad. We have been getting business in markets never entered by us before, and increasing business in other markets. We have added materially to our merchant marine, and in other ways have increased very greatly our industrial capacity. We have the cheapest money market in the world today for international exchange. Indeed, it is about the only such market there is left. We are saving interest and dividends heretofore sent abroad, and drawing interest on our foreign loans.

An orange grower at Riverside went out to show his crop, which he valued at \$5000, to a couple of purchasers, and when he got to the orchard he found that every tree had been denuded of fruit the night before. A thief that could pick oranges at that rate under cover of darkness must surely have hit upon a new efficiency system.

If it had not been for the light snow, Southern California citrus-fruit growers would probably have lost something like \$30,000,000 worth of this year's crop. They say it is better to be born lucky than rich, but here is the case where orchardists became rich through being lucky.

Olaf Tveitmoe says that the Golden Rule is dead in Los Angeles. His gang of union thugs certainly did all they could to murder it.

Still Working.

There is no Arcady today, So all the modern thinkers say, For science has destroyed it; There is no land of perfect joy. They say, man's appetite to cloy, And none who has enjoyed it.

But this just shows these thinkers wise Can't see what's set before their eyes In lover's sweet confusion; If thinkers really looked they'd find The true Arcadian state of mind And that it's no delusion.

Yes, Arcady endures, my friends, And still its glowing rapture lends To loving youth and maiden; They dwell within its fabled dells, Where music sings and throbs and swells, With matchless beauty laden.

So come and dwell in Arcady, Heart of my heart, along with me; You'll ne'er have cause to rue it; We'll show the wise how love unfolds The rose of life—what joys it holds For those who can construe it.

—[Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

Mixing the Rations.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

THERE are wide-browed men among us—men of thoughtful mien and distinguished lineage, who ever and anon rise up on their hind legs in mixed company and regale us with tales of how a small family, consisting of papa, mamma and nine or eleven clamorous offspring, may gain health and affluence on a quarter-acre of stone-embroidered sand by assiduously cultivating the co-operation and companionship of a parcel of passionate poultry.

Do you get that? It is what they call an indeterminate sentence. Roughly speaking, these wise guys mean "Leven Leghorns and a Living" or "Many Minorcas make a Millionaire."

Do not mope. Do not be despondent. Your lot is not a hopeless one if it be large enough to house a feathered flock of fussy hens. They will lay while you sit; they will sit while you sleep; they will sleep while you work; they will moult while you take on plumage. They reverse almost all the processes of human existence, yet the obtuse and wayward hen is declared to be one of the best little money-makers in the business.

How do they coax or cajole this stubborn, self-centered creature into her best efforts? Some of these beetle-browed experts lead us over to a quiet corner and hoarsely whisper that the mixed ration has a whole lot to do with it. Realizing your own past experiences with a mixed drink you admit that this is probably true. But what is a mixed ration? They tell us that if we can build the proper mixture we can capture the heart of the hen and she will lay for us eagerly, devotedly and regularly.

But when it comes to assembling the aforesaid ration there are as many different ideas as there are poultry writers who never saw a Barred Rock outside of the County Jail or who think the Cornish Game is something like clock golf. The party with a pet formula for a dry mash is almost as much of a nuisance as the soak seeking a standing invitation for a sour one.

Every supply and seed house has its own brew of scratch feed. Sometimes they take 40 cents' worth of ancient grain, some broken rock, clam shells, gravel and burnt wood, say a prayer over it, put it in a tasty sack and sell it for \$2. The hen is supposed to do the rest.

The supply houses have long shelves piled high with all manner of fancy foddors for patrician poultry. There is also a staggering array of dope, for hens have more diseases than a millionaire widow. The roster of ingredients used in the various dry mashes contains about 1100 titles and ranges alphabetically from alfalfa meal to zinnia seed. Of course most of them squirt in a jigger of mustard to warm up the hen and put a little "pep" in her system.

Much of the business of the average poultry show consists of an exchange on the part of exhibitors and visitors of ideas on what Henrietta should have for breakfast—and should it be wet or dry? What percentage of bone meal is best and should she have pepper or ginger in her fish chowder? Her mixed ration reads like the prescription of a high-priced stomach specialist from Battle Creek and its preparation is a matter of delicate weights and percentages. The items may include Egyptian corn, Dakota wheat, Norway oats, milo maize, hulled barley, beardless rye, Kaffir corn, broken rice, sunflower seed, charcoal, lime, grit, ground bone, dried beet pulp, soy beans, beef scraps, cracked corn and excelsior. Then they throw in some paprika to give it a tang and some mothballs to keep it from "spilling"—and there you are.

One might add a pinch of walnut meats and a spoonful of whipped cream to this mixture and sell it over the counter at any soda fountain for fifty cents. To some of the uncritical patrons of the Alexangelus it might possibly masquerade as goulash. When our own family larder is low we sometimes rob our poultry of a mess of this high class provender. Having no gizards we first take the precaution of sifting out the gravel, but the residue, with the addition of some garlic and a bucket of chopped carrots, makes a most fragrant and appetizing stew. It seems to be good for man or beast—either or both of which we are, as the case may be.

When this mixed ration is assembled and packaged by a licensed pharmacist it will still cost considerably less than a dollar a

pound. Each capable hen is supposed to have a handful of this salad at meal time and this helps explain why eggs are 50 cents a dozen—and are worth it.

At the big poultry circuses much curiosity is evinced over the programme of nourishment provided for Lady Eglantine. Our heroine is the true aristocrat of the feathered fraternity. She is an egg plant all by herself. She is the illustrious potentate the Glorious Sisterhood of Hens. Having in mind a career in the egg industry she started out to see what she could do. In 365 days she amassed a total of 314 human breakfasts and then leaped lightly from her nest as if to say: "Oh, shucks! That's nothing!"—although this was not the way she said it. However the sign she hung out was the world's record. What she will do in this leap year is still matter for glorious prophecy. Her work has established her importance in the world. She has her life insured for \$50,000. She is valued at \$100,000—but not in a pot pie. It is mainly for advertising purposes. Her eggs are worth \$25 each, but not for scrambling purposes. When she travels it is in a private Pullman with a valet and a private secretary to keep books on her output. She has a uniformed guard when she attends swell poultry functions and it is her ambition to become the greatest grandmother in the world's album of hens.

What she eats is of great importance to those who base results on diet and the training table.

If one had a flock of Lady Eglantines the absorbing of wealth in the poultry trade would not be difficult, but with the ordinary complement of performers and the existing altitudinous prices of fodder the Rhody Red road to riches is a long one.

Shaking dice or selling stock in radium mines is quicker, b'gosh!

We asked a local theatrical magnate, who is also something of a hen specialist, what his poultry preferred for a mixed ration.

"Well," said he, as if in deep thought, "I've never known a chicken to turn down a Newberg lobster and a magnum of Mumm's."

But we still think he referred to the sort of two-legged chicken that moults with every fashion show.

So no more at present.

How to Play Sick.

[Manchester Guardian:] At a military hospital attached to the barracks at D— writes a correspondent, all soldiers who wish to see the doctor assemble each morning at the door of the doctor's surgery. There used to be a great deal of malingering, or "swinging the lead," as the soldiers call it, among the sufferers. This has been effectively stopped by the following notice, which has been affixed to the surgery door: Hints to those who, for one reason or another, wish to "go sick."

1. Don't swing smartly to attention and walk briskly up to the medical officer when you have chosen an injured kneecap.
2. Don't forget that sprained wrists and ankles are always swollen.
3. Don't, on emerging from "the presence," let your friends shout "Any luck?"
- Those wishing for further advice should apply for my various illustrated pamphlets, price 6d. each. The most popular are:
 1. How to raise and lower your temperature.
 2. How to strengthen and weaken your pulse.
 3. How to get a bad tongue.
 4. How to get a very bad tongue (price 1s.)
 5. How to make your joints swell.
 6. Paleness.
 7. Useful illnesses, their duration, symptoms and remedies.

Changeable.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] The 6-year-old daughter of a well-known humorous writer appeared one morning at the breakfast table with suggestions of a cold beginning to manifest itself.

"Why, Kathleen," said her father, "you are a little hoarse!"

"Am I?" said Kathleen, resentfully. "You said I was a little pig yesterday."

[London Sketch:] The Recruiting Official: One gran'father living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?

The Recruit: Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up fer both on 'em—a sort of a nostral.

DAWN OF AN IDEAL IN A DARKENED MIND.

Trap for a Minister. By O. K. Britell.

THE clergyman read again the note asking him to call that afternoon, and strove to fathom its purpose, and to realize the consequence of his compliance. His perplexity was not unmixed with a strange excitement.

She was so winsome and sweet—so unlike what he had imagined the women of her class, so eager for the message he had tried to bring to those unfortunates whom Christ had not condemned. And yet it had been his outspoken denunciation of members of his own church who countenanced that life below the "dead line" which had caused bitter criticism, at last accompanied with threats.

When Wentworth left the theological seminary he was fired with the great purpose of reforming the world, and his enthusiasm found ample scope in the great city where greed for gain turned men mad, and fortunes were made and lost in a day. Impulsive and uncompromising, he openly attacked conditions as he found them, and he very soon saw, as every man who speaks his inner convictions is bound to do, that he had created a chaos of censure, which made his work infinitely more perplexing.

He sat at his desk and wrestled with the problem. In the honesty of his heart he acknowledged the charm of the girl, and in helping her he sought to analyze his own motive and strip it bare of all personal feeling. He admitted that in the saving of this soul there would be a peculiar pleasure not always experienced in his work. This challenged him with a great fear, and he argued with himself against going.

But no sooner had he decided that he must deny himself the satisfaction of helping the girl than the decision appeared wholly selfish. If there was an element of danger in the situation, was he not strong enough to brave it? If not, how could he help others to be strong? Had he any right to consider himself when confronted with such a call? A doubt of the woman's sincerity he dismissed as unjust, and the fear of compromising himself in the eyes of his parishioners was so utterly foreign to his thought that no other argument presented itself, and his final decision was for meeting the appointment.

He found the place with no difficulty, and the front door was opened by Jessie Bates herself. It was a small apartment in which he found himself, and was separated from an adjoining room by drawn portieres. A couch, a table and a little shelf of books, his eyes took in at a glance.

Wentworth laid down his hat, but for a moment did not take the offered chair. "Involuntarily, as the steel moves to the magnet, the scholar's eye fixed itself on the titles of the books.

"You are fond of reading?" he questioned. "I read some, yea," she answered. "I got these out-a the library, but I don't know what kind to get. Now, here—"

She took a book from the table and turned to show it to him; as she turned her foot caught and she tripped.

Instinctively he sprang forward to keep

her from falling and in the same instant realized that she was in his arms, her hand in his, her heart beating against his own.

There was a sharp click which Wentworth recognized, the curtains parted and George Crawford, one of the richest parishioners, stepped into the room. He carried a kodak, and came forward with an air of business.

Wentworth comprehended it all at a glance. With white face and tightened lips he stood at bay waiting to meet the eyes of his antagonist.

The girl hesitated, uncertain what to do, and it was Crawford who took command of the situation.

"Sit down, Wentworth," he said, "and you, Jess, can be excused. I shall not want you further."

"I'm going to stay," she met his eyes defiantly and with no trace of fear.

"As you like," indifferently. "I thought it might be unpleasant."

She moved over to the couch and propped the cushions behind her. Even in this moment, tense as it was, she unconsciously assumed a graceful pose, her arms outstretched and the small hand pressed against the Persian pattern of the couch, while her eyes scanned the faces of the two men.

"We needn't prolong this," Crawford folded his hands over the kodak which he held on his knees.

Wentworth looked at him incredulously. "Six weeks ago," began Crawford, "I came to you and told you this had to stop; that your muckraking sort of sermon was affecting me. You doubtless remember it."

"I do," Wentworth said, mechanically.

"And you chose to disregard my request—my command. I represent a number of business men. We liked your style, and were willing to support you so long as you kept to your own work and did not meddle in affairs you know nothing about. It had to be stopped, and I told you at the time there were other methods if necessary. Now this is my proposition:

"You resign—any reason you choose, understand—and we will say nothing. We give you a week to do it and a month to get out of town. Have I made it plain?"

Wentworth leaned forward; he was waking up.

"And if I refuse?"

"Your picture will appear in the Sunday paper with a strong write-up. You can imagine the headlines. You can't afford that, Wentworth, and you'll go."

"You have deliberately laid this trap?"

"If you choose to put it in that way, yea. I have the pictures—the details do not matter."

"You admit it, then?" Wentworth's astonishment for a moment allayed his rage.

"But this is libel—blackmail."

"Call it what you like; it's business so far as I am concerned. Go now, quietly, or later at the request of your church."

Wentworth dropped his head. When he looked up he saw the man before him as in a dream. He brushed his hand across his eyes as if to see more clearly.

"I can't quite believe it, Mr. Crawford. My work means everything to me, but not

for my own sake primarily. I have no wish to interfere with your business; I'm trying to better the conditions of some of these people—trying to give them a working chance with the rest of us; above all to throw the influence of the church on the right side. You have enough money for all your lifetime, Mr. Crawford. Why take more at the expense of a woman's virtue? You can make this city a more decent place, and I ask you to do it. I may have been tactless and ignorant of the business situation, but surely I am right in wishing to help humanity. Won't you join me in it, or at least not interfere with my work?"

Crawford broke out with an oath. His face was purple with anger. "I haven't left my office in the middle of the afternoon to come and listen to a Sunday-school sermon. I'm here to talk business. Will you hand in your resignation, or does the article appear?"

Wentworth stood before the window, as if to take himself away from these surroundings in order to think more clearly. What should he do? His whole future was to be sacrificed at one stroke. Yet it was not this that moved him most, but how least to harm the cause to which he had consecrated his life. Whether to give the miserable story to the public, so greedy for scandal, so ready to rejoice in the weakness of a superior or a guide, so skeptical of real virtue—or to hide it all and spare the church, perhaps save some woman's faith.

Yet, was this his mission? It was not results for which he was responsible, only for his own acts. Ought he to be thus driven from the field, even by the desire to suppress a scandal? His aim had been high, his purpose pure. It was a question of principle—of opening everything to the healing light of truth. Could he believe in the final triumph of right enough to cast his lot and await the issue?

He shook himself free of his thought and came back to the man in the room.

"I can't resign," he began, then paused at the sight of the girl.

In their excitement, neither of the men had taken much notice of the quiet little figure on the couch. But Jess was watching them intently, measuring every word and gesture, every emotion reflected in their faces. Now her tenseness was relaxed; she sighed as if throwing off a burden, and rising, came over to Wentworth. She was eager, purposeful, and spoke with an interest not before evident.

"You're going to let it all come out?" she questioned. "You ain't going to beat it? Well, I've heard of such men, but I didn't think there was one. See here," she tossed her head at Crawford and came nearer to Wentworth, "I'll help you."

In a half-hour she had changed from a wanton girl to the woman capable of a sacrifice.

Wentworth looked at her uncomprehendingly, and Crawford, with a sneer, bade her sit down.

"I'll see the reporters, too," she said. "I'll tell 'em how you planned the whole thing. You told me it was a matter of business, and I had only to go to church and prayer

meeting and get converted. Then ask him to come here."

"Very well, you have done it. I'm through with you, and you shan't complain of the price."

"I'll tell the whole thing!" she repeated. "Oh, no you won't." Crawford beat a tattoo on the kodak as he talked. "No one would believe you. This would really make a better newspaper story. People would say you preferred him to me. Besides, I have a controlling interest in both papers."

The girl turned helplessly to Wentworth and read in his face defeat.

Crawford rose as if to end the interview.

"I have your decision then?" he turned to Wentworth. "And you, Jessie, I'll see you tomorrow. I'll not intrude further now."

He picked up his hat, smiling diabolically. "Just a moment, Crawford!" Wentworth was white with anger and his voice trembled. "There's no need of your adding insult. You know I'm innocent—"

"Do I, indeed?" interrupted Crawford.

"No matter," continued Wentworth, "it isn't what you're doing to me—but the church, the city. There's an end to all things, you know, and to throw your influence on the wrong side—"

But Crawford was at the door, and the girl with the intuition of her sex had changed her mood. With real tears in her eyes she put out her hands to intercept him.

"Oh, give it all up," she begged.

He looked at her, not unkindly, as a man might look at a favorite dog, but she read in the hard eyes and set jaw no relinquishment of his purpose, and trained as she was in the use of only one weapon she used the craft that is the badge of a woman's servitude.

She put her arms upon his shoulders, looked softly into his eyes, and raised her face till Wentworth thought she would coax him with a kiss. Then suddenly he saw her hands fall to the kodak and quicker than thought she was across the room and Wentworth found himself between them.

With an oath Crawford sprang, but Wentworth raised his arm—the arm of an athlete. All his blood leaped at the thought of a legitimate encounter, but Crawford did not advance.

Already Jess had opened the kodak and exposed the films to the light.

Cursing and threatening Crawford turned. "This is not the end," he said, and left the room.

The girl stood silent when Wentworth addressed her.

"Good-by," he said; "I have not been a very good guide, but I want you to believe that the things I stand for are the very foundation of life and happiness. Remember this, and believe me when I tell you that your sense of justice and your generosity are proof of this very thing—the triumph of truth. For myself, how can I thank you?"

"Oh, that's all right," she said, easily. "I ought to beg your pardon."

He put out his hand to say good-by.

Slowly she reached him here. Her eyes were vague with a new and dawning ideal. "I guess it's so, all right, what you say—anyhow, you believe it."

United States' Opportunities

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

was the legalization of our presence there by making formal a condition which already for some time actually had been in existence.

"In none of these movements have we ever been actuated by any ambition to extend our territorial possessions in China, or to bring China under our political supremacy.

"Much criticism was voiced in regard to our so-called 'Group 5 of Rules.' Great efforts were made by the enemies of Japan to so manipulate public opinion throughout the world in connection with this matter as to make it appear that Japan was hungry for the suppression of China's independence.

"In fact, this was far from our intention in presenting those suggestions, which, after all, only were suggestions and not demands. We aimed only to befriend China and to enable her to so strengthen and improve her administrative organization as to insure her future peaceful and independent existence.

We suggested nothing to China we ourselves have not done with conspicuous success during different stages of progress along western lines of development, and the course which we have followed has been principally the result of suggestions made to us by hundreds of advisers from Europe and America.

"China needs help more than any other nation ever has needed help, and it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to supply this help to her. Our chief concern with China is to so conduct ourselves that we may help her to keep her house in order so that there may be no further encroachment upon her territory by other powers.

"And, as a matter of fact, in the very course which we have followed with China lies a guarantee against the absurd supposition that Japan wishes to be at enmity with the United States. With the Chinese problem and those of her own advance, Japan finds herself confronted by as much work as she will find it possible to do during many generations.

"It was said by one of the members of your Congress not very long ago that Japan

is hungry for your Pacific Coast. As a matter of fact, I can assure you that the possession of your Pacific Coast would be a nuisance rather than an advantage to Japan. We have territory enough. Korea is very sparsely settled. If it were as densely populated as the main island of Japan, and it is capable of supporting such a population, it would easily absorb 30,000,000 people.

"In addition to this outlet for our surplus population we have Manchuria, where, to be sure, there is less room for Japanese emigrants and where conditions for Japanese farmers are less favorable than they are in Korea, but where a few millions of additional population easily could be absorbed.

"In Formosa there is relatively small room for Japanese emigrants because all of the low and fertile lands there are being rapidly occupied by Chinese. The mountainous half of the island, however, which hitherto has been principally inaccessible because of occupation by hostile savage tribes, is now being opened and in a few years will be ready for, say 250,000 settlers from Japan.

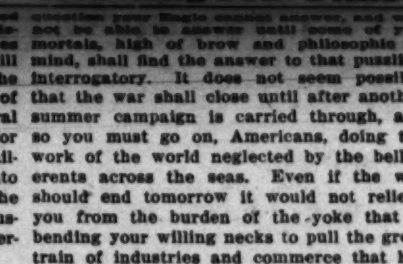
"In addition to these territories we have our own island of Hokkaido, where there is

much room for new settlers, so I think it must be apparent to any reasonable student that we do not need the lands of your Pacific Coast."

(Copyright, 1915, by Edward Marshall.)

Identified by Footprints.

One of Chicago's largest maternity hospitals has adopted a plan of identification which obviates practically every chance for either the accidental or malicious substitution of new-born babies, says the January Popular Mechanics Magazine, in an illustrated article. Before a baby is an hour old ink impressions are made of its feet. In doing this an ink pad is used on the soles of the feet, and a pad of glossy paper then pressed against them. One of the advantages of the footprint system is that it furnishes a permanent record which is kept on file at the office of the hospital. Every child is born with certain lines on the soles of its feet which are distinctive. As the feet develop in size the markings are likewise enlarged, but the general pattern remains the same.



been imposed upon you. America will be a busier place for all future time because of this terrible war that is taking away from the earth millions of industrious beings, which is impoverishing the nation and loading them with a burden of debt that will keep their backs bent for yes generations, to come.

All you have to do is to go on mind your own business, listening attentively and following obediently the counsel of our first great general, George Washington, avoiding entangling alliances with all people, cultivating peace with all, carrying trade with all; in other words, making your country the busiest hive of industry among all mankind. It is a mighty wise philosophy that Gen. Washington preached that farewell address. It is a blessed lot to live in peace with all mankind, and to devote your energies to peaceful industries which enrich all mankind, make life more comfortable, and human being more content. Your Eagle has great faith in you, brethren, in your country, in your institutions, your aspirations. He has abundant hope for your future, which he thinks will be the greatest that any nation has ever been blessed with. He looks ahead through the days of the current year and sees your country more prosperous with each passing day, more respected by the surrounding peoples, with larger influence for good as the days pass by.

The Eagle
and JOURNAL



only dub in a very short skirt and bodice to speak of.

Well, why not? Let us treat this matter reasonably. If a lady of sixty-five summers wants to show all her back and half her legs, why shouldn't she? Heaven is our witness that she can do no moral harm. Undignified? Very perhaps. But what does that matter? What doesn't want her dignity why should she saddle her with any? If an elderly gentleman has a weakness for playing the skittling round in a white waistcoat and pink silk socks and a naked head, should we begrudge grandmamma a liberty?

I submit there is nothing inherently proper in a skinny old back and bony shoulders. They are not beautiful, of course, but we are all agreed that beauty can be immoral. If we could get all the beautiful women to dress like traditional grandmamas and all the grandmamas to dress like beautiful women, it might prove a good moral influence. Any reformer will admit that wrongs should be exposed. The average reformer is all for exposure. Los Angeles being a reform center, we doubtless have more exposed grandmamas in this city than could ever be found in iniquitous cities like New York and San Francisco. Elegant dames are much too wicked and sophisticated in those naughty cities to forego artistic secretiveness that may lend enchantment to their sins. And deceive the looker into supposing them charming.

An Old Inn.

A patriarch asleep
Beneath the drowsy elms,
Calm in the old content
Of other centuries—
What tales of merry hours his lips could
Of cronies old, of wistful face from far,
Of beggar filled, or birth night and birth-morn,
Of shy, coquettish, passing eyes—closed
for many years;
What tales—as one might speak
In reveries, tenderly, brokenly,
Of vanished things, with pauses, halting
For recalling and a bit of
Dreaming; if he might awake and speak
at it What happy hours—
But he shall waken
Never!

—[Arthur Wallace Peach, in *New York*

Saturday, January 8, 1910.]

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

Buttonholes for Lingerie Waist.

Your Old Shirtwaists.

The seams of dress sleeves can be easily pressed open by placing several thicknesses of paper the length of the sleeve under the seams, being careful not to let the iron crease the other parts of the sleeve.

In Darning Socks.

A Painted Table Spread.

Filling the Porch Pillows

ABOUT THE WALLS

To Wash Varnished Paper.

For Hanging Your Own Paper.

Sensitive Feet.

Hot water, 5 quarts; boric acid, 200 grams;
tannin, 5 grams.

Lactic acid, 4 ounces; glycerine, 1 ounce;
rosewater, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce.

Set Colors Before Washing.

Veiling, Lace and Net Curtains

Net curtains with lace insertion can be successfully cleaned at home in lukewarm water and white soapsuds, and then thoroughly rinsed. They can be dried pinned to sheets, in their turn pinned to rugs or carpet.

A very interesting book has been pub

lished on tobacco habit—how to conquer it.

To Shrink Dress Goods

Fireproofing Muslin and Cotton.

To Scrape off Mud

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cut an onion in two, rub the scorched part with it, then soak in cold water. The mark will disappear in a few minutes.

Heavy hats cause headaches and are very bad for the hair. A hat should be light and should not be worn so tightly on the head as to exclude all the air. Lack of ventilation for the hair is one of the causes of baldness.

ECZEMA is a non-contagious, inflammatory disease of the skin, often associated with digestive disturbances, debility, gout and rheumatism. Jellison's Eczema Specific removes the cause and constitutional treatment combined with local application. Thousands of cases have yielded to this treatment.

Prosperity of Peace

The Song of Peace.

Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace:

Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung.
Their cradle-anthem for the Savior's birth:

Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming
word

Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth
heard:

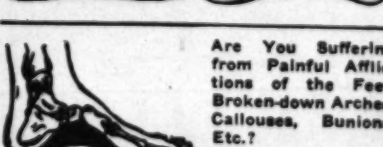
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the
Sword!

Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft
and calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm
Still lives for Earth, which flends so long
have trod,

The great hope resting on the truth of God—
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through
long Sabbath day. —[Whittier.

Tired and aching feet is the first warning of a broken down instep arch and flat foot. Our arch supports are made especially for fallen arches, weak ankles and feet. If your feet or limbs trouble you call and we will advise you regarding the proper treatment and appliances. We also make callous plates. Consultation and examination free.



There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet or made to conform to a particular foot shape. But the purpose of the Arch Support is to support the arch of the foot, and in some cases answer the purpose. The Arch Support is made of a material that will give the desired results in most cases. The reason is that the Arch Support is made of a material that is 10 per cent of the foot. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that are affected and thus cause pain in the joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

DROPSY

Herbal Remedies for Dropsy, Gailstones, Eczema, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Epilepsy, Gout, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Piles, Nervous, Stomach and Blood diseases. Men, Women and Children. Twenty years in Los Angeles, over 100,000 successfully treated and every one a BOOSTER for the Remedies. Call or write for literature.

F. E. CHAMBERLAIN, New Zealand Herbalist

1611

CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.



January 8, 1916

[Saturday, January 8, 1916]

Superb Pasadena.

NEW YEAR'S DAY in Southern California was wet, awfully wet, soakingly wet. It is a peculiarity of this country that whenever it rains everything outdoors gets wet. The rain dampened everything that it could reach—excepting the arbor of the Pasadenaans who had planned their annual fete, the Tournament of Roses. The spirit of the Pasadenaans is so unquenchable that they would have held their fete in the face of the Noachian deluge. It was a tournament of umbrellas by all accounts, but it was great for all that. Pasadena deserves well of the whole State for her midwinter festival. It has drawn thousands of tourists to be spectators on the interesting occasion, and has drawn the attention of millions of people to a country which is so blessed climatologically as to be able to have a festival whose principal feature is roses of all shades, sizes and varieties in countless thousands on New Year's Day.

Husky Western Boys.

AT THE Pasadena festival known as the Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day there took place a very interesting event. At that fete on previous years there has been a Greco-Roman chariot race. The people got tired of it, so the bright people who manage the affair determined to substitute a new feature. It was a great game of American football between Brown University from Providence, R. I., and the Washington State College from Pullman, Wash. The day was stormy, but the husky westerners tackled the courageous easterners with vim and won 14 to 0. The experts account for this by the fact that the Brown boys averaged only about 18 years old, while the Alkal boys were four or five years their seniors. This surely made a great difference, and this was not all. The eastern varsity teams can play only three successive years, a restriction not enforced in the West.

But in spite of this explanation, the experts are free to confess that the Washington boys were "tough and husky." It is a way western boys have in the fact that they grow up where there is more elbow room, more cubic feet of air per capita, that they live more out of doors and lead a freer and more unconventional life. Then there is the climate. Washington is not Southern California, but more like Scotland, where when a visitor asked one in the manner born, "Does it always snow here in Scotland?" and the Scot replied, "Nay, mon; sometimes it snows." But for all that Washington and Oregon have a mild winter climate, and animal and vegetable life flourish there much more vigorously than on the bleak New England coast.

Midwinter Pastime.

OF COURSE the Los Angeles Athletic Club comprises a great many tough, hardy, husky members of unbounded ambition in physical force. But all the same it is not everywhere by a great deal that the stoutest physical frame possessed by human beings will stand a dip in the ocean on New Year's Day. This is what a number of the members of this club indulged in a week ago. Moreover, they were joined by the wives of a number of the members, and also by a bunch of rosy girls from Bimini Baths. The club intends to make an annual affair of this. It has been done with impunity time out of mind. People not particularly husky have indulged in this midwinter splash in the blue ocean that washes the lovely shores of entrancing Southern California.

Boom by War.

THE Secretary of the Department of Agriculture is urging farmers to take good care of all fertilizing materials, to use lime and rotate their crops. The European war has disrupted the commerce in potash heretofore imported from Germany. The farmers are told that they must depend more largely on nitrogenous fertilizers than heretofore.

There is a ray of hope in the kelp beds of the Pacific Coast, and the mud of Searles Lake, Cal. Those interested in this subject have been turning their attention to the feldspar rocks of the East, but the cost is very high. Kelp is the best material so far discovered, and three large companies are working on these to extract potash for the use of the farmers.

Exhilarating Spin.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is the native heath of automobile tourists. In The Times pink sheet for January 2 appeared Route No. 2 for the Auto Club Sunday afternoon tours. This started at Pasadena and going by Lamanda Park, San Gabriel, Rivera, Downey and Clearwater, reached Long Beach. The return trip was by Compton, Watts, Huntington Park, Los Angeles and South Pasadena, back to the Crown of the Valley. If any traveler has ever encountered a more delightful route for a day's outing than this he has been a globe-trotter surely. This route traverses about as fertile a piece of the world as the sun shines on, with orange groves, walnut orchards and deciduous fruit orchards of various kinds, interspersed with alfalfa fields where these winter days the cattle feed knee deep in lush grasses. The route has more than agricultural interest, for it passes through historic old San Gabriel, with its antique mission church, its mission playhouse and old adobe. The road traverses a dozen pretty villages, and culminates in Los Angeles, the metropolis of the Great Southwest.

Murrah for Pomona!

IT IS many years since fair Pomona got on the map, and now that beautiful city is getting into the midst of the spotlight. From Washington we are informed that capital invested in manufacturing establishments in Pomona increased 89½ per cent. in the last five years. The report adds: "Few cities in the United States have shown such a tremendous increase in manufacturing in so short a time." In the period, persons engaged in manufacturing increased 61 per cent., the amount paid out in salaries 59 per cent., and the value added 52.4 per cent. Pomona is not a great city, and it is surely a feather in her cap to have the record made that the capital invested in her manufacturing industries amounted to \$1,192,000. The cost of material used was \$324,000, the value of the products \$825,000, while the salaries and wages amounted to \$275,000.

Harvesting the Ocean.

THE Van Camp Sea Food Company is busily at work on immense barracks to house the Japanese fishermen at Timms Point on land leased from the city of Los Angeles. A building twenty-nine by ninety-nine feet is being built for the Japanese fishermen and their families. Other fish canneries at the harbor are following suit, as the Japanese prefer to bring their fish to San Pedro where they can live near their boats, which are sheltered in the perfect harbor.

Pacific Coast fish are numerous, of many varieties and furnish excellent human food. The salmon of the ocean is sold in every market in the world, either fresh, smoked or canned, and like strawberries, the Almighty might have made a better fish than salmon but surely never did. Halibut is another excellent food fish found in abundance in the Pacific Ocean off the coast, where it is taken in thousands and packed in millions of cans which are marketed about as widely as the salmon. The yellowtail is another good fish of this coast, and as for the smaller fry or pan fish, who ever ate anything more delicious than a pompano?

In Silk Attire.

FIVE carloads of silk, valued at nearly \$500,000, make the initial imports of this kind through the Los Angeles Harbor. It was part of a cargo brought from the Orient one day last week in the steamship Hazel Dollar. It went east over the Salt Lake route the next day. The shipment of silk weighed 111,000 pounds and was so valuable that it was sent east in baggage cars, each in charge of a picked man.

This marks undoubtedly the beginning of what will be a great traffic between the Orient and our harbor. The ship which brought this valuable cargo of silk also brought 1,070,000 pounds of tea and nearly 1,000,000 pounds of other commodities, including quite a shipment of dyestuffs.

Heretofore this kind of merchandise from the Orient has gone through San Francisco, often in trainload lots. It is worth while for the railroads to divert that merchandise here as shown by the record of the Salt Lake for the five months ended December 1, which showed an increase of \$825,300 over the corresponding period last year.

A Good Place for It.

SENATOR PHELAN, the new California statesman at Washington, and Congressman Kahn, an old-time Californian at the national capital, are working hard to have the government establish a munition factory at the arsenal at Benicia, on Carquinez Strait north of San Francisco. In connection with this the Congressmen are working for the establishing of a branch army and navy academy for the Pacific Coast. The fortifications of Los Angeles with fourteen and sixteen-inch guns, the enlarged barracks at the Presidio near San Francisco and the Mare Island Navy Yard for battleship and other warship construction are further projects which the California members of Congress are working for.

And by the way, San Diego is in the field for the new naval academy to be installed in the buildings now used for the fair. And this is another good place for such an enterprise.

Fundamental Idea.

WHEN the other day articles of incorporation for the Mayberg Industrial University were filed it marked the laying of the corner-stone of an institution on which many industries will be built up in time to come. These people have secured a five-year lease on a three-story building formerly occupied by the Page Military Academy. H. D. Mayberg, head of the school, announces that this leased building is only intended to be temporary headquarters of the school. It is proposed to erect a group of buildings on a site already secured between the city and the harbor with capacity to accommodate 5000 students.

Birds Like It Too.

THE person who has never seen Audubon's book of American birds and read about the researches of this great scientist is really to be pitied. It is one of the most fascinating books ever printed. Audubon roamed the great plains of the West in the early days of the American Republic and studied its birds with great care and attention.

It is quite natural that there should be in America a national association of Audubon societies. Los Angeles has a branch which affiliated with the national association a few months ago. It had been in existence for some years and had studied the bird lore of the locality carefully.

On Christmas Day each year this society makes a census of the birds of the locality. Eight members of the society took the field on last Christmas Day, most of them confining their observations to the city limits. Two of them took in the territory within ten miles of the city.

The observations showed forty-seven varieties of water and shore birds, of which a total of 1636 were observed. There were counted seventy-five varieties of land birds, of which 7499 birds were observed. Who can blame the poor birds if they wish to spend the winter months under the sunny skies and enjoy the glorious climate of California?

So They Come.

OK KNOLL, Pasadena, is to have another mansion added to its palaces already crowning that fascinating section of the very fascinating city. It is to be built for C. H. Baker, a shoe man with stores in Los Angeles, San Francisco and several other Pacific Coast cities. It is to stand in the midst of a four-acre site at Rosalind and Arden Road. It is understood that the house will cost \$100,000. So as the years go by the rich people of the country will come in increasing numbers to enjoy real life in this country of all fascinations.

Will Realize It.

WILLIAM MALCOM of Puente, principal of the grammar school of that place, has the eyes of a real seer. For the past few years he has been paying attention to the culture of eucalyptus trees. He has an eighty-five-acre grove of the trees which will be six years old in March of this year. He has refused \$60,000 for his grove. He bought 185 acres six years ago at \$15 an acre, and this is the result of his foresight.

Notes of Progress.

SAN FERNANDO plans a big experimental farm, on 200 acres of land, to show what can be grown in that wonderfully fruitful valley.

Ten acres of four-year-old Valencia oranges at Anaheim have been sold for \$25,000 cash. At Anaheim, too, a new theater is to be built at a cost of \$30,000, to be leased to Clune, the moving-picture man.

Hermosa Beach is to have a Carnegie library building costing \$10,000.

The Panama Pacific Warehouse Company is about to erect a warehouse in Los Angeles city at a cost of \$1,000,000.

At Lindsay, in the San Joaquin Valley, petitions are being circulated for constructing a canal system to cost \$1,250,000 to irrigate 15,000 acres of citrus-fruit lands.

The gross operating revenue of the Great Western Power Company for the month of November last totaled \$302,160.55, a gain of 32 per cent. over the same period last year.

At Monrovia, orange growers are getting from \$1.20 to \$1.25 a box net for navel fruit. Lankershim, in the San Fernando Valley, wants gas, and there are 200 consumers ready to take it and pay for it.

Near Albuquerque, N. M., the Savannah Copper Company has sold its mines for \$700,000.

Tropico is to have an industrial concern organized by the Dutch Specialty Company, capitalized for \$50,000 to work in chemical products.

There will be a bond election at Manhattan Beach, January 15, to authorize the issue of \$90,000 to build a pier.

Marian, the new-born city in the San Fernando Valley, has a business block, the first in the new town, nearly completed.

In Orange County, the State highway has been surfaced from Santa Ana to the San Diego county line.

Fruit growers in Redlands are experimenting with the avocado.

A plot of twelve acres north of Sixteenth street and reaching up to Pico, belonging to the Rosedale Cemetery Association, has been sold for subdivision purposes for \$70,000.

The Day After Christmas.

Twice the day after Christmas, and all through the house
Every creature was stirring, from mistress to mouse.
The stockings, once hung by the chimney with care,
Were empty, and showed that St. Nick had been there.
The children no longer were snug in their beds,
For visions of breakfast time danced in their heads.
In short, the same old routine had begun
And Wall street was calling, the house must be run;
Poor mother was tired, and father was vexed
Because stocks were erratic; and sister perplexed
At having to choose which ball to attend
That very same night with her own dearest friend;
And those Christmas gloves—she declared it was strange
How her size was forgotten—that she must exchange.

So father rushed down to his office in haste,
And sister was off, to try on a new waist;
The cook, she gave notice, and mother must go
For a substitute at the employment bureau.
The children alone felt the holiday joy,
The charm unabated of each funny toy,
And their innocent laughter was music to me
As they foraged anew in the green Christmas tree.

Why is it, I mused, that we grownups all find
It's so hard on the day after Yule to be kind?
We are older and wiser than these little folk,
We know that St. Nick is a time honored joke;
But somehow the kiddies the secret have found
Of keeping their Christmas time all the year round.
To the simple of heart, to the shepherds afield
And the children today, has the truth been revealed.

—[Willis Boyd Allen, in New York Sun.]

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

Illustrated Weekly.

Los Angeles

Saturday, January 5, 1919.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Eat and Grow Fat.

IT IS very generally believed that "lean men are born to be lean," and that eating has nothing to do with the matter. The opposite condition of adiposity is supposed to be largely the result of overfeeding. In other words, lean persons are born and fat ones made. But Dr. Robert Hugh Rose of New York takes exception to this conception, and demonstrates practically that body weight, unless affected directly by disease, may be controlled by proper diet.

"There is no sufficient reason for the prevalent belief that a person not actually diseased should be unable, by a proper selection of food, to increase his weight to the point of health and strength," says Dr. Rose in a recent article on "Weight Increase." "This statement is not made rashly, but after due consideration and considerable observation. I have tried out this theory on a number of thin patients, some of the most extreme type, with only good results."

It is a common observation that thin persons are frequently hearty eaters, and since the food ingested does not produce increased weight, it has been assumed that such persons lack assimilative power. But from recent observations it appears that assimilative power is very uniform in all individuals. Even in cases where the assimilative tract is actually diseased, as in typhoid fever, the percentage of food assimilated seems to be relatively high. Thus, a typhoid patient assimilates .92 per cent of foodstuffs, as against .96 per cent in health. In health a person utilizes 96 per cent of proteins, 95 per cent of fats, and 98 per cent of sugars and starches; the typhoid patient assimilates 88.8 per cent of proteins, 93 per cent of fats, and 97 per cent of sugars and starches.

Why Lean Persons Are Lean.

It does not appear, therefore, that the cause of leanness is an inability to assimilate food. The condition, according to Dr. Rose, is due to an insufficient quantity, or an improper quality of food. And he places all lean persons in normal health in one of two groups: A. Those who demand an excessive amount of nourishment on account of great activity, and other causes; and, B. Those who ingest a small amount of food.

There are a certain number of lean persons who should apparently form a separate class, since they eat excessively, and yet remain thin, although seemingly in perfect health otherwise. These persons have abnormally active thyroid glands, which causes their system to burn up from 20 to 30 per cent more food fuel than normal. Frequently such persons remain healthy for years, the only indication of their abnormality being their inability to produce results from large quantities of food. No amount of dieting will correct this condition; but as the number of persons afflicted with it are relatively few it may be practically disregarded in any system for fattening lean people.

The great difference in mental and physical activity in individuals, however, is a highly important factor. "If we bear in mind that a person who is working hard requires twice the food used by one who is lying quietly in bed, we see at once what an important factor the matter of activity really becomes," says Dr. Rose. "Now consider for one moment how activity varies among different individuals. Some sleep long hours, go about slowly, take no more steps than absolutely necessary and, even though they accomplish a great deal, do so with very little exertion. Others are of a restless temperament, not quiet even when asleep. If we undertook to follow them around for a day, we could see how their activity might account for the consumption of an amount of food approximating the diet required by a day laborer."

Feeding to Fatten.

Since overactivity, which uses up great quantities of food-fuel, is one of the causes of leanness, the proper remedy would seem to be less activity and more food. But persons of this type are frequently very hearty

eaters at any rate, so that any very great increase in the amount of food taken is impractical. It is possible, however, to change the quality of the food without increasing the quantity, with markedly beneficial effects. Lean persons who are hearty eaters are usually fond of protein foods—that is, red meats, fish, fowls and eggs—while fat persons are proverbially fond of carbohydrates, the essential elements of such vegetables as potatoes and rice, and found in concentrated form in pastries and "sweets" of all kinds. If, therefore, the lean man and the fat man were to exchange plates, it would be advantageous to both. Needless to say such an exchange would be distasteful to both parties.

It is possible, however, to provide a daily menu which includes an increased quantity of fattening foods that is also appetizing. A sample menu of this kind, adapted to the man of average height, is suggested by Dr. Rose, as follows:

Breakfast—Two eggs, two slices of bread, cereal of some kind, fruit, two balls of butter, four teaspoonfuls of sugar and two and one-half ounces of cream.

Luncheon—Two lamb chops, two slices of bread, one potato, three balls of butter, two ounces of cream and two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Dinner—Five ounces of meat, two slices of bread, three balls of butter, three ounces of cream, one helping of rice, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, cheese 2x1 inch, salad and oil one ounce.

Before retiring—One glass of milk and four crackers.

Why Certain Foods Are Fattening.

To casual observation there is nothing particularly striking in this dietary suggestion. But the dietician, who is able to measure food values very accurately, would observe that it contains a slight excess of fattening substances, with just enough excess of protein matter to insure an increase in muscular strength. This increase in muscle is essential to any rational fattening process, as otherwise a condition of flabbiness may be produced. Moreover, this food programme should not be carried out day after day without variation; but any variation in the kinds of food eaten should be made to conform in a general way to the menu suggested.

The person who is thin because he does not eat enough from lack of appetite would probably be unable to force himself to complete the meals suggested; or, if he did so, would suffer the inconvenience of an overloaded stomach. Such a person should eat less, but at more frequent intervals. Small meals taken at intervals of two or three hours frequently improve the appetite, and gradually accustom the system to assimilating greater quantities of food.

The object for any diet for increasing weight is to supply a surplus of fattening foods. Frequently a slight increase over the usual ration will produce this effect, providing a proper selection is made. An extra slice or two of bread, well buttered, will supply the necessary fats and carbohydrates. Whole wheat bread is better than plain white bread, since it contains more of the strength-giving vitamins and minerals.

The ideal amount of gain for the thin person of average height is about one pound a week.

The Prevalence of "Damaged Goods."

Just at present there is great popular interest in the prevalence of venereal diseases throughout the country, although the fight against this evil has been waged by medical men without abatement for generations. Heretofore, however, there has been an element of guesswork in diagnosing the most important of these conditions, syphilis, which vitiated all available statistics. But now, thanks to the investigations of scientific observers, it is possible to determine the presence of this disease with all but absolute accuracy by the well-known Wassermann blood test. And as a result, a fresh impetus has been given to stamping out this evil.

Apparently the best data available are obtained through the army surgeons, who are able to apply the crucial test to every man in the service, and in this manner estimate

very accurately the prevalence of the disease among civilians. Thus, Surgeon Vedder estimates that, "among army recruits nearly 17 per cent. are syphilitic when they enter the service;" and he believes that about 20 per cent. of the young adult male population of the class from which the army is recruited is infected. From his investigations he reaches the conclusion that, "since syphilitic infection is so common, is productive of so much disability, and has so far entirely evaded sanitary control it is believed that syphilis is a greater menace to the public health than any other single infectious disease, not even excepting tuberculosis."

Milk-born Sore Throat.

Dr. Herman N. Biggs of New York, who has been guarding the health of the metropolis officially for several years, has recently demonstrated that epidemics of septic sore throat are frequently due to the milk from infected cows on dairy farms. The symptoms of this infection are uniform and characteristic, beginning with a chill and a rapid rise in temperature. There is usually severe headache with muscular pains like those of the grip.

At first the throat shows a general redness, which resembles the early stage of scarlet fever; but later small patches of membrane may appear on the tonsils, not unlike those of diphtheria. There is also swelling of the glands in the neck. This condition lasts for four or five days, followed by rapid recovery in mild cases. In severe cases the glands often suppurate, and there may be such complications as erysipelas, pneumonia, pleurisy, or peritonitis.

As the milk seems to be responsible for this type of sore throat epidemic, the only means of prevention lies in pasteurization of all milk used for drinking purposes.

A New Food Product.

The food problem is such an urgent and perennial one that some means of increasing the number of edible substances has been sought for generations. Yet, despite the fact that the chemists are able to create so many new substances by synthetic processes, and duplicate artificially such substances as drugs, and even rubber, there has never been a single substance of any very great food value produced except in Nature's laboratory. Moreover, since the discovery of corn and potatoes by the Spanish explorers 400 years ago, there have been very few additions to our natural food products.

During the Napoleonic wars the French Emperor made strenuous efforts to find some substitute for the usual foodstuffs, but without success. To be sure he did succeed in extracting sugar from beets instead of cane, but this was merely producing an old substance in a new way entirely dependent upon a natural product.

In Europe at the present time, with the famine spectre always present, they are exhausting their ingenuity to produce food substitutes, particularly some substitute for the cereal grains. But as yet they have not succeeded. Meanwhile in our own country the discovery has been made that millet, hitherto used mostly as "hog fodder," is an excellent human food that will serve as a substitute for the ordinary cereal grains.

Fodder as Food.

This discovery, or at least its introduction to Americans, seems to be largely due to the efforts of Prof. Nansen of South Dakota. His success is commented upon in the Journal of the American Medical Association, as follows:

"Millet, as is well known, has been cultivated

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vated for forage and grain since ancient times. To Americans the name will at once suggest a fodder for animals, and its significance is not enhanced by the familiar designation of 'hog millet.' Prof. Nansen, of the South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, who has investigated the possibilities of millet as food for man, has suggested the substitution of 'proso,' the ancient Slav name for the grain. The seed of proso millet, although practically unknown in America as a food for human consumption, is a familiar article of diet in Russia and India. It is said that during the Russian famine of 1890 proso-millet bread was for a long time the only food remaining between the peasantry and starvation. The grain can be milled and cooked in the same ways as are many other cereals.

"The composition of hulled proso is much like that of the patent wheat flour, being even richer in protein. The grain can be used whole, ground like cornmeal and thus made into palatable cakes, or used as flour. The lack of gluten makes it necessary to combine proso with wheat flour if it is to be converted into a good bread. A 'public' test of proso as a table cereal was made at the South Dakota State College of Agriculture early in the present year, so that it has already experienced 'official introduction.' From the standpoint of agriculture proso deserves consideration because, like kafir corn, it represents a crop which can be produced in dry seasons or in arid regions where the attempts to raise the more popular cereals are often discouraging."

[London Sketch:] Phyl: Do you know, mother, Moses used to have indigestion just like you do!

Mother: Why, dear, whatever makes you think that?

Phyllis: Why, 'cos in our Bible lesson today Miss Smith said "God gave Moses two tablets."

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MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brautman.

DOMESTIC PROPAGATION OF WILD DUCKS.

Novel Enterprise. By Edward T. Martin.

THE time is coming, in fact it may be near at hand when, to be complete, every gentleman's country place, every model farm will have its duck pond and flock of tame wild ducks. There is nothing in the way of bird life that will contribute more to the adornment of such a home than a lot of mallards, teal or sprig swimming gracefully around, tame, fearless of man, recognizing him as a friend and

with mountain quail, a shy bird never known to breed in captivity, were as successful as with the teal; consequently it is believed that like success will be attained with all other varieties of shoal water ducks and possibly with the deep water kinds as well, although as these last breed mostly in the far north it is not easy to obtain their eggs, and so far no young have been raised, they dying in every instance a few weeks after being

because Mother Teal needs protecting, for she can well care for herself, and asks no odds of any. This was shown the day her ducklings first took to water when she herself was all nerves and excitement, and when a handsome old greenhead drake, admiring his reflection in the pond, was slow in moving out of her way, she flew at him, beat him over the head with her wings, pecked at his eyes and chased him for many yards.

The just-hatched ducks, one and all, can swim and dive almost as soon as the shell is off their backs, maybe before, as not so long ago when a sudden rain raised the water in the marshes, the nest of a wild teal was found, some of the eggs in which had been submerged for many hours, yet

of course took to water. Three of the hens followed to the edge of the pond, stopped, clucked, scratched and bluffed about having found something good to eat, hoping to make their wayward babies return. Not so with the white bantam. She went after her. It was a new sensation, this taking a cold bath, and the hen didn't like it a little bit. She flapped, beat the water with her wings, kicked, splashed, made all the noise a hen was ever heard to make, and more, created such a commotion as was never known before in that pond and finally reached the far side much wetter and wiser than when she started. Thereafter when her family wished to go swimming they went and she stayed.

The ducks shown in the several pictures



Goose with brood of adopted mallards. Teal with young.



Bantam hen with brood of mallards.

willing to take food from his very hands. The trouble in the past has been to obtain the ducks. To induce wild birds to breed in captivity. There has been no such difficulty with Canada geese nor with mallards. Free or captive these, when spring comes, mate, lay and hatch, but geese are noisy and not particularly ornamental, while there is a sameness about a flock of mallards which requires another variety of duck to break.

The long-necked, graceful sprig, the bald-pate widgeon, the gaily-marked little teal have been kept for years until they became very tame in every way and yet withheld their eggs—refusing to lay. Strange, but a well-established fact. More by accident than intention it was found that if the eggs of wild ducks be gathered in some marsh, their natural breeding ground, hatched in an incubator, then given a hen to mother, the ducks so raised, never having known liberty, will nest in captivity and prove as prolific breeders as their domestic cousins. It was this way. A year and a half ago the nests of some mallards and teal in a marshy meadow were broken up by a mowing machine. Efforts were made to save the eggs by placing them in a handy incubator. Ninety-eight per cent. hatched, and a fair proportion of the ducklings lived to maturity. Last spring the mallards all paired, mated and raised young, which was expected. The teal did likewise, which was a surprise. Experiments along the same line

hatched. To continue the experiment more than fifty sprig and spoonbill, besides many teal, have been hatched from wild eggs obtained this spring, and in the minds of those having the matter in charge there is little doubt but that good results will be obtained; then not only will the question of artificial propagation be solved, but every gentleman farmer will find it easy to obtain breeding stock from which can be raised wild ducks of half a dozen varieties, either for ornament or to release when grown.

There is much that is interesting in watching these experiments. One hatching of mallards, when more than half grown, was discarded by the mother duck and adopted by a snow goose; not that they needed a foster mother but because the poor goose, captive for a dozen years and denied babies of her own, was lonely and wished to break the monotony of life. When feeding time comes she cackles and calls her duck family, chases every other feathered habitant of the pond to a distance until her charges have eaten their fill, then gracefully swims away, the mallards following. She, however, will tolerate the little teal and her family, seen to the left of the water jet in the picture, with many of the young ducks standing on their heads, tails in the air while they dive and feed. The teal family is protected and championed by every other duck in the pond. The babies are so small, so cute and so spry that even the mallards and sprigs admire them, not

when incubated every egg hatched and the ducklings all lived, showing what tough little beggars they are.

Bantam hens are the best mothers. That there is no hereditary wildness in the ducklings can be seen from the accompanying picture showing a brood of 10-day-old mallards and their bantam foster mother. Although very close to the camera, back of which stood but a few yards distant several persons who were laughing, talking and even pointing at them, their peace of mind remained undisturbed and they felt as safe as they really were. For the first few days of their life this brood and the white bantam were kept in a pen of wire netting with some sprig, a brood of teal and another of mallards for neighbors. These were released at the same time. The ducks

are wing-clipped, lest in the fall they might join their kind in the near-by marshes. They will stand much cold and once grown are more hardy than any other domestic fowl. In their wild state, if there is a spring hole open where they can drink and corn or acorns are not covered with snow, below-zero weather will not drive them south; consequently, with these experiments in propagation developing favorably, as the writer feels sure they will, there is no reason why wild duck raising should not become a popular pastime for gentleman farmers and country clubs. Then civilization will restore to the wild some of the life of which it has destroyed so much and in a small degree make amends for the many lakes and marshes it has drained and the waterfowl it has rendered homeless.

Paying for a Motor Car

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

"Say, listen, aren't you glad we economized and got it?" she cried.

There was no time for further conversation. Urged by Joe, the new car, with a rush and a rumble, leaped into motion, and whirled off down the street. Mrs. Loftus turned to her spouse and her child with a relieved sigh.

"Irene," she said, "is really a wonderful girl. I believe I'll go in and lie down."

With a peculiar expression of countenance Mr. Loftus gazed after the departing pair. He drew a long breath.

"You're right, she's a wonderful girl. Joe Garbutt deserves her, and—" he added, with deep feeling, as he turned to support his wife into the house, "by Jove! I certainly hope she'll be married soon."

"We might give her the car for a wedding present," suggested Violette. "We've suffered so much getting it, not having decent things to eat and all that, I hate the very sight of it."

"Never!" her father returned dramatically, "never! Now we've got it, we'll keep it! We've paid too high a price for it to give it away, even to Irene."

Civil War's Effects

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

lives. Others lost all formal education or training itself and this was true not only of those absent in the war, but of a host of others who were unable, in the impoverishment of the South, to prepare themselves for a life work. All of these family problems involved the next generation, placing every responsibility and care upon the children. Waste of efficiency, with its train of consequences, is waste of life in another sense, sometimes more tragic than death.

By looking back over our own history, we realize afresh the suffering and disaster that war brings in so many different realms of life, destroying thousands of men valuable to the race, affecting the lives of women in ways that we do not ordinarily consider, interrupting the education of the youth of the country, touching the happiness and welfare of every child, born or unborn, passing on from generation to generation, with ever-widening, if ever-decreasing, ripples—who can say when the influences of war will end, and how they shall be measured? From this view the war in Europe—scientific, organized killing on a scale the world never saw before—becomes too ghastly to consider. Its present suffering is beyond our compre-

hension, multiplied as it is by factors unknown in the more knightly struggle in our own land, the effects of which are now slowly dying away.

The Dziggetai of Job.

It is contended that the dziggetai, or Kiang horse, approaches as near to the primitive horse as any now found in a wild state. This is believed to be the animal so graphically described in the Book of Job.

The home of this creature, which formerly ranged farther west, is now the high plateaus of Chinese Turkestan, between Lake Lob Nor and the mountainous region of Tibet. This plateau is covered with a growth of short grass on which the wild horses graze. The climate is very cold, the mercury in winter sinking to 40 deg. below zero, F.

The Kiang horse is a shaggy, unkempt-looking animal, having bodily somewhat the aspect of a donkey, except as to the tail and ears. It is, however, a genuine horse, having rather delicate legs and feet and ears by no means resembling those of a donkey or mule.

The color of the head and of the upper part and sides of the body is a reddish tan shading to a bay, and, though this color grows lighter from above downward, it contrasts strikingly with the pure white of the

animal's belly and the inner side of the fore-legs.

Along the spine runs a well-defined stripe of thick blackish-brown hair extending to the root of the tail. The hair is long and shaggy and protects the horse against the cold of winter.

The dziggetai, like all the other wild horses, live in bands or herds of 100 to 200 individuals, each presided over by an old male. This leader gives the signal when any danger approaches.

These animals are preyed upon frequently by wolves, but their most terrible and dreaded enemy is the ounce, or Turkestan panther.

Simplified Spelling.

[Boston Transcript:] The simplified spellers are at it again revolutionizing the English language. This little fable discloses their latest orthographic feats: "His hart sank as he realized all his mony was gone. He tried to laf, but the bio was so serious that his laf became a cof. He loved a hand-sum girl, but would she look at so poor a retch now even if he got down on his knees to her. Alas and alac, caos had come, his luc had turned, fantom fortune had dealt him a terrible blo, and now no longer his own bos, he was forst to go to work." After this, who can say that the worst is yet to come?

KETCHIKAN, FIRST PORT OF CALL IN ALASKA

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 8, 1910.

Little San Manuel.

PATHETIC EFFORTS OF MISSION INDIANS TO MAKE A LIVING.

BY L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

Two-score years ago a band of Mission Indians was living around Harlem Springs near San Bernardino.

The supply of water was ample, the land was moist and fertile, and the Indians were prosperous and happy. But, following the invariable history of the Indian, a serpent entered their Eden. And, in this case, as always before, the intruder came in the form of the paleface.

The white men looked upon their land and found it good. So they suggested to the Indians that there was a tract of brush land at the foot of the mountains which it was desired to clear, and a contract was made by which the Indians agreed to do the work. The distance, however, from Harlem was too great for the Indians to go back and forth each day, so they moved their families over and camped by their work.

Indians delight in such a change as that. They love to go away some distance from their regular home and live for a time in a brush jacal. It is like an outing in the mountains or at the beach. And in California, where it seldom rains in the summer, a jacal will furnish all the shelter that is needed. So those Harlem Indian women and children probably had a good time while their men were grubbing out the brush.

But, when they all returned home after a good job done, they found that the land where they had lived, and which they had thought their own, was fenced in, with their white employers in possession. In such a case as that possession is the traditional nine points of the law, and then some. So the Indians returned to the land they had cleared, where they were told they might live if they wished. It was a good way from water, but that, of course, didn't matter with Indians.

History doesn't say whether they were paid for the work they did in clearing that land or not. I hope they were, but I wouldn't be sure. They lived there some years and, I suppose, were beginning to feel somewhat reconciled to the change. But such a thing as permanent residence even there was too good to be real. They were requested to move farther up on the hills by white men who thought the good land ought not to be wasted on Indians. The hills where they took refuge were about as barren as hills could be, but a white man's ditch carrying several hundred inches of water was running along the skirts of the loams, and they could dip water up from that stream in buckets. They could at least get what they needed to drink and cook with in that way, and that is what they are still doing today.

It must be rather tantalizing to live on the bank of a fine stream from which you are able only to get water for house use. That would be merely a step better than the condition described in the famous rhyme:

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor not a drop to drink."

Neither can it be very agreeable to be obliged to tote all the water for family uses up a climb of thirty or forty feet, but that is what some of them have to do. And the miracle is that under such conditions the Indians themselves look spry and span and live in clean houses.

Then that good friend of the Indian, the late Albert K. Smiley, took steps to prevent anyone from driving this tribe farther up the mountain. He procured the reservation for their use of one square mile, the present San Manuel, of the hills where they were living. That did not mean that the land was theirs, but only that they had the right to live there.

Afterward the government bought for their use five acres of level land at the foot of the hills, and under the ditch which the Indians had, for some years, had the privilege of contemplating. So there are five acres of good agricultural land for fifty people, a princely domain!

There is also a little good land on the hills, some of which the Indians crop to barley when the season is favorable. But what they grow never amounts to any more than a little feed for their own ponies; there is never any hay or grain to sell.

However, up on the mountain above the houses there is a small spring which forms a cleansage of an acre or so. One of the

Indians has condensed what water he can collect in a three-quarter inch pipe, half way down the hill, where he has a small garden. The amount of water probably might be increased to two or three inches, and if that were conducted into a reservoir of fair size and then distributed, many acres of land would be made productive.

But the Indians themselves cannot do that; they have no money to buy the necessary pipe, and they cannot give the time to build a reservoir, for it takes all of their time to work on the neighboring ranches to support their families.

If the Indian office understood the need of these Indians, and with what comparative ease their need might be satisfied, it is quite probable that a fund would be set aside to accomplish it. At any rate that is what Mrs. E. C. Sterling is going to try and bring about. And Mrs. Sterling, in Southern California, ranks next to Mr. A. K. Smiley as a benefactor to the Indians. She understands their condition better, and has a clearer idea how that condition may be improved, than any one else now, in the absence of Mr. Smiley.

In response to a suggestion that the government might be able to transfer them to a more desirable location, the Indians have declared that they did not wish to be moved. That they would rather have a little water developed on those hills than to have level ground with ample water in a strange place. And it would without doubt cost the government less to develop a small quantity of water there than to provide the Indians with a new reservation.

It is no doubt true that sentiment is a large factor in the feeling which is exhibited by the Indians, for those people never like to abandon their campo santo, the last resting place of the departed members of their families.

There is a poor little apology for a church at San Manuel. It is rough adobe, of which the windows have been boarded up, there being no sash. So the only light inside enters by the door. This church receives no regular visits from a priest; on special occasions, such as funerals, a clergyman comes over from San Bernardino. Possibly regular services would be established if the church were put in habitable condition. The Indians are Roman Catholics, as most of the Mission Indians are.

A few of the houses on the reservation are quite comfortable, and are certainly very creditable considering the handicap under which their owners have worked. But others are mere shacks, one of them being built entirely of scraps of sheet iron, and tin cans that have been flattened out. It must be a veritable oven on a hot day.

The Indians prove their innate love of beauty by making many attempts at floral adornment. And you may be sure that one really desires flowers when he tries to grow them carrying all the water for them in buckets up a steep hill. The hot summer sun, however, is too much for these pathetic little gardens, in spite of the willing toil of the Indians. Only with the aid of the winter rains do they repay the effort expended on them.

Pipe-making Materials.

[Scientific American:] Over 20,000,000 pipes are manufactured annually in the United States. The wooden pipe is probably more distinctly national than any which finds its way into the markets. Ranging in between the aristocratic meerschaum and the plebeian clay, it is rarely expensive, while at the same time its manufacture calls into existence a considerable industry. The roots of the mountain laurel and rhododendron are most generally used for pipe making, they being selected for the purpose on account of their durability, hardness and the light polish which they are capable of taking. They are found throughout the Southern States generally—the best material is said to come from North Carolina and is sent to the market in large pieces, which vary in size from that of a man's fist to the dimensions of a good-sized keg. The material costs from \$40 to \$60 per ton, the price depending upon the quality of the wood. In addition to the domestic material used in pipe making, immense quantities of briar root blocks are shipped into this country annually from Southern France and Italy.

[Life:] "Are you making much profit on the war order you received?"
"No," replied the president of the company, "but we're selling lots of stock at ten times its worth."

to reach certain streets, while other streets have winding roadways of boards upon which slats have been nailed to the planks to keep one from slipping. The Ketchikaners make you think of the tree dwellers, who have to climb ladders to get to their homes.

The best houses are high on the cliffs, far above the harbor. They seem to grow out of the rocks. Nevertheless, some have little patches of garden, although the soil has to be sprinkled with gold dust to make them.

In this connection the captain on my steamer coming up told me a story of a Ketchikan man who sailed with him last month. This man was sitting at the captain's right hand at dinner. During one meal he was in a brown study. Course after course passed and he ate but little. At last he burst out in an agonized soliloquy:

"I knew I'd forget it! I knew I'd forget it! I knew I'd forget it!"

"What?" said the captain. "Have you forgotten something your wife told you to bring back from the outside?"

"Yes, I have," was the reply. "And I knew I'd forget it. She made me promise to bring seven sacks of good soil to lay on the rocks and make her a garden. And now I've forgotten it."

This is the character of a great part of Southeastern Alaska. The hills are so steep that the soil runs off with the rains.

Some Rainy Weather.

Nevertheless, Ketchikan has some beautiful gardens. The most of the homes are frame cottages, and nearly every one has its little lawn with bushes and flowers. Some of the citizens raise vegetables and berries. In the garden of H. C. Strong I saw raspberry bushes as high as my shoulder, which give him all of that fruit he can eat, and more than two months during the summer. The berries are large and of a fine flavor, and they never become mushy when ripe. Ketchikan also grows currants and salmon berries, and it has as many beautiful flowers as a section the same size in Seattle or Portland. It is a wet city, and the moisture is such that the plants will grow on the rocks, and no soil to speak of. It has been raining steadily ever since I arrived, and today, during a downpour, I asked one of the citizens:

"Does it never stop raining in Ketchikan?"

He replied, with a laugh: "I hardly know. I have lived here only fifteen years."

The city really has rain for more than two-thirds of the year, and over eleven feet of water falls in that time. It is this that makes the vegetation so green, the leaves of the trees dripping almost as steadily as those of the famous rain forest which is sprinkled by the mist of the Zambesi Falls in Central Africa.

Indeed the southern coast of Alaska is one of the rainiest parts of the world. Juneau, the capital, is much like Ketchikan, and on some of the Aleutian Islands a day of sunshine is a rarity. Here the people go about regardless of the rain. They wear rubber coats or slickers, and if they tramp up the mountains they put on rubber boots that reach to the waist. They wear oil-skin hats, and some of the ladies have slicker suits, consisting of skirts and jackets. No one thinks of staying away from a party or tea on account of the weather, and women go visiting clad in oilskins that cover dresses that would not be out of place at a party in New York or Washington.

Others tell me that Ketchikan has many bright days and that its climate is unsurpassed by any other part of our country. The people are healthy. The children have bright eyes and rosy cheeks. They play about everywhere, notwithstanding the rain. In the winter they coast down the broad roads, which in places run for more than a mile up and down hills. The town has but little snow at any time of the year, but in winter the frosts are so heavy that there is splendid sledding until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, at which time the sun melts the frost. If there is not enough frost, the roads can be sprinkled at night and they will be covered with ice in the morning.

Many people of the United States think of all Alaska as bitterly cold in the winter. Their idea of the country is embodied in Bret Harte's "Arctic Vision":

Where the short-legged Eskimo
Waddles in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware.

Ketchikan has no Eskimos or polar bears, and there is little ice or snow in the winter. The thermometer seldom falls to near zero, and the climate is as mild as that of

Atlanta or Richmond. A slight difference in altitude, however, makes a great difference, and it is much colder on the tops of the mountains.

Ketchikan has excellent stores. The most of them are on the water front, built upon piles that rest on the rocks. Several concrete buildings are now going up, and there is a concrete department store that has a stock that would be considered large in any New England town five times as big as Ketchikan. The city has jewelry stores, grocery stores, hardware stores, plumbing establishments and machine shops. The stores have plate glass windows, and the goods are well displayed. In one window I saw a full line of electrical apparatus, including electric irons, toasters and heaters. Another shows a large supply of thermos bottles and baby carriages. The butcher shops have quarters of red beef just in from Seattle, and the fruit stores sell raspberries and strawberries from Alaska, oranges and figs from California, and apples from Oregon and British Columbia. The supply of eatables is quite as good as that of the provision stores in the States, and the prices are not much higher. Indeed, I believe one can live almost as cheaply in Ketchikan as in Cleveland, Kansas City or Kalamazoo.

I am stopping here at the Revilla Hotel. This is one of the two leading taverns, although there are others much less pretentious. The Revilla is a three-story frame building, within a stone's throw of the sea. The hotel office is a loading place and pool room as well, and the guests and outsiders are knocking the billiard balls over the tables at all hours of the night. I have a room with a bath on the second floor, and the charge is \$2.50 per day. When I asked as to meals I was told that the hotel served none, and that I should have to go out to the restaurants. The result is I am eating at the Poodle Dog grill, where I sit on a stool at the lunch counter, and where my ham and eggs or other meat comes to me on a great oval platter such as we use for a family. There is no other plate and I eat from the platter. The Poodle Dog advertises as its specialty the serving of food on hot platters. The food is good and the service is excellent. The restaurant has cabinets or rooms at the side, where one can dine in stately privacy if he objects to the common lunch counter.

Up to Date.

I find Ketchikan up to date. It has only 2000 inhabitants, but it has daily newspapers, with telegrams from all parts of the world. It has a sawmill and iron works. It has seven salmon canneries, and is a mining center for silver, copper and gold. It has a public library, a board of trade, several moving-picture shows and a half-dozen well-attended churches. The people look about the same as those you see in the States, save that there are many Indians, and some Chinese and Japanese. The Indians, Chinese and Japanese dress like the whites, and about the only difference is in the faces, which have the racial features of their owners.

Ketchikan has an excellent water supply. It comes from a lake high up in the mountains, and is so piped that the town has all it can use and can still keep its sanitary drinking fountains, made of porcelain, perpetually bubbling. There are such places scattered throughout the city. Ketchikan has fourteen saloons, but the man or child who wants a drink of pure mountain water has only to sit his mouth over the little china bowl at any street corner and take in all he will.

In addition to the lake, Ketchikan has a rushing stream that flows in cascades and rapids right through the town. In the salmon season this stream is one mass of fish, and its color from bank to bank is all pink and silver. The fish come by the thousands and swim up the stream to spawn, tolling their way through the rapids and jumping the falls. At that season any one may have fish for the taking, and vast quantities are saved for the canneries.

The stream I have referred to furnishes the city its electric power, and it runs the street lights and telephones. It gives electric heat to some of the houses. During my stay I have had dinner with one of the leading citizens. His home is a beautiful house of ten rooms, lighted and heated by electricity. He has a hot-water plant, but the water is kept hot by the electric heat from the central power plant, and the same plant supplies his cook stove. He tells me that his bills for lighting and heating even in midwinter are not more than \$18 a month.

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DOMESTIC PROPAGATION OF WILD DUCKS.

Novel Enterprise. By Edward T. Martin.

[Saturday, January 8, 1910.]

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

Know the Pines.

TO MANY people all evergreen trees having needle-like leaves are pines. A considerable number can tell pines from cypresses, but how many can tell whether a fruitless branch is a cypress or a juniper, or distinguish between the many species of pines? Each year more and more people flock to our local mountains during summer and therefore it is well to know pines from spruce, cedar, incense cedar and other native trees and also to know what particular pine you meet with.

Pines may be told by their needle-like leaves, which are always in a brown sheath at the base and in bundles of two, three or five. One species alone has solitary leaves and one, which some botanist had the bad taste to name *quadrifolia*, should as its name suggests, have four leaves in a bundle, but the writer and a companion spent a half-hour looking over one tree for bundles of four but found none. This tree was known formerly as *Pinus Parryana*, a name which should have been retained unless a more fitting one could have been found.

In Southern California but two pines are of importance to the lumber industry, and one of these is the truly grand yellow pine, *Pinus Ponderosa*, our most important forest tree. Occasionally it ranges to 300 feet in height, but the majority of those cut for lumber are about half that height. The leaves are in bundles of three and are from five to ten inches long, of a real green color, neither light nor dark in shade. The cones at a year old are green, but at two years, or maturity, are brown and but three to five inches long and when falling from the branches leave behind part of the broken base, consisting usually of but a few scales. The seeds from the cones are about a half-inch long with wings about twice as long. The bark is thick and cracked and broken in a way that suggests the skin of a large alligator, and in color ranges from a pinkish terra cotta to a dark brown. The male flowers are large and beautiful and when in full bloom a yellow pine is a beautiful sight. Though this tree is variable because of the wide range of territory over which it grows, its bark is so distinct from other pines that one soon learns to recognize it from this characteristic alone.

The species most closely related to the yellow pine is *Pinus Jeffreyi*, and is by some botanists held to be but a variety of it. This tree is darker of color than its relative, both in bark and in cones, even the young cones having a purplish cast, whereas the others are a clear green. The foliage of the Jeffrey pine is very lightly covered with a silvery powder, while those of the yellow pine have none. The former is generally found at higher altitudes in the south than *P. Ponderosa*, and while there are other minor differences, those here given are sufficient for any observing student to determine the species right. The next pine to be met with will doubtless prove to be *P. Coulteri*, and this may readily be told by its immense cones, the largest and heaviest of any true pine in the world, though not the longest, for the sugar pine, *P. Lambertiana*, sometimes has cones eighteen inches long, but slender. The leaves of the Coulter pine are also in bundles of three and plain green in color. It ranges from 2000 to 7000 feet above the sea and is common about San Bernardino. In the same territory, on southern slopes, may be found, though sparingly, a small and unimportant pine of straggly habit, but wonderfully drought-resistant, known as *Pinus attenuata* or *P. tuberculata*. It has a long knobby cone that remains unopened for years and therefore the escape of seeds is uncertain, and often does not



A RUSTIC GATEWAY.

There is here shown a rustic gateway so easy of construction with a few poles of eucalyptus that even the crudest mechanic could make one in a few hours. For any but the most formal city gardens it would prove an attractive and fitting entrance and when embowered with flowering vines be "just too cute for anything."

occur until assisted by a forest fire. In deep soils of mountain valley one may find the tamarack pine, *P. Murrayana*, which may easily be told by its short leaves in bundles of two and its small cones about two inches long. It is a handsome tree. One other pine will be mentioned, the pinyon or single-leaved pine, *P. monophylla*. This may be found from the summit of Mount Lowe to and through the San Bernardino range and into Arizona. It is the only single-leaved pine in the world, so no other distinguishing characteristic needs mention. Those wishing to make further study of pines should procure a work dealing with the subject.

New Plants.

HOW slowly do we acquire new plants. It is but five years or so since we received our first evergreen grape vines, yet they have been in the markets of Europe for over half a century. One family of plants that most deeply interests the present writer is the palms and he is certain that there are scores of species unknown to us which would prove hardy in the most favored parts of Southern California. Why do we not have them, for some of them have been known to commerce for two-score years?

A Valuable Pine.

MANY times have we called attention to the value of *Pinus halepensis*, the Aleppo pine, native to South Europe and Northern Africa. Wherever tried it has proven of unusual value. It thrives best in sandy coast lands and yet will resist heat where the temperature runs up to 118 F. in the shade. As it will grow well from the desert to the sea and in the poorest and driest soil it must be apparent, as we have many times stated, that it is the best of all pines for planting in California.

Turn up the Soil.

GARDEN soils seldom get enough weath-ering. It is a good plan to turn up the soil deeply and allow it to lie in this rough state for some time in case it is not needed for immediate use; the sun and rain will pulverize it. If coarse, fresh stable manure is on hand it is well to turn this under when the soil is spaded, for it will then undergo a change that will render it harmless to plant life, enrich the soil and better its physical condition.

Plant Study.

THE study of plant forms opens to us a world of grace, harmony and beauty that is not without influence upon the esthetic feelings, and the appreciation of art. Intimately involved as is the vegetable kingdom with the ever-changing aspects of nature, it is well fitted to attract the mind to the fine features of scenery and the grand effects of the natural world.

Gathering Native Ferns.

NOW is a golden time to transplant native ferns from the wilds to the garden and it should be done at once. To delay is to have less success, for many of the ferns are just starting into life and the younger the growth the easier will they transplant. The garden soil into which they are placed should be light and well drained, but it is better that the lightness should be produced by leaf-mold than by sand.

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CIVIL WAR'S EFFECTS ON SOUTHERN LIFE.

[Saturday, January 8, 1916]

Illustrated Weekly.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR BLIND SOLDIERS.

Help for Wounded. By Sterling Heilig.

PARIS, Dec. 26, 1915.—A blinded French lieutenant—his two eyes shot out and healed up—sat aimlessly in a Lyons hospital, without family, property or means to earn a living, rocking back and forth and muttering, "My God! my God! my God!"

A beautiful American woman slipped into his hand a domino. He felt it, with the perfunctory curiosity of the newly blind, and pleased astonishment came to his face.

"Tiens," he said, "a five!"

It was no common domino, but a new kind from America, unknown in France, dominoes for the blind articulated as well as raised, so that they could be firmly joined together in a row—and blind men's hands feel over them without musing the game. They can even be played in bed without falling apart.

"A five!" he repeated, smiling to have recognized it.

"If you want a game," she said, "there is a man here who thinks himself something of a player."

He shook his head sadly.

"He is not blind?" he answered.

"You are right," she said; "he has lost his two eyes, but is not blind—to dominoes."

"Pardieu, then I'm not, either!" laughed the said one, as with sudden inspiration. "Bring your champion. I used to be something of a player myself."

The beautiful American was Miss Winifred Holt, famous secretary of the New York Association for the Blind, and founder of the French branch of the American Committee for Men Blinded in Battle. The domino champion whom she produced was that extraordinary blind man, Maitre Marcel Bloch of the Lyons bar, legal personage though stone blind from the age of 5 years.

Everyone knows Miss Holt. In Paris next month she inaugurates the beautiful old palace in the Square Lamartine, which the French government has given for a Lighthouse similar to the New York institution, with its motto: "Light through work." Coming from her American committee, of which Hon. Joseph H. Choate is president, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, secretary, and Forbes Morgan, Jr., treasurer, Miss Holt has taught and trained new aids in twenty-seven hospitals in Paris alone.

"Personally, I belong to all the Paris organizations," she told me. "We must never forget that the first education of the blind came from France. Valentin Haüy invented raised printing, and Louis Braille point-printing—the first both read and written by the blind. Splendid work has been done, notably at Reuilly under M. de Brissac of the Department of the Interior, by the Amis des Aveugles, the Association Valentin Haüy, M. de la Sizeranne and others—plus the palace they are giving for the Paris Lighthouse."

But American methods are precious—by our audacious "try, try; you can do it!" and a whole series of activities which nobody in France had imagined possible for those who sit in darkness. Miss Holt tells of blind boys in America who speed on roller skates, enjoy camp-fire vacations, act comedy, dance, do athletic stunts and participate in bowling alley tournaments. She shows blinded French soldiers bona fide new professions—which are neither organ-playing nor basket-making—nor philanthropic pretexts to give them money.

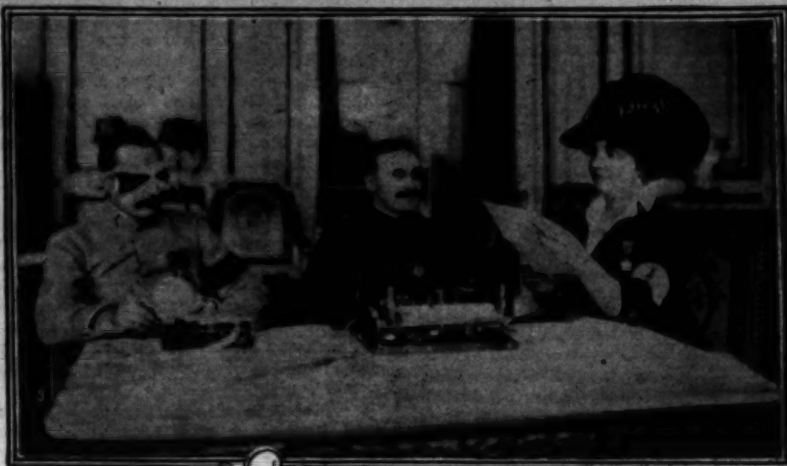
"I'll be just fit to make brushes," said a desperate young fellow.

"What's the matter with telephone switchman?" replied Miss Holt; and slowly his face was transformed with astonishment and hope. He grasped the possibility of honest service without favor—in a trade which would open the great daily routine interest of the world to him again. "You see," she said, "you will be in the movement."

"I'm told I can learn piano tuning," said a Polytechnique graduate, with dark sarcasm, bitter and hopeless. Only by surprise do the brave fellows let themselves go. Scarcely ever are they heard to complain. This boy had a mother and sister dependent on him.

"Why not be a private secretary, running a shorthand machine?" replied Miss Holt. "You can become skillful and well paid—the discretion of the blind is a real asset."

Again she saw that transfiguration—



MISS HOLT AND TWO BLINDED FRENCH SOLDIERS.

The one on the left is the man of the Charleroi wheat fields. Both, being highly educated, are learning the American shorthand machine and typewriter, to be private secretaries.

sweetest payment of the lovely woman's labor.

"Is it possible?" he murmured.

"It's done daily," she said, simply. "We've brought fifty shorthand machines with us, manufactured exclusively for the blind. These are current in America. You cannot ask a better proof—the manufacturer's response to the demand! Corporations, bankers, promoters and even government officials crave a private secretary who sees nothing, who is automatically faithful."

So, welcomed by American Ambassador and French government, our sweet sister of the blind was taken on a tour of French hospitals as far south as Marseilles, accompanied by an aide-de-camp and army surgeon.

At Lyons she met Marcel Bloch, the blind lawyer.

"I saw that I had in him a great apostle of light and progress," she says. "I offered him anything under the sun to come to Paris. He laughed, and said: 'You understand I'm blind, and cannot be in the trenches. So I'll go to Paris with you, for the patrie. But not a cent.'"

Bloch became her head professor; and that is how you see him playing dominoes—rather often.

Yea, and others.

An état-major of sweet French women makes me think of the fair saints of the early church. The young Countess X—took an American "blind domino" from her handbag. The little object has saved eight known lives in three months. It is proved, I think, that blindness, at first, is to want to die.

These women! The youthful countess is a girl just out of boarding-school. Surely she would not have been seen without a chaperon before the war. When, now, grave and serene, she leads the blind boy to his cab, he shivers with gratitude, divining the young beauty which he cannot see; and rude men on the streets doff their hats reverently.

To such a one the surgeons came.

"Will you do a miracle?" they said. "You saved such and such. Now take this man." He had only three good fingers.

"He had lost his two eyes, his left arm, and two fingers of his right hand. He was all doubled up—like that. And silent! His poor fingers were—like that. I prayed to know what I could do with that man. I just slipped the domino into his three good fingers. 'Tiens,' he said, 'a four.' On my second visit we played checkers. On the third the nurse said he had dropped his awful silence, and had chatted—chatted about checkers—kept the checker-board in bed with him all night. He beat me badly—and apologized for beating a woman. Tears came to my eyes, as he boasted happily: 'Although I'm blind, I have not forgotten my strategy.'"

Miss Holt brought hundreds of checker-boards. They are equally American, the blacks sunk, the whites raised, one set round, the other square, and all fitting in deep compartments which are the squares

of the checker-board. To make a king the man is turned.

There are men to whom these games come as a gift from God. The Zouave of Y—had no hope, even to be able to kill himself. He had lost both legs, both eyes, his right arm, and his left hand is all deformed and lumpy—he who had been a young Hercules, laughing, singing, admired of women, cock of the walk in the pride of his youth. A rush, a cheer, a flag grabbed, an explosion, and oblivion. He awoke to find himself, as he says, "a lump of meat with a handle"—the "handle" being the remaining arm.

When Miss Holt found him he could not speak.

She began with the domino. A week later she had planned an alphabet card on a board; and, putting cushions on his stumps to hold it, taught him to read Braille with his remaining hand. He has recovered his speech. He is full of courage, hope and a remnant of his old gaiety, and counts to show up at the Paris Lighthouse, equipped with his stumps and promise of articulated arm and legs "from us." Miss Holt has promised! "I shall be myself again by Christmas—or New Year. I'm to have beautiful brown eyes and socks to match them."

Can you beat it?

For pure horror, the adventures of a sub-lieutenant of Colonial French Artillery recall Greek tragedy.

At Charleroi, in the wheat fields, working his battery, he got a bullet in the shoulder. He continued. Next a bullet smashed his hand. And he continued. Until a third bullet coming sidewise, took away his left eye, neat and without harm to lids or lashes, tore the nose bridge, and blew out the right eye, messy. He got first-aid dressing from his men. There was just time. The great retreat began. Led by two men, one dropped, shot through the heart. An hour later his remaining guide fell, his hips shattered. So the blind carried him—"You'll guide me."

The blind bore the halt through the wheat fields till the latter said: "I cannot see; I've lost my blood," relaxed his grip, slid to the ground, and shortly died. And the blind watched the dead, in the wheat fields. Up rose Germans, with rough questions. The lone blind man raised his eyes to them; and someone kissed him on the forehead, sobbing, and they rushed on.

The blind wandered, alone, in the wheat fields—one day, two days—it seems, his hand swelling, shoulder throbbing and head stabbed by swift pains; but thirst was his only worry, for he saw aurora borealis, and heard music, as he lay and slept. . . . How he got to the French lines no one knows to this day. He thinks he was in an automobile. He walked as it were, unconscious, into a French patrol, the night of that memorable thunderstorm. Lit by lightning flashes, they perceived him, coming.

I saw this man yesterday. He was encouraging another—blinded exactly like himself—about his pains. "They'll go at last," he said. The other raised his hand

patiently to his empty eyes and torn nose bridge. "I have not been free from pain since May 15th last," he said. To forget his pain, he tries to work. In civil life he was an architect, and had just built himself a house. Now he sits in it, surrounded by wife, two children, and the plans which he can never finish, experimenting with plans in clay. "I have an idea," he says—and tears ran down a woman's cheeks who heard him.

Amid all this, Marcel Bloch, blind Lyons lawyer, moves quick, light-footed, sure, strong—one would think the man must see. Ready, confident and full of exact knowledge, saying the right thing in good matter-of-fact tone, free from patronage, quietly convincing, and with kindly art concealing treasures of tact and patience, he doses hope to blind men—and they do not realize they are being doctored. The man's modesty is exquisite, sensitive, shrinking; yet, he will bring himself in passing anecdote, to drop examples from his great law practice—without change of his good, common-sense voice.

While Miss Holt was making her tour of hunting up the blinded soldiers, Marcel Bloch had already quit his law practice, and grouped together 150 such from the hospitals of Lyons. He taught them to read and write, and "proved to them that they could be free."

"I was a lucky blind man myself," he explains. "It came from measles, at the age of 5. But I grew up amid facilities and luxuries. I made my studies, using the typewriter, competent coaches and technical books printed in Braille specially for me. The blind have advantages, you know, when a fair chance is given them. Memory is superb, personality is strengthened, attention is intense."

He added:

"One is not distracted, led in idle pleasures."

As he spoke, I saw tears rolling down the cheeks of a fair woman.

Buddha of Kamakura.

A most colossal statue is that of the famous Buddha of Kamakura. The eyes, nearly four feet in length, are of gold, and a narrow slit has been cut in each so that those who go within the statue to the little votive chapel, clambering up a narrow ladder, may look out on the garden in which the Buddha stands. Thus, a correct idea of the enormous size of the figure is obtained.

In the center of the massive forehead is a silver boss weighing thirty pounds. This represents a ray of light.

The whole figure is forty-eight feet high and ninety-seven feet in circumference, the nose is three feet long, the ears six feet in length, and every one of the "little" curls, of which there are 830, is a foot long.

This work in bronze is a wonderful example of Japanese art. An alloy of tin and a little gold is mixed with the copper, and on the joined thumbs and hands, whereto tourists are wont to climb, the bronze is polished sufficiently to exhibit its fine dark tint. The remainder of the figure is dull and weather-stained, and the rough seams where the sections were welded now show very plainly.

In addition to the image, various altar-pieces, statuettes, candlesticks, incense boxes and flowerstands, rich with carving, inlaying and damascening and a great bell, were cast at the same time. The tolling of the bell at sunset is accomplished by the striking of a big beam of wood swung on chains against the outside of the bell.

The origin of the Buddha at Kamakura is wrapped in legend and myth. So long ago as the eighth century, it is said, an image of the god stood at Kamakura, but, being of wood, it could not withstand time and the elements. A second one was designed, with a head eighty feet in circumference. This was demolished by a typhoon. The present Buddha dates from 1252 A. D. Originally it stood in a great temple, which—when Kamakura, instead of a mere name, was the seat of the Shogunate and the capital of Japan—used to be the meeting place of princes and feudal lords. A series of earthquakes and tidal waves more than 300 years ago destroyed the city and with it the temple. The Buddha alone escaped destruction, the great weight of the bronze preventing the figure being swept away.

E. T.

HERE is indeed but little in the way of data and statistics bearing on the actual percentage of chicks raised to maturity from any given number of hatch eggs. On this point breeders are more or less reluctant to give specific figures, due partly to the want of reliable records on which to base intelligent figures, and also to the fact that many are unable to give even estimates. In selling settings of eggs...

EGG-LAYING PERCENTAGES CONSIDERED.

Few Data Available. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Los Angeles Times Saturday, January 6, 1916.

HARVESTING AND STORING THE RAIN CROP.

Wastage Versus Storage. By M. V. Hartranft.

THE county flood convention of December 3 plainly marked the division of opinion on the best programme for handling the storm-water problem. There is no disagreement between the two factions as to the necessity of both storage and check dams in the mountains and also storm conduits in the valley. To construct both departments of this work at one time means an outlay of at least \$16,000,000. Those favoring construction of the mountain work first are acting on the theory that the bulk of all storm waters can be held in the mountains, thereby reducing the necessary work in the valleys and giving insurance against the destruction of the works. Incidentally the conservation work will return to the community increased wealth in the form of fattened irrigation flows for the summer. In the published accounts of the meeting a common error occurs respecting the geographical divisions of the opposing factions, it being assumed that foothill residents were alone for conservation first, and valley residents for channel construction first. The value of conservation to irrigation extends even-handed between the mountains and the sea; they all irrigate. A recent legal decision in the San Gabriel Country Club case has had a great deal to do with the crystallization of public opinion in favor of doing the mountain-storage work first. Judge York ruled to the effect that it is not lawful to collect and concentrate storm waters into runways to be dumped like a cataract on the lands below. This case has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the State and it will have an enormous influence upon this subject when final opinion is rendered. Residents of the city of Los Angeles who will have the majority will not go headlong into a \$16,000,000 water-wastage proposition with the knowledge that damage suits will follow that will double the original cost of construction.

Wild Waters Obstruct.

There have been enough failures of storm drains to carry wild waters laden with silt and sand. Works costing thousands of dollars have filled up in a single storm and wrought devastation by overflowing onto new lands and making new channels.

There are true principles in every science which, if violated, will exact a penalty. The clogging up of storm ditches is the penalty for a violation of these principles in the handling of storm water. Between Los Angeles and Pomona on the foothill drive there are passed a score of these runways that are annually clogged up to the menace of all lands below them. Clear water, without silt, can be calculated to an engineering nicety, but no engineer can build structures that can endure the erosion and clogging by sand. Let us state the laws of nature in the following order:

- Silt is the problem.
 - Erosion causes the silt.
 - Velocity causes the erosion.
 - Steep grade causes velocity.
- Velocity is the Culprit.

To absolutely cure the evil of flood waters we have but to make the waters come out of the mountains slowly, not wildly. At first glance one might think it difficult to prevent rain water from rushing madly down the mountainside. The most important things in the world are the easiest to accomplish when once understood. Forestry is the first step. Check dams are the quickest in producing results, but must be augmented with tree and brush planting. Check dams are so named because they check the velocity and correct the grade by substituting frequent vertical drops of the water. That is the primary use of the check dam; other important services rendered by them are set forth below.

Assume we have a ravine or side canyon, with a fall of 300 feet from the crest of the ridge to the floor of the canyon. Unobstructed water comes tearing wildly down this ravine, full of sand and silt, which flows into the main canyon and is swirled out into the valleys to clog storm conduits. Now build in that ravine about forty check dams averaging seven feet to each drop. The total of the vertical drops is then 280 feet, leaving only twenty feet of actual



HOW FLOOD CONDUITS FILL UP.

grade. Each time the water drops over a check dam it has to gather itself up and start all over again. It has lost its head; lost its punch and half of it has sunk into the mountains to seep out slowly next summer to make so fair this land of dreams. The grade having been cheaply corrected in that ravine, we have no velocity and we can then restate the laws of nature in respect to this problem in exactly reverse of the form stated above:

- Corrected grade removes velocity.
- Without velocity there is no erosion.
- Without erosion there is no silt.
- Without silt there is no flood problem.

No flood-control system can violate these principles without paying and repaying every season the penalty in property damage. The day of fencing the silt and water from your own land onto someone down below is passed. It is but a short road to travel to correct our flood troubles by check damming all the ravines. It is the simplest and least expensive plan of all. The principle of fall or drops must be carried out in the construction of conduits wherever the grade is sufficient to do damage. This means wider conduits, of course. The laws governing flood waters and the laws governing irrigation water are one and the same. Any engineer who should build irrigation canals without providing drops to control the grade would soon be out of a job.

"Filled Up" with Errors.

A leader of the opposition to conservation first is quoted as follows:

"There are no reservoir sites in the mountains of any size. The check dams may retard the velocity and peak of small floods, but large floods will 'fill them up' and run right over them."

This is but an expression of the popular idea that water storage is accomplished only by means of cement reservoirs and redwood tanks. The absorption power of the mountains above us is almost incomprehensible. Fill a bottle with fine road dust and you can still put in half a bottle of water. The mountains should be viewed from the standpoint that they are bottles filled with sand capable of enormous saturation capacity for water in the voids of earth particles and the rock crevices. An article

on this subject by Prof. Gilbert E. Bailey of the University of Southern California says:

"The best place to store water for use in time of drouth is in the soil itself, by converting the subsoil of every acre into its own reservoir."

The same authority gives the water-holding capacity as follows:

	Per cent. of pore space by volume.
Clean sand contains	33.50 per cent.
Medium sand contains	41.80 per cent.
Fine sand contains	44.10 per cent.
Silt loam contains	53.00 per cent.

The common argument used against check dams is thus seen to be the second greatest value they possess. Check dams do "fill up" with silt and sand, and what is still more to the point, it does not need mule teams



CHECK DAMS "FILL UP."

Doubting Thomases allege that check dams "fill up" with silt and sand. This is exactly what they do and it adds to their value, by the saturation capacity thus formed, which is in addition to the retarding effect on the velocity of storm water. If we do not have check dams and proper forestry in the mountains to hold back the silt and sand, the mightiest works of men in the valley will crumble. We are living in the land of gigantic erosion; the desert is always reaching with its summer tongue of fire to make pathways for torrential action of winter waters. Which will win in this race of death—the desert or the American civilization in Southern California?

soon be accomplished; and the monetary outlay for protection from torrent damage will be repaid wholly by the increased prosperity emanating from increased summer flow.

Raindrop Our Vital Crop.

Taxpayers in Southern California are too well posted on the relation of summer stream flows and general prosperity to ever be enticed to vote for a set of cement flood channels to accelerate the wastage of water, until it is ascertained what the capacity of the mountains and ravines may be as saturation and storage reservoirs. To conserve the storm water is to conserve the wealth of the community. The same argument that could justify storm drains first would justify the placing of a torch to our hay and grain fields and "storm draining" those crops in smoke to the high heavens to avoid paying the cost of the harvest.

The opposition to "conservation first" is probably based on the fear that if not included now the lowlands may not be able to get their channel work done by a bond issue. This is a matter of faith and opinion; certainly no bond issue can carry in Los Angeles county for the handling of the winter rainfall that is not based on the conservation of this our primary source of wealth. This is palpably true because it will require the affirmative vote of the city of Los Angeles to carry. If this be a correct surmise, then it would be wise to cease the dissention and join all hands round for a harvest of the rain crops and mountain storage first and cement channel constructions according to the necessities of the case after the evils of erosion and silt have been eliminated.

[Houston Post:] The Impresario: Certainly, madam, I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself.

Prima Donna—But my singing is worth \$5000 a night and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.

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ERNEST BRAUNTON
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PARIS, Dec. 29, 1918.—A blinded French lieutenant—his two eyes shot out and heated up—sat miserably in a Lyons hospital, without family, property or means.

Help for Wounded. By Sterling Heilig.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR BLIND SOLDIERS.

CIVIL WAR'S EFFECTS ON SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Aftermath. By Elizabeth Wysor Klingberg.

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, in his recent book, "War's Aftermath," reports the results of a study made in Virginia and Georgia to determine what biological or racial effects the South has suffered from the loss of 500,000 of her best men, slain in the Civil War. He states that Virginia has much in common with Belgium—"Like Belgium in having little part in the original causes of conflict, Virginia lay in the very center of devastation," as does Belgium today. It will be remembered that Virginia hung back in the matter of secession, withdrawing from the Union in the last group, some time after the cotton States had seceded. Many of her sons hesitated to take up arms until the State, from their point of view, had been "invaded." This feeling was what drew the poor white class, who were non-slaveholders, into the army.

Dr. Jordan points out that the loss of 500,000 out of the 6,000,000 of white people in the South was a much more serious matter than the loss of an equal number, as was the case, by the North out of a population of about 21,000,000. If, say in England today, some force should slay 1,000,000 persons of both sexes, and of all ages and degrees of education, from every occupation and walk of life, the country would be weakened numerically and industrially, but as to racial superiority, there would probably be little change. But if, sparing women and children, 1,000,000 men were slain, chosen for special fitness and within the limits of military age, which corresponds closely to the period of marriage and fatherhood, results affecting the race in some way, would surely develop.

The northern loss of 500,000 men represented about 2 per cent. of the total population, while the 500,000 sacrificed in the South made up 10 per cent. of the total white population, and thus the loss of the South was about five times as great as that of the North. In the South men and women are about equal in numbers, while rapid immigration into the North has tended to increase the number of men in proportion to women. This factor made the southern loss of life more severely felt.

Further, Dr. Jordan gives figures to show that in Virginia and North Carolina, the proportion of enlistments to population was about seven to one, illustrating the enormous percentage of men drawn into the war. In one county only three old men, and boys under 16 were to be found. "This loss fell on the men of the community racially most valuable, the young men between the ages of 18 and 35. At least 40 per cent. of these died without issue."

Starting with the impressive fact that the war destroyed in the South 500,000 marriageable or married men, specially selected within an age limit, it is disappointing that Dr. Jordan does not pursue the records of the Rockbridge county military companies, which are reported as complete and accessible. The people in this county of Virginia are largely Scotch-Irish and German in origin, representing old families of good blood. The county is agricultural and conditions have been fairly stable since the war, there being little immigration or emigration and no industries. These conditions would tend to confuse the investigation as little as possible. One would like to know what the education and attainments of these Rockbridge soldiers had been, and also to learn the age of each man killed, and whether he was married and the father of children. If their families could be traced we should then know just how superior social and biological groups in the community had suffered and what strains of good blood in the race had been ended or cut down. Such study of the records is apparently neglected, and the greater part of the book devoted to an analysis of letters from Confederate veterans.

But it is often very difficult even for a trained historian to gather a sheaf of family history in the South; intimate sources of information are to be found mostly in personal narrations, diaries and letters, which have not been made public. Accepting, as every one must, the known fact that the war destroyed 500,000 men, drawn largely from the best families, let me give some information from personal knowledge, showing

ing how this loss was felt, how it destroyed the numerical equality of the sexes, and how it touches the life of the present generation. Specific instances relating the fate of a few families often illuminate a whole period, with its general trend of progress or retrogression.

As one would naturally expect, every southerner is reared on information about the war. The very children feed upon every bit of lore connected with the history of the family at the time of the great war. To use a personal illustration, I remember that my earliest interest in the war began with a wondrous homespun quilt, composed of pieces from all the war-time dresses worn by my mother and her girl friends. This quilt we children eagerly drew out whenever a certain chest was opened, demanding to hear all about the wedding gowns and adventures of the Civil War belles and heroines. They easily seemed heroines when we inspected the coarse materials, gray, brown or yellow, varied here and there by a black stripe or dot, but I have never seen in any other fabric so much romance to the square inch. These stuffs were woven at home on looms used before to make shirting for the field hands, made up without dyeing, and worn by maidens used to dainty apparel. Now we read of the "sand" color in gowns, "field mouse," "subterranean green," "battleship gray," but, thank a kindly heaven, only the whims of fashion or a lack of dyes are responsible for such raiment in America.

More interesting than the quilt was an old album full of daguerreotypes of our mother's young friends, demure beauties in ringlets, with wide-skirted dresses of the same dun-colored materials, brightened with a bit of cherry-colored ribbon at the throat, and, oh, scandal to relate, a delicate flush of the very same cherry pink on each damsel's cheek! We will presume that these maidens enjoyed the rosiest of health and gay spirits even in war times, and that the artist tried to reproduce it.

In my own family I loved two grandmothers, but never saw a grandfather nor a great uncle. I accepted the immense preponderance of great aunts, maiden cousins and spinster friends of the family, and the grandfatherless state of my young friends without question, until I heard a stranger remarking upon the large number of single women he had met in Virginia who must have been grown girls during or shortly after the war. Most of these gentlewomen had so little of spinsterhood in its traditional sharp or severe qualities that they were worshiped by the young people, and in happier times of peace would certainly have married and had children of their own about them.

I speak with one group especially in mind, of four sisters, all maiden ladies, who made a home together, in which they are still the center of life almost for over thirty nieces and nephews, and a goodly list of grand-nieces and grand-nephews. These "aunties" are the first to hear a love story, the first to welcome a bride home, the first to receive the young wife who has been ill; every post brings a loving letter from some of their young people, scattered all over the South now. "Are you loving somebody else better than you do me?" is the merry question. These women grew up directly after the war, and the men they might have married perished in battle. Their particular county was shorn of all its young men of good family. Of the importance that these and other such women might have been in regenerating and rebuilding Virginia, had they married and reared children, one can judge only by the quality of the sons and daughters of their brothers. These nephews are men of the finest stamp, conspicuously successful in many different professions of service to the State.

To return to the book, "War's aftermath," the only figures given as to any special group of men are some citations in regard to college men. The University of Virginia enlisted almost as a body and suffered heavy losses. Of 100 men from another institution, only 3 survived. Of another group from a college that is now Washington and Lee, 48 out of 76 graduates lost their lives. Of 106 non-alumni 40 were lost. Of the men who attended the University of North Carolina, between 1850 and 1862, 842 enlisted, making 57 per cent. of the whole number

enrolled in the university, and of these 312, or 34 per cent. were killed or died in service. This is the type of man whom the young women of the better families married. And there simply were not enough to go around! One maiden lady, speaking of conditions after the war, remarked that in her neighborhood, she and her sister had no masculine acquaintance outside of the family, that there was not even one young man left comparable to her brothers. Some men there were but none whom she knew socially.

This suggests a compromise made in some cases. Occasionally girls of refinement and education married inferior men, though old feelings of caste were so strong that a girl seldom "married down." Once in visiting a relative, I found that the middle-aged ladies of the town seemed to be having all sorts of trouble in their clubs and social organizations. Those in one club refused to entertain at dinner or appear on any social occasion when the husbands of the other set were likely to be in evidence. In discussing this, it came out that a number of women of charm, intelligence and of blue blood had unrepresentable husbands, men who did not read or have any tastes in common with their wives. It seemed amusing, but many a bleak tragedy was rolled up in the true inwardness of the matter.

The town had once been flourishing and had a bevy of bright attractive girls growing up after the war. Most of the boys went away to the war, and those who survived had been obliged, in the general prostration of the South, to go to the larger cities to start life over again. This left behind only an unambitious, dull group of men, who were clerks in the little stores, station agents, or employed in running the postoffice, livery stable, or in filling other lifeless posts. One or two, in the general monotony of things, broke into the charmed circle and married a girl of family above himself, and then a number of similar marriages followed. The girls who snapped up the one doctor, lawyer or other bright particular star, could not forgive those who had forgotten family dignity. The lapse of years had cemented the friendship among the women, but such husbands as had remained without grammar or good manners were ruthlessly shut out of the inner rites. The discrimination was made against those bordering on the poor white class, not because of the poverty, but because of the lack of gentlemanly bearing and good taste that distinguished the old families, even when a man's formal education had been cut off by the war. The "quality" has remained the "quality," in no matter how threadbare a coat, even unto this day.

There is a certain village in Virginia richer in history and more desolate now in appearance than any other aristocratic old town in the South. I am sure. Once it was so proud that even a railroad must not come too near—it preferred its own private stage to carry the mail and passengers to and from a station a mile away. Here lived the judge, lawyers and county officials, for it was the county seat. The shady old street was lined with rambling homes, most of them old-fashioned long houses with many steps up and down, and queer passages in them, very much as in Dickens's "Bleak House." There was always an "office" at one end, with its separate door and hall, where business was transacted, and an outside kitchen some distance away. It took a long line of darkies to scamper back and forth with enough hot bread and good things for the big families of that day.

Every house in this village has a history so fascinating that, as one strolls through, the compulsion of the ancient mariner almost makes one stop to tell the story before passing on. Only one family has remained there from the old days, and this one well-kept place presents a strange contrast to the other houses, now so tumble-down and neglected. Dim, unwashed windows, bare lawns, and poverty-stricken inhabitants, who come and go according to the season's work on the farms lying about, make a dreary stretch of the noble old street.

In one of the houses at the time of the Civil War, a wealthy lawyer lived, with a family of five sons about him. They were brought up on a severe caning by the Ger-

man tutor who had spent his life in their service, but were far from lacking in high spirits, and were gayly getting ready for a year abroad in his care when the war came on. The father and older sons enlisted at once and about a year later, after a battle in the neighborhood, the father came home to see that all was well. Troops of the northern army were passing through the village as he came to the front door of his house. Standing there he was shot by drunken followers of the Federal Army, straggling through at the rear. Faithful slaves and the young sons rode frantically here and there trying to find a surgeon to reunite the severed vein, but every doctor was with the army. The women of the household, with penknives, heroically attempted to cut back to the sound tissue and achieve the simple surgery that would save his life. With great calmness, he waited hopefully until the end on the fifth day.

At the same time the house had been robbed of its papers and valuables; before the close of the war, even the sons under 16 saw active service at Richmond, and the family was involved in complete misfortune when the war was over. The wife, stricken by the shock of actually seeing her husband receive his death wound, became an invalid and lived until within the memory of her younger grandchildren of the present generation. So the grandchildren, too, were brought up in the shadow of this misfortune and tragedy. Such a death, bearing the aspect of murder, falling across the bright young lives of the five sons at an impressionable age, made them stern, reserved men before their time. The grandchildren, visiting the bed-ridden grandmother in later years, played about the old house with its sad memories, and with beating hearts they looked out of the doorway; in spirit they followed the wounded man into the garden where he was shot a second time, into his bedroom where he waited so patiently on the search for medical aid. They glanced at the fine oil portrait of the grandfather, with its speaking face, and the suggestive sabre cut through the lower part of the canvas, and they saw new meaning in the austere faces of the grave men, their parents, who care to visit that grandmother.

This incident not only illustrates the disaster and tragedy that overtook the lives of those taking part in the war, but shows how keenly, even if in a secondary way, the war affects the lives of later generations. People realize today, as never before since the days of the Greeks, the importance of the impressions made upon the minds of the young. Plato teaches that the sanity and poise of a state depends upon a childhood shielded from crushing experience of gloom, and oppression of the body or spirit, and warns us particularly that little children should never be told of death or the sad experiences of life.

The psychological influences of war involve so many phases of life that they are hard to trace. Think of the children in Europe who must be brought up without fathers and their guidance, of the weight of gloom and tragedy that bears upon their young lives from all sides, of the fact that for every thousand men who fall one thousand women are removed from the current of normal living. A little story told by a friend in college gives an instance of the transmission of the effects of personal suffering, to the third generation in this case. This college girl was subject to depression and fits of gloom, and when rebuked by her more joyous northern mates, she told of a terrible experience of her mother's, which had affected her own life. As a girl, her mother lived near Shiloh, and when the great battle was fought there she sat listening all day to the boom of the cannon, knowing that the regiments in which her father and seven brothers had enlisted were taking part in the battle and that each roar of the guns meant fresh columns of men swept away to death. From this day of shock and fear her mother, in a sense, never recovered, and the atmosphere of her home and her own personality entered into the lives of her children in a disastrous way.

The disorganization of business and professional life was such that many men trained for certain work lost the opportunity to do it, and in the absence of other possibilities, they could not lead effective

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)

HARVESTING AND STORING THE RAIN CROP.

EGG-LAYING PERCENTAGES CONSIDERED.

Few Data Available. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

THERE is indeed but little in the way of data and statistics bearing on the actual percentage of chicks raised to maturity from any given number of hatching eggs. On this point breeders are more or less reluctant to give specific figures, due partly to the want of reliable records on which to base intelligent figures, and also to the fact that many are unable to give even estimates. In selling settings of eggs many breeders guarantee a certain fertility, which, in case of high-priced stuff, covers every egg sold; but fertility and germination do not cover the whole question, because many chicks in the aggregate perish before reaching maturity. Here again conditions often enter over which the most experienced have no control, such as bad weather, untoward accidents, weakness in the parent stock as compared one season with another, etc. As bearing on this phase a correspondent to the Feathered World gives some figures that are instructive, as well as interesting. Out of a total number of 286 eggs set, 246, or 86.01 per cent., were fertile; from these 163 chickens were hatched, that is 66.16 per cent.; 143 were alive at three months; that is 60.16 per cent. of the fertile eggs produced a liveable chick; the percentage of chicks living at three months was 51.74 of the eggs set, thus confirming a very common opinion that about two eggs are required to obtain 3-months-old stock. In this case fertility was good, but the record suffered from death in the shell, namely 33.74 per cent. Had the percentage of fertile eggs hatched there would have been a good running chance of an additional 33 chicks, thus making the hatching per cent. 80, which would have been a good showing; in many cases much above the average. All of which goes to show that chickens cannot be produced without risks and that when these are fully allowed for, breeders must obtain a price for their product that will cover contingencies as well as overhead charges.

Correspondingly, the buyer of hatching eggs and day-old-chicks should not expect too much. To secure from six to nine or ten pure-blooded chicks out of a setting at \$3 or \$5 eggs is doing very well. Often these will possess a value of from \$1 to \$5 each. If a good exhibition specimen happens to be among them the possible cash return will be much beyond these estimates. In the case of the day-old-chicks, the novice should be careful in getting them "on their feet," and by intelligent care, keep them growing so that a robust maturity will follow. The losses to beginners who are initiated into poultry culture via the chick route is no small item. Indeed, there are those who are of the opinion that fully 50 per cent. of the day-old-chicks sold to the novice never make typical specimens of the breed and variety they are presumed to represent.

Los Angeles' Annual Exhibition.

While these lines are being read the eleventh annual poultry show of the Poultry-Breeders' Association is in full swing at Nos. 237 and 239 South Broadway, closing on Tuesday night at 10 o'clock. In a later number of the Illustrated Weekly we may have something to say touching on the birds; but for the present we will refer only to the numerical strength of the exhibition. The number of exhibitors show a decided gain over that of last year, but the number of birds entered by each is about 25 per cent. less, thus cutting down the actual number of birds on exhibition. As usual, the American class is in the lead, there being 343 Plymouth Rocks of all varieties as against 330 a year ago. In Wyandottes there is a falling off, the figures being 119 against 160; the same is true of Rhode Island Reds, 98 to 197. In the Mediterraneans there is also a corresponding loss. Of White Leghorns there are 39 as against 68 of last year; 28 Blue Andalusians to 40, and 123 of Minorcas of all varieties, being an increase of five over last year. Orpingtons run about the same, the figures being 157 to 160. In Dark Cornish there is an increase of 32 over a year ago. Of the other breeds and varieties the figures average about the same. All told, there are ninety-six distinct varieties and breeds of poultry represented in the show. There is a fairly good showing of turkeys, but the water fowl are a negligible quantity.



QUEEN MARY.

The Partridge Orpington hen that has traveled 23,000 miles by rail and water transportation. See article on the Los Angeles show.

Among the more striking birds with a history must be mentioned A. G. Goodacres's Partridge Orpington, Queen Mary, who enjoys the distinction of having traveled more miles by rail and steamship than any other bird of which the Poultry Fancier has any record. Four years ago she was sent from Compton, Los Angeles county, direct to the Crystal Palace show, London, where she was accorded high recognition. Returning, she was shown at Madison Square, from where she returned to Los Angeles, winning in the show of 1912. In November of the following year she was sent to the Chicago Show, winning first; then to Seattle January 14, again winning a blue ribbon. Returning to Los Angeles she was next sent as an exhibition bird to Riverside, Orange and Tucson, Ariz., and finally to the Panama-Pacific International show, where she won second, first going to a younger bird from the same yards. All told, this hen has traveled by rail and water transportation over 23,000 miles—a record we believe that has never been equalled.

The central location of the show makes it possible for all our poultry readers to enjoy the fine array of good specimens that give it distinctive character. As an object lesson in the values of pure blooded stock a well regulated poultry show is indeed quite the thing.

Exaggerated and Fictitious Values.

In the wake of every large show, and especially if it be an international affair, and in the wake of egg-laying contests there usually follow statements of great values for individual specimens. If within reasonable bounds, no great harm results; but when the figures go into the thousands of dollars, it is not only misleading but a species of vicious exaggeration that only amuses the intelligent, and here and there may catch a sucker. In the interest of art and the gratification of people's love of the beautiful, fine exhibition specimens often bring handsome prices, ranging all the way from \$25 up to \$200 and over. The spirit that prompts these prices is much the same as that for fine horses, good dogs and beautiful pictures. As such it has its place in things as they are. And if the birds are the progeny of recognized strains, their superior values for breeding specimens must also be allowed for.

In addition to the exhibition specimen with a long price, we now have the high-priced hen with an egg record. And within restrictions she is entitled to distinction; but when we read that the White Leghorn hen that produced 314 eggs in 365 days at the Delaware Agricultural Experiment Station has a value of \$10,000, we may be pardoned for taking a long breath. The interest on such a sum in these times will be about \$800 to which must be added the cost of her keep and overhead expense in marketing her product. For advertising and keep we will put this at \$100, or \$900 all told. If she lays 300 eggs per year, they must sell at \$3 each—certainly a good stiff

price, but not impossible. If her owner is to get back his principal she would be over eleven years in bringing back her purchase price. Since the productive capacity of even a highly fecund hen will not average over four years, her eggs would have to sell at about \$8.25 each. And, in the meantime, think of the dread of her owner in the realization that some fine morning he may find her with toes turned up to the daisies. If given the acid test, such stories and "valuations" are not only absurd, but border a state of mind suggestive of Col. Sellers and Baron Munchausen. And yet they find a place in the daily press and in the columns of so-called "practical" poultry papers.

Cold Storage Versus Ranch Eggs.

The slogan "Strictly Fresh Ranch Eggs" often has as many sins to answer for as the cold storage product. This is invariably due to the fact that many ranchers allow their hen fruit to accumulate over periods of several days before sending to market. Once sold to the dealers they are apt to remain several additional days before reaching the ultimate consumer, thus affording varying degrees of freshness. If, with these careless methods, the guilty poultryman sends his product to market ungraded as to size, with brown and white-shelled eggs in the same lot, it stands to reason that his product will rank inferior to well-selected, standard-size cold-storage eggs. Against practices of this sort the producer who is thriving to gain a reputation for his product should ever be on the lookout. All the education that can possibly be given consumers on the desirability of buying strictly fresh ranch eggs will not avail much so long as the producers and dealers are more or less susceptible to these practices. First, be honest with yourself and your product, then it will not be necessary to exorcise the cold-storage product, which has its place in modern domestic economy quite as much as the fresh laid egg.

The Signs of the Times.

If the signs of the poultry zodiac are to be believed, it is quite safe to predict that the demand for good breeding stock the coming season will average better than it has for the year just closed. People must eat, even though engaged in killing each other off in Europe, and while at war production is reduced and the neutral countries are drawn on for supplies. Poultry and eggs are staple articles of food and will be in better demand in 1916 than for some time in the past.

Viewed from a standpoint of general market quotations poultry feed is still ruling high; but when prices of eggs and carcasses are allowed for, the margin of profit averages very well. It is safe, however, to predict that prices for feeding stuffs will, on the whole, be lowered during 1916.

With the beginning of the year is a good time to take account of stock and lay out a campaign of operations for the year. Start a set of books—at least a ledger and cash book, so that receipts and expenditures will become a matter of record. In this way, even though the system is simple, leakages are discovered and waste, wear and tear avoided. An egg record is also a good thing to adopt, even with a small flock.

Most breeders mate up their birds in January and February, some doing it as early as December. This depends somewhat on the show season. In California these functions are pretty well along by the middle of January, when the birds can be mated up preparatory for the hatching season, be it by incubators or the old way with good setting hens. Care should be exercised in mating up one's birds. If inexperienced, better confer with some recognized breeder of experience.

Treat your flocks gently, get their confidence, so that they will not "go all to pieces" every time you enter their quarters. The contented hen not only lays the most eggs, and breeds the best chicks, but she is a source of pleasure. Your nervous specimen is usually unproductive and a disgrace to her owner.

Cultivate the optimistic spirit; it is catching and affects man, beast and bird alike. Be a booster during 1916 and, our

word for it, your chances for success will be materially strengthened.

From Far and Near.

At the annual meeting of the Alameda County Poultry Association the following officers were elected: President, W. J. McCamman; vice-president, L. W. Potts; secretary, C. G. Hinds; board of directors, D. A. Cohen, A. J. Emery, T. P. Evans, W. T. Frost, C. W. Presher, A. E. Sinclair and G. K. Thompson.

A pen of five Oregon hens, sent to the Missouri egg-laying contest, won the first monthly prize, a handsome silver cup, in the November records. These hens are the Orecons, a new variety developed at the Oregon station, which has already created a considerable interest in the poultry world.

Two superb pure White Holland turkeys were recently shipped from Chico to be placed in the zoological garden in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. They were bred on the ranch of J. G. Wannop.

The State Poultry Show to be held in Sacramento will be a score card function this year.

The difference between score card and comparison judging might be briefly stated that the former designates the bird with the least defects, while the latter implies "this is the best bird."

The first consignment of donated breeding stock from the poultrymen of Great Britain to Belgium consisted of 1151 chickens, 9 turkeys, 5 geese, 59 ducks and 12 rabbits. Other shipments are to follow from time to time.

The record of Lady Eglantine of 314 eggs in a year leaves only 51 days for moulting and recuperation. Does this look reasonable? Excessive fecundity is certainly out of the normal, and may well be approached with caution when it comes to the breeding pen.

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PANAMA, Dec. 2.—The forthcoming election for President of the Republic of Panama will be of vital importance to the American government; vital because of the huge investment that the United States has made in the Panama Canal; vital also because of the many important questions that will have to be decided by the American government.

The American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election. The American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election. The American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election.

This is the first time that the election of the President of Panama has been so important. The election of the President of Panama has been so important that the American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election.

The election of the President of Panama has been so important that the American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election. The election of the President of Panama has been so important that the American government has been very emphatic in its expressions of interest in the election.

Important Event. By James Stewart.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN PANAMA.

Illustrated Weekly. Los Angeles Times

UNITED STATES' OPPORTUNITIES IN ASIA.

What Baron Shibusawa Says. Interview By Edward Marshall.

AMONG the many distinguished representatives of foreign government and trade organizations who have visited this country as a result, direct or indirect, of the European war, none is more notable than Baron Ei-ichi Shibusawa, Japan's leading financial figure, and, indeed, the greatest financial figure in the East.

The Baron speaks no English, but we had two extended interviews with the assistance of M. Zumoto, editor of the Tokio "Times," who was kind enough to act as our interpreter.

One of the points which the Baron wished to have especially emphasized in his statement is that he sees no possibility of any war between the United States and Japan at any future time.

His visit to this country began November 8 when he reached San Francisco. After a day at the fair, long enough to tremendously impress him with this country's organizing, mechanical, artistic, social and other abilities, he traveled to the eastward, visiting New York, Boston, Washington and other cities.

He has been generally dubbed by American newspaper writers "the J. P. Morgan of Japan," and shows fewer signs of the seventy-six years which have passed above his still thickly-haired head than most Americans of like age show.

This is not the first time he has been in America, but he considers it his most significant visit to these shores, because he has made it the occasion of announcing that the one desire of the people of Japan is to find a means of helping to insure a permanent world peace after the present European war has been brought to an end, and that they have a very definite intention of seeking American co-operation toward the attainment of this object on the occasion of the International Sunday-school Congress which is to be held in Tokio as soon as the war in Europe has ceased.

He considers the most important event of his visit to America his discussion in Boston with President Emeritus Charles W. Elliot of Harvard, of the latter's project of a six-power alliance designed to keep the world away from war in future. The first thing the Baron said to me was the first thing he had said to other Americans who had talked with him. It was:

"I must congratulate the United States through its newspapers on being the only world power which is not involved in the great war, and on the fact that, through your ability to maintain peace and your position among nations, you must in the end benefit, rather than lose, as the result of the conflict.

"I am sure that no request ever will be made of Japan that she send troops to Europe to participate on European soil in the war which is raging there, but I am equally certain that in no conceivable circumstances would Japan agree to make a peace separate from her allies.

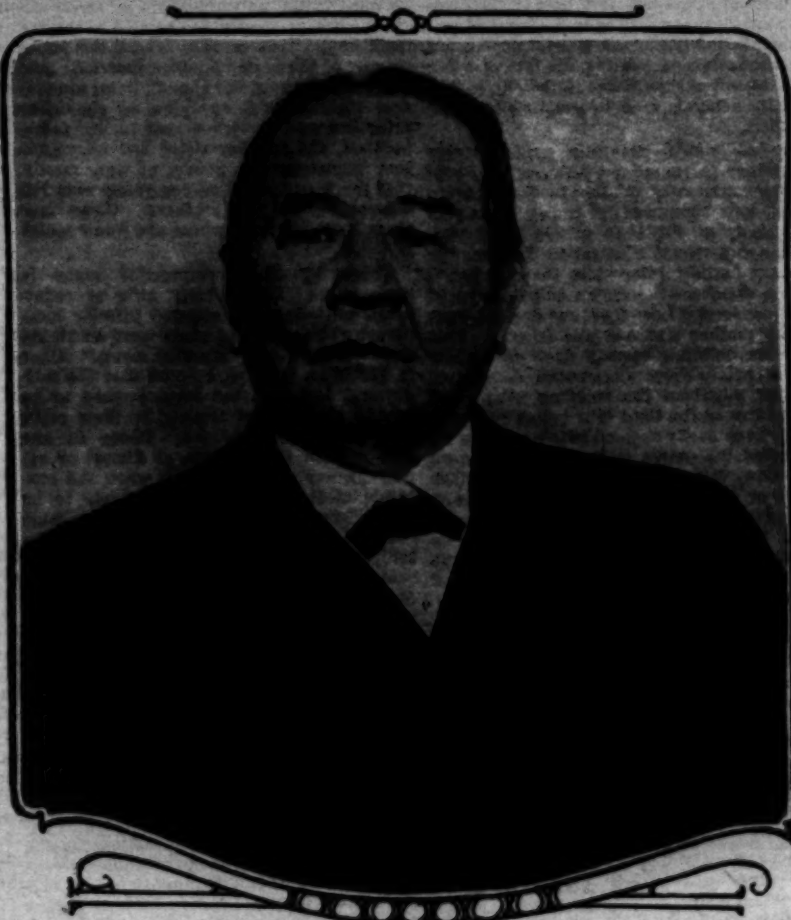
"Personally I am convinced that the United States will be the moving power which will bring about a European peace, and it is my fondest hope that the making of this peace will be followed by a combination between your country and Japan and the Entente powers of Europe designed to forever perpetuate peace among the great nations of the earth.

"When Dr. Elliot first suggested to me the idea of a six-power alliance designed, not to make war, but to preserve peace, I hailed the thought with real delight, and assured him that when I returned to Japan it would give me the very greatest pleasure to lay it before the leading men of my country and do everything that I could to induce the Japanese public to take hold of it, endorse it, and force it to a realization.

"When the time comes for the making of a European peace, it is my great hope that Japan may find herself in a position sufficiently strong to enable her to act as the spokesman of the other four nations in requesting the United States to join such an alliance."

The Baron is not above the average Japanese height, and is very stockily built. His face shows few marks of his advancing years and his voice is deeper than that of any other Japanese whom I have ever heard speak.

He declared that the appellation "the J. Pierpont Morgan of Japan" was not properly



BARON SHIBUSAWA.

applicable to him because, he said, he had not accumulated great riches, but had found it pleasanter to spend most of his time in trying to help others.

"Had a similar impulse animated all of the individuals in Europe," he said, "the present war never would have occurred.

"My people are almost without exception more or less cultivated in art matters, and to them one of the war's greatest tragedies has been its destruction of the art of Europe. Human life is, of course, the most valuable of all things, but when to such tremendous slaughter as has occurred in Europe is added such ruthless destruction of irreplaceable objects as has marked the course of this great conflict, we all have another cause for grief and another impulse urging us to perform the duties of every right-minded man, which is to endeavor in his particular way, and according to his especial possibilities, to struggle for the restoration of peace in Europe and its continuous preservation hereafter throughout the world.

"I came to the United States entirely unofficially. I have been charged with no mission by my government or my people, but when I say the things which I have said, I feel that unofficially I may call myself a spokesman for Japan.

"I may also, unofficially, state that it is Japan's earnest hope that the great war will be followed by much better trade relationships between my country and yours than ever have existed in the past."

From this point it must be admitted that this interview is more the expression of the Japanese journalist's views than it is of the great Japanese merchant's views, for Baron Shibusawa sat back in his chair principally silent as the conversation was continued. Now and then Mr. Zumoto would translate into Japanese something which he had said to me, and the older man would nod his head in grave assent, but his contributions to the conversation were but slight.

"The Baron and all the thinking men of Japan," said Mr. Zumoto, "foresee that after the war comes to a close the United States will see its opportunity for reaching out after the trade of the Far East and will take advantage of it.

"We feel no doubt that Southeastern Asia will be one of the richest fields which she will find to cultivate. There she will be able to place enormous quantities of goods

at splendid profit and from her operations those with whom she deals will gain as much as she will.

"It is the Baron's hope that this development will result in very important co-operation between the business men of Japan and the business men of America in developing new trade fields, and he even goes so far as to feel certain that, far from feeling toward each other any sentiments of hostility, the two nations will work hand in hand in putting into the backward parts of Asia a new commercial life, and a new commercial life there, as elsewhere, always must mean a new industrial and social life.

"The Baron has not the slightest fear that any break in the present existing friendship between Japan and the United States ever will occur. He regards as absurd the thought that Japan has at present or ever is likely to have any designs upon the Philippine Islands or any other territory now protected by the American flag.

"He believes that co-operation between the United States and Japan will be especially valuable to both in the Chinese field, and that through such co-operation China herself will gain immensely.

"We, the Japanese, have an intimate knowledge of Chinese affairs; we are racially close to them.

"You, upon the other hand, have had far more experience in modern economic and financial methods than we have had and are much more capable than we are in their application. I cannot but believe it to be the best of good fortune that the Baron has become so well acquainted with your country and has come into contact with so many of your prominent business men and other citizens. He has had a very wide experience in oriental business enterprises and it has been largely through his influence that several great undertakings already have been accomplished—notably gold mining operations—through American and Japanese co-operation. He is especially impressed with the ease and success with which the natives of your country and the natives of our country find it possible to work together.

"It is his belief that there exists no possible reason why similar successful co-operation should not occur between Japanese business men and American business men in the development of China."

I made particular inquiry as to the Japanese interpretation of the California situation, and before the distinguished Japanese journalist replied to my questions he spent considerable time in animated conversation with the Baron.

"We will admit the California situation to be awkward at present," he finally acknowledged, "but we believe that it will clear itself up without the growth between the nations of any serious misunderstandings. It is possible that at first Japan was not cognizant of all difficulties confronting the United States in the handling of this problem, but at present she recognizes the fact that they are considerable, because of the constitutional and other internal questions of a very delicate nature involved in the California State aspects, rather than in the national aspects of the situation.

"It is our belief that now Japan pretty fully realizes what she at first failed to understand—the peculiarities of America's government which makes it so difficult for the Federal authorities to step in and settle problems arising between one of the American States and an outside nation.

"After all, the California question is purely local, and Japan feels certain that the great bulk of the American people entertain for us nothing but the friendliest of feelings.

"It is our conviction that time and patience, of the first of which Japan has as much as anybody, of the second of which she has more than most, both aided by their spirit of fairness and just dealings, which is so characteristic of the American nation, will satisfactorily adjust any question which, in the minds of some shallow thinkers, has been regarded as likely to breed serious trouble between the nations.

"The general spirit of sympathy which we have found in this journey exists in the United States toward the cause of the allies, will undoubtedly strengthen Japan's friendship for this country. We do not deplore, but eagerly admire, the firmness with which you have maintained your attitude of strict neutrality as far as the European war goes, but we feel that we are certain of the direction in which sympathies of a nation turn, upon the whole, and we find that this direction is not away from us and our allies."

Some months before this interview occurred I had had an extensive talk with a distinguished Chinaman, who comes to this country full of complaints of the rules which had been laid down by Japan for the conduct of Chinese affairs, and at this stage of my conversation with the Baron and his distinguished spokesman I made inquiry concerning these matters.

"It must be admitted," he replied, "that many complications of late have arisen in the relationships existing between China and Japan.

"One of the reasons why Japan's attitude toward China seems to have been looked upon with suspicion by the outside world, and to have been made a matter of complaint in the outside world by the Chinese themselves, is the fact that we are occupying a special position in certain Chinese territory.

"You, of America, went into Cuba when you found that Spain was incapable properly of managing affairs there, and a second time you went in when you found that Cuba, after you had given her her independence, was incapable of managing her affairs for herself.

"The Japanese occupation of Chinese territory, which is so widely criticised by some Chinese, has been caused by very similar conditions.

"We should not have gone into China if the Chinese themselves had been capable of safeguarding the interests of that district which we now occupy against the encroachment of a power with which we now happily are in friendship, but which, at that time, was hostile to us and whose occupation of the district would have meant, not only a menace to the peace of the whole East, but would have been a direct menace to the existence of Japan as an independent nation.

"So, as a matter of self-preservation, we were compelled to go into that part of China and hold it secure against intruders. In the recent negotiations, our principal object

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

HE STOOD on the ranch-house steps waiting for the cowboy who brought the mail from the postoffice, twelve miles away—to rumble several letters and papers from his saddlebag. As he handed them to her the superintendent on the upper letter arrested her eye: Just one thing to do—you must marry me! Emma married. Only when intensely up-to-date girl what's been sent to school. He rose to go, dejected, a bit sulky. But he is a fine man, well fixed, and—looks younger than you if you are only thirty. He isn't above taking as much care of him- self as of a horse. The ranchman went over his head. "I didn't think that of Emma," he grumbled. "Don't be blaming Emma," she defended warmly. "She's got away, that girl has. You better get some too away!"

THE SURPRISING ARTFULNESS OF EMMA.

Los Angeles Times

Two of a Name. By Perné Hunter.

in the game, I guess," she laughed again, but said no more till they arrived at the ranch-house.

"Well? Will you get out at Bar T or go on with me? Better come."

"I'll stop at home, thank you. See you later," he replied stiffly.

She detained him, the kindly look in her eyes. "Say, boy, you've done the trick I put you on near right." She appraised his neat suit and well-fitting shoes and gloves. "It came hard to trade your high-heeled boots for those all-right shoes, didn't it?"

"You bet it did."

"Come around to HY3 tomorrow about five o'clock. There'll be something doing for you, or—I'll need help!" She waved a correct, gauntleted hand and drove away.

Adroitly she circled her ranchhouse, drove in at the rear, and was in her own room before an inmate knew it. A moment later she called little Emma.

The girl came quickly. On the threshold she stopped, threw up her hands and stared as dumb as her lover at the station.

Aunt Emma held out her arms. "Emma. Lieblechen! Have I no willkommen zu Hause?"

The girl clasped her aunt warmly, laugh-

ing and crying together. "Welcome! I never was so glad to see any one in all my life. It's been perfectly dreadful without you, Aunt Emma."

"And is it so? The ranch has better mit old Aunt Emma, is it?" She hugged the girl, pushed her off a little, looked keenly into her eyes, drew her close again and kissed her.

"Old! Why, Aunt Emma, you look younger than ever I saw you. And glory! What style you've got!" Her eyes noted all the details that escaped the cattleman—smart, low shoes and slitten hose to match, the "lines" of the best thing in "tailors," smart neckwear, and the gold wrist watch. But longest of all her eyes lingered on the face and hair.

"Aunt Emma, you're beautiful! You've got something—something different from just kid beauty; it's a—a sort of power. And your hair—I didn't know it curled—like mine."

Again Aunt Emma swept her arms about the girl. "Has mine Kindchen something to tell me?" she whispered.

"Yes—no, nothing much. Mr. Hetzel, he's just an old bore; doesn't talk—only a little about you, wondering when you'll come."

And Mrs. Hetzel is an awful old bore—Angie the housekeeper for dinner, the first of which gave result of his proud and anxious effort—the dinner came in three groups, repeating on the porch.

"Are you going to buy?" asked Aunt Emma of Mr. William Hunt, as he mounted the steps, looking quite equal to his full name, and swinging hands happily with little Emma, who was a bit too rosy for perfect beauty.

All eyes focused for the moment on Aunt Emma, resplendent in a smart and becoming "creation in white" and quite calm, though a tall man stood unnecessarily near with his arm at her waist.

"You bet I am!" the cattleman shouted, and hugged the blushing girl, while her two sisters giggled in the doorway.

"In two weeks there is no more Emma Hoeffners, then. Is it so, girl?" She waited for no answer beyond little Emma's shy nod, and continued, "the ranch is yours, Mr. Hunt. We don't want it, do we, Heinle?" The tall man might have spoken but she gave him no time, for Kim appeared, obviously impatient. "We will now haf dinner. Enter." And they entered.

The Daily Married Life of Helen and Warren.

BY MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

HELEN stood before the mirror in the maid's room, buttoning over her own slender shoulders the embroidered straps of the maid's best serving apron. Her face was flushed and determined.

With tremulous fingers she pinned on the maid's cap. Then slowly she turned around before the mirror with a critical, appraising gaze.

It was an attractive, trim-looking maid that the glass reflected. She must change her shoes—the rhinestone buckles of her French-heeled slippers were most unservant-like.

A sizzling sound sent her flying to the kitchen. The potatoes were boiling over. She lowered the gas, looked at the roast in the oven, and then ran into the library to scrawl a hasty note:

"Anna left at 5 o'clock. Went off in a rage because I insisted that she polish the salt cellars. Said she cleaned the silver once a week, and that was enough. There's no one to serve dinner, so I'm going to serve it myself. I'm going to be the maid. Mr. Hotaling has never seen me and he'll never know. Say I have a sick headache and can't come to the table. Now, Warren, you MUST help me carry this through! Don't come out to the kitchen. Keep him entertained until I announce dinner. Give him your place at the table—I want his back to the pantry door."

Leaving the note in Warren's room propped against the military brushes, Helen rushed back to the kitchen.

Testing the now mealy potatoes with a hasty fork thrust, she dried them over the flame, crushed them through the ricer, and set them in the warming oven. At least they were ready. The cauliflower she would serve plain with melted butter; she would not attempt a Hollandaise sauce.

Could she carry it through? Now that she had undertaken it—she dared not fail. With hot resentment she thought of Anna. After all her kindness, it was the rankest ingratitude for the girl to fly up and leave just before the serving of a company dinner.

She had tried to get Warren on the phone so that he could take Mr. Hotaling to a restaurant, but his stenographer had said he had gone for the day.

He was bringing Mr. Hotaling home with him at 7. There was no way to prevent it. In desperation Helen's ingenious mind conceived the plan of serving the dinner herself—disguised as the maid.

As Mrs. Curtis, in a dinner gown, flushed and disheveled from the kitchen heat, she could not serve. But as the maid she would not be noticed.

If only Warren could be amenable! He would be furious. He loathed any form of dissembling, but it would be too late for him to object. He would not risk making a scene before Mr. Hotaling.

A quarter of 7 she turned on the lights in the front room and library, and lit the shaded candles on the sideboard. Everything was ready. The cocktails, Scotch cracked ice, bread, butter and celery were all on the serving table, so that she could serve quickly.

As Mr. Hotaling would sit with his back to both the pantry door and serving table, he would hardly see her. She felt that she could carry it off—if only Warren did not make some break.

The sound of a key in the front door sent her scurrying into the kitchen. She could hear their voices in the hall. Now they had gone into Warren's room.

She pictured him going to the chiffonier to brush his hair—and finding the note. Her hands trembled as she poured the soup into the tureen. She must give them time to get into the library before she announced dinner.

But suddenly the pantry door was flung open and Warren strode in, his face livid, the note crushed in his hand.

"What fool stunt—" he began, in a spluttering, loud-voiced rage.

"Sh-sh; he'll hear you! Now don't, Warren. Don't upset me! I begged you not to come out here. You MUST let me do this! It's too late to do anything else. Go back—quick—I'm coming right in to announce dinner."

In helpless, glowering wrath, Warren stared at her. Then, with an oath, he swung out.

A moment later Helen appeared at the library door, with a barely audible, "Dinner is served, sir."

She waited in the pantry until they were seated. With her heart in her throat and with rigidly lowered eyes, for she dared not look at Warren, she took in the soup.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Curtis is indisposed," remarked Mr. Hotaling, politely, as he drained his cocktail.

"Oh, it's nothing—she's subject to sick headaches," blurted Warren, awkwardly.

Helen removed the soup plates and brought in the roast. Standing back of Warren's chair while he carved, she gave one swift glance across the table. Mr. Hotaling was looking straight at her, and for a second his leveled eyes held hers.

It had been only a casual glance, she reassured herself, as with flaming cheeks she escaped to the kitchen for the vegetables.

The cauliflower she served first, because it was in side dishes, which she had only to place by their plates. But the large dish of rice potatoes shook in her unsteady hand as she held it at Mr. Hotaling's elbow. He helped himself without glancing up, seemingly intent on Warren's glowing account of salmon fishing in New Brunswick.

While the maid was never allowed to leave the vegetables on the table, tonight, to simplify the serving, Helen left everything.

The dinner well under way, she took her first relieving breath. Standing just inside the pantry door, which she kept ajar, she saw that nothing was needed. Once or twice Warren shot her a furious glance. If only she could see this through, she could stand his rage afterward.

Knowing he would not ring, intently she watched for the time to remove the plates. They both ate heartily and with evident relish. At length she brought out the roast and cleared the table.

With the salad she served the cheese and toasted crackers. Then, closing the pantry door, she rushed to the open kitchen window to cool her hot flushed face. She was through—all but the coffee in the library.

She had carried it off. Her daring ruse had been successful. Mr. Hotaling, who was one of Warren's wealthiest clients, would leave with a pleasant impression of a comfortable, well-served dinner.

When cautiously she listened at the pantry door, there was only silence. They had left the table.

She prepared the coffee and cognac on the after-dinner tray, dreading most of all this final task of taking it in. She hoped they would be in the library, so they would not see her walk across the long front room.

Summoning her courage, she took up the tray and pushed through the swinging door. With flaming self-consciousness, her eyes lowered, she entered the library. Mr. Hotaling was standing by the desk. He had taken up the silver-framed picture—HER picture!

"I presume this is Mrs. Curtis? I had hoped to have the pleasure of meeting her."

"Will you have sugar and cream in your coffee, sir?" broke in Helen, desperately, fearing Warren's blundering answer.

"No, thank you, I'll have it black."

As he stepped forward to take the cup, Helen saw his mouth twitch and his glance rest on her rings. Her diamond rings! A glaring disavowal of her role! With all her strategy she had forgotten to take them off. Then she met his eyes and knew that he knew.

For one panic-stricken moment she stood in helpless, anguished confusion. Without waiting to pour Warren's coffee, she turned blindly toward the door.

"It's all off! You might as well come back and own up." Warren's voice was grim with a note of forced humor: "Mr. Hotaling, allow me to present Mrs. Curtis. I'll not attempt to explain this crazy escapade; she'll have to do that herself."

"I'm afraid I've been unpardonably rude," he was holding Helen's trembling hand in a firm, reassuring grasp. "I shouldn't have presumed to penetrate your disguise."

"Disguise?" snorted Warren. "That makeup wouldn't have fooled a blind man."

"No, it would be difficult for Mrs. Curtis to pass as a maid," smiling down at her flushing embarrassment. "I knew from the first—when you served the soup. I determined not to let you know, but it was too tempting. You see, I wanted to meet you."

"Oh! Oh!" faltered Helen. "What must you have thought? The maid just left. I tried to get Mr. Curtis on the phone so he'd take you to a restaurant, but he'd gone, and—oh, I didn't know what to do!"

"And, womanlike, you resorted to subterfuge," growled Warren.

"It was a very charming subterfuge," championed Mr. Hotaling. "I know you're tired," solicitously. "May I pour you some coffee?"

He turned toward the tray, then stopped. "No, you shouldn't drink coffee before dinner, and I'm sure you haven't eaten anything. Won't you dress?—and we'll all go to Sherry's. Mr. Curtis and I'll have a cordial, but you must have a real dinner in re-

turn for the very delicious one you served us."

"Oh, all right," assented Warren, in response to Helen's questioning glance. "Go get ready." Then with a reluctant grin. "We'll give the new maid a swell outing."

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BROOK AND BROOKLETS.

[From Brain and Brawn, edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D., and published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.]

Not All "Liberal."

I have often found atheists more narrow and bigoted than priests.

Poise Producers.

The most effective producer of poise is a healthy bank account and next to that a good digestion.

A Possibility.

Did you ever consider the bare possibility that you might be wrong, and the other fellow right?

The Unattainable.

Don't expect that you will ever be able to "do just as you please" however rich and powerful you may become.

"As a Lamb."

As the lamb is led to the slaughter, so is the patient conducted to the operating table. And he usually knows no more about his fate.

No Time Like the Present.

During a slump, the early incendiary gets the worm—the insurance. Late comers are liable to get a jail sentence. Immoral: If you intend to burn up, do it now.

The Acme of Success.

The greatest success you can achieve in life is to make your family, relatives, friends and acquaintances as happy as you can. If you accomplish this, you need envy no captain of war, or industry.

Cause Sufficient.

With noises attacking the ears, night and day, glaring electric lights half blinding one, and dust swallowed by the bushel, is it any wonder that so many city dwellers break down and develop what some call "neurasthenia?"

Learning It.

[Life:] The Old Married One: You will learn, my dear, that men are most contrary creatures.

The Young Married One: Oh, I know that already.

The Old Married One: Indeed?

The Young Married One: Yes; I cook things my husband likes and yet he doesn't like the things I cook.

What Baron Shibusawa Says. Interview By Edward Marshall.

UNITED STATES' OPPORTUNITIES IN ASIA.

Los Angeles Times

Wednesday, January 6, 1914.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN PANAMA.

Important Event. By James Stewart.

PANAMA, Dec. 2.—The forthcoming election for President of the Republic of Panama will be of vital importance to the American government; vital because of the huge investment that the United States has made in the Panama Canal; vital also because of the many important questions that will have to be negotiated between the two countries with the next administration of Panama. The American government guarantees the integrity and independence of the little republic which is cut in half by the Canal Zone, through which the Panama Canal has been built.

True, the Presidential election will not be held until July next. But that is a slight and unimportant detail to the Panamanian, who takes his politics very seriously. Besides, he has really so little to interest him that the political game offers so delectable a diversion to the usual monotony of his daily existence that he tries to make the campaign last as long as possible. Therefore he begins a year ahead of time.

This year the campaign offers greater attraction than ever, because of the violence of the opposing factions and also because of the, as yet undetermined, attitude of the American government. Never before in the history of the little republic has so much bitterness been displayed in a national campaign. The mud-slinging through the medium of the partisan press has already begun. Personal attacks of the most vicious character are of daily occurrence, the brunt of the burden being borne by President Belisario Porras, because he has espoused the cause of one of the two candidates. Also, to him are attributed all the various ills from which the republic is at present suffering, the least of which are a depleted treasury and a national debt, the latter being something which the country has never had before.

The question that all Panamanians are asking themselves daily is, "Will the American government take a hand in the coming election, and will it support either of the two announced candidates?" Also, they are wondering in just what form any interference with the election will take. They are the more anxious to learn these details because of the recent riots in the tenebrous districts of both Panama and Colon, in which American soldiers were either killed or injured by shots from rifles and revolvers in the hands of Panama policemen.

Then the Panama Canal is nearing completion and in consequence there are numberless questions that will have to be taken up by the United States with the next Panamanian administration. Among them probably will be the policing of both Panama and Colon by the American authorities. This step involves the taking over of the judicial system of the country. This will be virtually stripping the republic of all but a mere vestige of sovereignty.

The negotiations of an agreement to take the place of the Taft agreement in 1904 also will have to be undertaken. This deals with such questions as customs and postal receipts, and the much-mooted subject of the commissaries, which the Panamanian merchants desire to see abolished at an early date. It has all along been understood that when the canal reached completion the Taft agreement would be superseded by another treaty agreement of a permanent character. Thus the coming election will be the most important, from the American viewpoint, the country has had in the twelve years of its existence.

Owing to the very close relations that are necessary between the republic of Panama and the United States the latter has always taken a keen interest in the conduct and outcome of the Presidential election. The same degree of interest is not manifested in the bye-elections for members of the Asamblea Nacional, because they are relatively unimportant. The policies of a Panamanian administration are outlined by the Chief Executive. He influences the actions of the Asamblea Nacional and he is solely responsible for the attitude of the administration toward the United States and the Panama Canal.

It is declared that it was through the influences of the United States officials that President Porras was elected in 1912; not because he was the best candidate available, but because he was the only one of the two who made the promises said to have been

required by the United States. These promises have not been kept, the President's political opponents say. If he made any promises at all of the character said to have been made there certainly is now no evidence to indicate that he has kept a single one of them.

The Americans on the isthmus are very emphatic in their expressions attributing strong anti-American sentiments to President Porras, and declare that therefore any candidate favored by him will be inclined to follow his lead. A friendly attitude, hearty co-operation and mutual understanding are absolutely necessary in view of the \$400,000,000 investment the United States has at stake in the very heart of the Panamanian republic.

On two occasions the United States has taken a hand in Panamanian national elections, so that peace and fairness should prevail. Both times the opposing parties asked for the intervention, and American officers were sent to many sections of the interior to supervise the balloting. The coming year, however, it now seems likely that only one party will request such action.

It is pointed out that unless such action is requested by both parties the American government cannot intervene, unless it is unmistakably apparent that the peace of the republic is endangered and intervention is necessary to protect the canal. It is not unlikely that in the absence of any restraining influence next year there will be much disorder and rioting, for the Panamanians are an excitable race, and are violent supporters and bitter opponents.

President Porras is determined that the American authorities shall not interfere. He has made it known that he will oppose such action and has announced that the faction of the Liberal party, of which he is the head, will not ask that the American officials supervise the election. He recently took occasion to state emphatically that he would "oppose to the full extent of his power any interference by the United States." In fact, he declared that if all else failed he would "fight intervention with such forces as he had at his command."

Apparently he regards this as no idle threat. During the last few months he has been steadily increasing the already large police force which he has at his command. For years this force has not exceeded 800 officers and men stationed in all sections of the republic. It has now been increased to 1300, and probably will reach 1500 by the time the elections are held next July. However, the Panamanian "army" is neither well equipped, well organized, nor at all disciplined.

Thus far there are two avowed candidates in the field to succeed President Porras. The first is Dr. Ramon M. Valdez, Counselor for the Department of Foreign Relations and personal friend of the President, whose ardent and active support he has. Indeed, President Porras is actively engaged in organizing the government forces behind Dr. Valdez, with a result that he has a fairly good chance of being elected, provided there be no active opposition from the United States.

The other candidate is Dr. Rodolfo Chiari, a former friend of President Porras and erstwhile member of the latter's Cabinet as Secretary of Government and Justice. Dr. Chiari is supported by Dr. Carlos A. Mendoza, also a former friend of President Porras. He is generally regarded as the shrewdest politician in the republic. A certain section of the Conservative party, headed by Dr. Samuel Lewis, also is believed supporting Dr. Chiari.

From the birth of the republic up to the election for the National Assembly last July there were only two political parties in the country, the Conservative and Liberal. The former is composed practically altogether of the better element of the Panamanian social fabric. The Liberal party is numerically the stronger and therefore the more powerful of the two. The latter usually is in power. Now, however, the Liberals are split wide apart with the result that there now are in the political arena two factions of this party and the Conservatives. The latter in this election will probably throw their support to the candidate most to their liking, knowing they are not strong enough to elect one of their own.

The fight in the present campaign will be between the two factions of the Liberal

party. Each has already started its candidate in the field. They are actively engaged in organizing the interior sections of the republic. The factions are known officially as the government party and the Liberal party, the opposition faction having retained the old party designation.

The political machinery is modeled after that of Colombia, of which Panama was a province before the separation and formation of the republic of Panama in 1903. It is admittedly cumbersome and offers many opportunities for fraud. In fact, it is admitted that seldom has Panama experienced an absolutely fair election, not even when the voting was supervised by American authorities. With the connivance of the election officials at any of the booths it is possible for a voter to cast as many ballots as he chooses. Also it is possible for any number of voters to use the name of a citizen who has registered and whose name appears on the voting list.

Early in January, next, the National Election Board, composed of five members, will begin its political labors in preparing for the elections in the various municipalities and provinces. The board is usually a bi-partisan one and is supposed to be composed of three members from the party in power and two from the "outs." It visits the various interior sections and appoints similar boards for each of the provinces, which in turn appoint like boards for the various municipalities. It is the duty of these boards to register the voters, prepare the list of voters, see that only the registered voters entitled to vote under Panamanian laws are on the lists, and to make preparations for the balloting on election day. They appoint all the election officials and it can readily be seen that the control of the National Election Board and the other subsidiary boards gives the party in power a vast advantage.

The personnel of the board is one of the bones of contention between the factions of the Liberal party and helped to widen the breach between the factions. The opposition, headed by Dr. Mendoza, maintains that the present board, composed entirely of friends of President Porras, was chosen illegally. They declare they were arbitrarily closed out from representation when the board was elected at the last session of the National Assembly.

The board also paves the way for the election of the delegates to the national conventions of the Liberal and Conservative parties. Whether there will be a third convention this coming year remains to be seen. The conventions select the party candidates for President and the five Vice-Presidents, and also the members of the two national committees, or Directorios Nacionales, which have charge of the campaign. The Vice-Presidents, or Designados, are not elected by a direct vote of the people but are chosen by the new Asamblea Nacional, which meets immediately after the Presidential inauguration in October following the election.

The elections for the convention delegates are not direct, but only for five electors from each party who later meet and choose the delegates who will represent the province at the conventions. As there are now nine provinces there will be twenty-seven delegates at each convention. The convention of the Conservative party will be held next February at David, the capital of the Province of Chiriqui. The plans of the Liberal party and of the government party have not yet been formulated.

The split in the old Liberal party which elected President Porras in 1912 occurred at the last convention of the party at Chitre in January, 1914, when preparations were made for the National Assembly election of last July. It was decided to place the political fortunes of the party in the hands of the Directorio Nacional, or National Liberal Committee, as usual with Dr. Mendoza as chairman. It was instructed to prepare the list of assembly candidates for whom the party would vote.

Shortly before the elections in July, Dr. Mendoza submitted the list of candidates to President Porras for his information. The President took his time in returning the list, and when he did, according to Dr. Mendoza, it contained names which the Directorio Nacional had not agreed upon. The substitution met with immediate vigorous opposition from the committee, which

endeavored to make it plain to the President that it, and not he, had been vested with the sole power by the convention to make the selection of candidates. Their efforts were without avail; the parting of the ways had been reached.

This is the published reason for the disruption of the old Liberal party and the origin of the bitter opposition to the President, which has increased as time passed. On the other hand, many openly declare, and Dr. Mendoza is among them, that the real difficulties between the President and his former friends and supporters dates farther back than the convention at Chitre. They declare that immediately after his election he began turning against his old friends. He neglected, they declare, to keep his solemn promises and they also give a number of personal reasons which, however, they only whisper. President Porras and his supporters declare that his opponents are actuated solely in their fight upon him by his successful efforts in preventing a wholesale raid on the national treasury through favoritism in awarding contracts farming out monopolies and other usual means practiced under previous administrations.

There is one main reason why the present Presidential campaign will be bitterly fought, and that is the unfavorable financial condition of the country. Not only has the republic acquired, under President Porras's administration, a national debt of \$1,500,000, something which it has never before had, but the national treasury is empty in spite of the fact that there are annual revenues of practically \$5,000,000, which is more than sufficient for the needs of the government, provided reasonable economy is practiced.

In order to temporarily tide over the financial troubles it has been necessary for the government to borrow on short time notes \$300,000 in New York with which to pay current obligations. These accounts were partly owing contractors who built the National Exposition buildings which stand empty and forlorn in an out-of-the-way corner of Panama City. The exposition has already cost the government more than \$750,000 gold. The opening has several times been postponed and probably will have to be again because of lack of exhibits. The country itself has little or nothing to exhibit.

Dissatisfaction with the Porras administration is widespread and is being carefully fostered by the anti-Porras party in its nation-wide campaign. They are endeavoring to make the country see that the election of Dr. Valdez, President Porras's candidate, would merely mean a continuation of the present policies. They point out that it would be a perpetuation of Dr. Porras in power; that he would be the power behind the throne. They are determined to see that President Porras shall cease to be a political factor in Panama in the future.

It is conceded that President Porras has already succeeded in building up a very powerful and efficient political machine. He has increased the Policia Nacional to a far greater number than any other President has ever dared to do. He has added many school teachers to the already large number, while the number of government employees has practically doubled under his administration. All of these are forced contributors to a campaign fund which has never before been attempted in Panama.

When the split came in the old Liberal party last year the Directorio Nacional had in its possession a fund of about \$40,000 which had been collected through the painful process of voluntary contributions. After the rupture, Dr. Mendoza, as head of the directorate, retained possession of the fund. Immediately President Porras began the collection of his own campaign fund. He levied upon all government employees an assessment of 5 per cent a month. It is estimated that he has already collected in excess of \$100,000, which is the largest political war chest ever collected by a political party in Panama.

Both candidates for President are men of some means, and neither is seeking the office for the salary of \$9000 attached thereto. Dr. Chiari, whose home is at Aguadulce, in the Province of Los Santos, is the wealthier of the two. He has a large sugar plantation and mill and also raises cattle for the Pana-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

THE SURPRISING ARTFULNESS OF EMMA.

Two of a Name. By Perne Hunter.

HE STOOD on the ranch-house steps waiting for the cowboy—who brought the mail from the postoffice, twelve miles away—to fumble several letters and papers from his saddlebag.

As he handed them to her the superscription on the upper letter arrested her eye; and, tossing the rest of the mail inside the house door, she dropped into a chair and hastily tore open the envelope. Twice she read the inclosed letter, lingering longest over the postscript, which was on a separate sheet.

The epistle was manlike in its brevity, and also in its stiff phrases, those of one unaccustomed to showing his heart through his pen. But his message strangely excited the woman whose small world seldom saw her moved except to quick anger against a shirker, or to quicker sympathy for any hurt thing, whether it was man or dog.

"Dear Emma: I am coming to see you. Since that last day I saw you I have been waiting all this time for the chance. Now it has come, and I'll be there in about a week after you get this. You know Irma is dead. It's a long time since we two met, but it seems only yesterday; and I can see you just so plain as then, as fair as a lily, your face all set round with dancing curls. I will tell you the rest when I come. Till then,
Auf wiedersehen,
HEINRICH HETZEL."

The sheet fluttered to the floor, where a vagrant breeze whisked it behind her. But the postscript she re-read and hid furtively in her blouse.

"That last day you saw me I intended to ask you to marry me. But on the way I met Irma, and she said you were engaged to Tom. That is why I just called that day and—said nothing."

"Irma, she is dead. Just before she died she told me the truth. She said she was crazy about me and told me the lie to get me to marry her. I did. That was fourteen years already; and—but Irma is dead. And you are the only woman I ever loved."

"In two weeks it is a year. And I am coming! For you—Emma—mein Schatzchen."

"HEINIE."

So that was why Heinie had married Irma. All the tragedy and hardship of fourteen years faded in the dream of that other time. Motionless, she gazed upon green acres, contented herds grazing beyond a small river—the great ranch she had stolen from the desert; but what she really saw was an elm-shaded, suburban street in a distant city, and a tall, vigorous young man walking toward her.

Unconsciously she put her hand to her thick, fair braids, so tightly drawn as to discourage kink in a lamb's wool; though there was one escaped, curling wisp at the temple. The touch of it recalled her.

"Hum! Curly!"

Life and the desert had branded her in ways that neither time nor rest nor dress could efface. And many of the marks were enemies to beauty. Yet, like an old palimpsest, youth and beauty were not so much erased as overlaid.

A girl stepped noiselessly through the door. To her, Aunt Emma was old, as also she was to the men who herded her stock, defended her range, and interchangeably but affectionately called her "Missus Boss," "the Office" and the "Old Skirt" in distinction from her step-daughters, who were "The Young Skirts" when they were not "The Fillies."

The girl picked up the fallen letter, glanced at it surprisedly, then suspiciously at the unheeding woman, and read it through, smiling at the end in pleased girlish vanity, and turning the sheet for more.

Rustling paper attracted the woman. "Emma! Come here, Liebchen."

The girl stepped nearer. "Aunt Emma, this is my letter; why did you open it?"

Aunt Emma stared blankly. "Kindchen! You don't know Heinrich Hetzel?"

"Indeed, I do. I met him last winter at Uncle Karl's—a lot of times. He was awfully nice to me, but I—I didn't think he meant—meant that." She looked at the words again. "He's frightfully old, forty, he said. But, auntie, he doesn't look more than thirty."

Every word was a blow to the older woman, not because of the child's mistake but for her innocent revelations.

"He's a beautiful dresser, too. Gee! A girl would sure be proud to travel with him

if he is old. He treats you fine; knows all the kinks."

While the girl rambled on Aunt Emma's keen mind resolved the situation. She crumpled the envelope in her hand and turned sharply. "Two Emma Hoeffners is bound many mix-ups to make. There is but just one thing to do—you must marry mit anoder name."

The girl stared. Only when intensely stirred did her aunt revert to the idiom of her childhood. "And meantime? Who is there to marry?" She scanned the letter again. "I wonder who Irma is? He never spoke of her."

"He would not of his wife only a short time dead be talking to a young girl."

"Perhaps not. But he talked a lot about you, Aunt Emma. Say! He liked you once, didn't he? But, of course, he's looking for a young wife now; widowers always do."

"Yes, most generally they do," the other assented grimly.

"Aunt Emma, there comes Dad Hunt. I won't see him, and I won't—won't marry him; I'll marry Spanish Juan first."

"You might marry worse."

The girl flushed angrily. "Do sell the ranch, Aunt Emma. It's all right for you, you're old; but Angie and Gretchen and I—we nearly die. No men but cowboys, no anything."

"Run off, you mischiefs! I see you makes pretty good practice on cowboys."

Emma laughed and drew up a small table and another chair. "Don't let him muss up the porch, Aunt Emma; we just washed it. Make him put his asses in the tray. He's so mussy."

"In a hundred men you'd not find one better."

"Oh, better! I'll take less goodness and more style when I marry."

The older woman offered no rebuke; she was too astute.

"Shall I send Kim with some beer?"

"Yes, yes. Run along."

"In half an hour?"

"Yes, I say. I want to think."

There was a tone in Emma Hoeffner's voice that all heeded from foreman to petted step-daughters. The girl heard and tripped away.

Aunt Emma was not thinking of "Dad" and his affairs, but of the lover of her youth. Awfully nice to little Emma, was he? Doesn't look more than thirty.

Abruptly she rose and looked into a small mirror the girls kept hidden behind some plants; for the rare visitors to the ranch-house were usually unexpected. One glance sufficed. "Widowers always do look for young wives," she whispered, a cynical look appearing in her face, quite un-at-home there.

Had "Dad" known it she was not in her usual sympathetic mood when he reined in at the hitching rack and slipped off his exquisitely groomed and lavishly accoutered horse, leaving him unhitched.

"Hello, Aunt Emma!" he called boyishly as he strode up the walk between the roses, a lithe, frank-faced man in cowboy dress much the worse for wear except an elaborate silk shirt. The bigness and breeziness of the desert came with him; though, as with Emma, it had written a severe story in his face.

"Come on up, Mr. Hunt," she said cordially, rising and holding out her hand.

"What for the 'Mister'?" he questioned with a grasp of her hand that would have made little Emma wince and pout. "Why not 'Dad'?"

"Because you're bound to stop that 'Dad' business. I'll call you Bill or William, or even Little Willie if you like; but Dad's to yourself not fair."

Wondering, he dropped into the rustic rocker and stretched his long, slightly bowed legs. "I see myself telling the boys not to call me Dad."

An instant she eyed him narrowly. "Oh, well—if you're afraid of the boys."

He leaned forward with a jerk, and what she liked in him glinted in his eye. "Afraid? Me?"

She said nothing and he glanced uneasily around. "Emma—is she—she—"

"Lucifer looks fine this morning," Aunt Emma interrupted irrelevantly. "I see you have one more new saddle been buying."

The man roused with quick interest. "Yes, I saw it in Phoenix the last time I was in. It's a beaut, what?"

"Yes." Her voice was unaccountably hard.

"How long did it take to polish all that silver horse-jewelry?"

He smiled sheepishly. "Two hours, maybe. That and rubbin' down the hawse."

"Pity Emma couldn't marry the hawse," she drawled, covering a yawn.

He leaned forward, more than a hint of anger in his voice. "What do you mean—Emma marrying a hawse?"

"I means this, and you'd better study what I say, son. You want to marry my bright, up-to-date girl what's been East to school and has her eye teeth already, and you puts all your money—and water, significantly, 'into dressin' your hawse.' She mimicked him mercilessly.

He flushed, making his tan a copper red. "I'm no fashion plate. Look at this shirt! It cost eight dollars."

Emma eyed the embroidered white silk shirt with disfavor. "Dummkopf! The way you're dressed you're neither Spanish nor cowboy. She's used to seein' the best of both."

"Well, what else then? Injun?" He grinned.

"No. Show her something different, new here; pure United States dressed to the top notch."

"I don't want a wife that expects a man to be dressed up all the time."

"Then go in town and marry Sis Brown at the Good Eats; she won't care."

"That slouch!"

"Pfui! You wants your wife to dress up fine? Hey?"

"Sure! I've got the tin and she shall have all the glad rags she likes."

"You goes mit her sometimes, I suppose?" She eyed him up and down. "You—you matches glad rags like—like a canary and a horned toad."

"See here, Aunt Emma!" He rose and began to stride up and down the porch. "I can remember when you didn't dress much; when you were poor and went about everywhere with Dr. Tom, helping him, nursing for him, and—"

"Say it," she commanded when he halted, embarrassed.

"Well, keeping Dr. Tom straight, then; and when he was already drunk, watching his prescriptions like the devil after a soul; and saving many a life—with his skill and your tireless eye. And when you put away every dollar you could spare—and every one he let you get hold of—into land; and after those five killing years buried Dr. Tom, and raised his girls to be the—the very pick of all this country; and kept on making good on this ranch till the HY3—according to its size—leads the State—"

"You'll stampee me in a minute."

He paid no attention to the interruption. "And after you've done all this and acted white—more, plumb Golden-Rulish to cowboy, white man and Injun—do you suppose any of us in all this country cares a calf's beller what you wear? Or likes you for what you wear? Say!" He came and stood in front of her and shook his finger at her. "Don't you know there isn't a man in this county that wouldn't ride his best hawse to death to help you if you was in trouble? Or if there is such a cuss the rest of us would make a lynching party out of him before he could bat his eye?"

She caught his wagging finger and pulled him back to his chair, not speaking, but smiling, though her eyes were moist.

"But I'm not looking for a young husband—yet," she laughed a little shakily. "When I do I'll dress up sure. Sure."

Kim came with the beer and the tension was broken.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said a few minutes later when the conversation had drifted back to the ranch and little Emma. "If in two months you can get my girl to promise to marry you, I'll sell you the HY3 at your figure of your last offer. Maybe so, I'll sell any way, but I can't tell now. Is your money loose?" He nodded. "Idle? Too bad to have it idle."

The man sighed. "I sure wish I could be as certain of Emma as I am that I don't care three dead cows if that money is idle for two months."

She watched him a second as he gloomily gazed at the distant herds. "There's a man coming here to court—Emma."

The man never noticed that Aunt Emma's voice trembled, but started up in an angry panic. "Who is he? Emma—does she—like him?"

"She thinks she does, though he's forty years—"

"Forty! Old enough to be her father. Buckin' mules!"

"But he is a fine man, well fixed, and—he looks younger than you if you are only thirty. He isn't above taking as much care of himself as of a—hawse."

The sarcasm went over his head. "I didn't think that of Emma," he grumbled.

"Don't be blaming Emma," she defended warmly. "She's got savvy, that girl has. You better get some too already."

He rose to go, dejected, a bit sullen. But when he looked into the good-natured, kind face, his own relaxed. "Say! Aunt Emma, I never noticed it before, but little Emma looks like you."

"Sure. Her mother was my sister. Good-by. Good luck."

"Then—Emma—sure won't see me?"

"She said she wouldn't. If my advice is good, you keep away from Emma one while; and when you do come, walk out of the best clothing store in Phoenix."

"By jingo, I won't!" he vowed savagely and left.

Aunt Emma thought hard and fast. She tore the envelope with its telltale "Mrs." to bits and put them in the ash tray; drew the postscript from its hiding place, gazed at it, smiling a queer little smile, and hid it again.

Suddenly she rose and went into the house, decision in every quick step. At the telephone she called up a widowed friend twenty miles away and arranged with her to be hostess to the coming guest and chaperon to the girls while Emma herself made a business journey "inside."

She called in her foreman and consulted him concerning some cattle shipments; gave orders for the hay baling; over "the line" sold a "bunch" of horses to a local dealer in Phoenix; instructed Kim, the cook, to feed the family well; left a generous check with little Emma; and before the family realized what had "struck Aunt Emma," she was in her smart buckboard on the way to the station, eighteen miles distant. And the only one who knew her destination was her banker.

Weeks later Mr. William Hunt met her at the station as per her telegram. She saw him from the car window, and called to him as she went briskly down the steps, carrying the very smartest thing in the way of a handbag and giving assured orders to the obsequious porter who carried suit cases and other parcels for which the cattleman knew no names.

However, he did not discover this till later. Aunt Emma herself was too arresting. At first he did not recognize that the "perfectly swell skirt" was the source of the well-known voice, and he stared away from her and back again, his mouth open, unconvinced.

"Well, is it dumb I find you, Mr. Hunt?"

"Gee! You're the biggest—eye-opener I've seen in ten years. Is it really you, Aunt—Mrs. Hoeffner?"

"Yes, and still Aunt Emma. Is that car here?"

"Sure. And she's a beaut' all right. But no one here knows how to run her, though the mechanic from Phoenix left her all ready."

"I do. Take me to her."

Still wondering, the man led her to the railroad freighthouse, where a well-modeled seven-passenger car awaited them. Aunt Emma stepped in jauntily, took the wheel, gave orders for the stowing of the small baggage in the tonneau, and for her two wardrobe trunks to be delivered later to her teamster, and drove off.

"How in the name of seven devils did you do it, Aunt Emma? I can't yet believe it's really you. Running this car, too?"

"It's me sure. And I don't do no business with tenebels either. Just plain science. Maybe a little gumption, too."

He was immensely impressed with her smartness, her fine looks, her assured attitude of knowing she was exactly right; but he was too stunned to analyze the causes that made the whole effect.

"How's everything at HY3? The girls—little Emma? Been to see her?"

A disgusted look accompanied a disgusted voice. "Once. That let me out. Emma, she likes that guy from Milwaukee. Say! He's one fashion plate. The skunk actually curls his mustache."

Aunt Emma laughed. "He's a back number then. They don't curl 'em any more."

The man grunted and looked surprised, but said nothing.

"And you didn't go to see Emma, but to size up my visitor. Hey? And he beat you

THE lover of nature the coast of darts the cells arrange themselves in such one hair-like forms that grow in clusters ing on the surface of the water, and form a large part of the food supply of the fishes. To this order belong the pyrosoma nocturna that is so luminous when occurring in great numbers as to give the ocean the appearance of being covered with twinkling lights that burst into flames as the waves break. An- other species rises the Red Sea. The

Southern California offers a veritable a variety of combinations as to greatly re- on rocky shores. The lamnarian zone extends from low- water mark to the depth of fifteen fathoms. In this belt grow the red algae and the broad-leaved, leathery seaweeds including the devil's apron, tangie, kelp and sea fur. Tangie has a woody stem that in other species rises the Red Sea. The

ly like deep-sea monsters to the exquisitely the surface of the ocean, unattached to rock leads an independent existence, floating on below. Tangie has a woody stem that in other species rises the Red Sea. The

of the giant kelp family that look startling- the higher order of algae. In some cases, that endanger navigation. Barzanum, mammoth size as to form great marine for- shrubs and even trees that attain such a variety of combinations as to greatly re- on rocky shores. The lamnarian zone extends from low- water mark to the depth of fifteen fathoms. In this belt grow the red algae and the broad-leaved, leathery seaweeds including the devil's apron, tangie, kelp and sea fur. Tangie has a woody stem that in other species rises the Red Sea. The

REMARKABLE VEGETATION OF THE SEA.

Wonders of the Waters. By Mame E. Buxton.

[Saturday, January 8, 1916.

Illustrated Weekly.

Recent Notable Cartoons.

<p>GOT TO QUIT SHOOTING OUR TAME DUCKS</p> <p>SAY! LOOK-UP WHERE YOUR SHOTGUN!</p> <p>U.S. FOREIGN TRADE</p> <p>-Des Moines Register & Leader</p>	<p>MARROONED. BY DE MEE</p> <p>-Philadelphia Record.</p> <p>"AMERICA FIRST!"</p>	<p>HARD AT IT AGAIN.</p> <p>-Portland Oregonian.</p>
<p>THE NEW VERSION.</p> <p>OH, SUCH A DISCORD!</p> <p>I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A MOLLYCOBBLE</p> <p>PREPAREDNESS PROGRAM</p> <p>-Spokane Spokesman Review</p>	<p>METROPOLITAN MOVIES.</p> <p>IDEA OF THE COW</p> <p>-Baltimore Star</p>	<p>STILL ON THE FENCE</p> <p>-New York Sun</p>
<p>HOLDING UP THE PRESIDENT'S HANDS</p> <p>PACIFIST</p> <p>PORK BARREL</p> <p>-Baltimore American.</p>	<p>I S'POSE MY OLD MAN WILL USE DIS FERA' EXCUSE FER NOT WORKING TODAY.</p> <p>WHAT DOES YER GOV'NOR DO, JIMMY?</p> <p>OH, HE JES PANTS FLAGPOLES AN' SMOKESTACKS!</p> <p>-New York World</p>	<p>BALKANS ?</p> <p>BALKANS ?</p> <p>-Detroit Herald.</p>

WHO WAS ALL THE WORLD TO HER.

Man to Man. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 8, 1916.

"You let me know you were coming. I was old place. I've been a devotee to his de-light, its charms and beauty ever since the riding club picnic last May."

"What did they call that function, Miss Dodge?"

"Really, Miss Dodge, we did try hard to look at the new moon out of the right-hand window of the car. Shure it's luck I want ye to have!"

The b was a grand success. Every one was there. The belles were all belles, and the beaux were all pri ces, the music and vers perfection.

Harry danced only with Baby Bess, and seemed to have lost his fear of that intangible thing which had possessed him.

Mr. Pay on and Bess seemed oftener to prefer a stroll in the conservatory than to dance. Mr. Payson rested his arm on the back of the bench where he and Bess were seated. He seemed to be gazing at her face.

He recalled the picnic on Arbutus Day, asked her if she remembered how they hunted the little flower, how their hands touched hands, how exquisite when they bumped heads as they crept around the same tree. How happy they were. To all of this Bess joyously, laughingly assented.

She opened wide her eyes when he let his arm fall to her waist and told her that he had gone back to the very spot the next day; found the ground around the tree starry-eyed with arbutus.

"Do you know little girl, why we did not see it? We were in love." And with that, he pressed her close to himself. The strength of the lion was roused.

"Dearest, it is all quite true," he assured her eagerly. "You know that it is all true, I love you very dearly."

Her eyes were large and round and pleading, her whole frame shaven with emotion.

"Tell me that it is I, just as I am that you love. Make me sure of it. Make me believe it!"

He held her in his arms. Her heart was beating fast against his, as he kissed her. When he released her, her face was radiant. She believed!

"You see, all the men I meet seem so different from you. You are very different. Your face is so grave at times. You look as if the ordinary things of life would not interest you, would not hold you. Your head seems looking always above!"

"You silly child," he said consolingly. "If I am just a little different from the others, it isn't anything to be afraid of."

Just then Harry appeared. "Baby Bess, isn't this my dance?"

"Oh, brother Harry, forgive me, Mr. Payson was telling me a story."

Harry covered his face and looked away.

"Well, come, Bess. That's an old story of Mr. Payson's he will tell it to another. Just give me my dance."

The men understood, for it was man to man. The woman did not understand.

"Shall we go home, Mr. Dodge, after this dance?" Payson called after them, in hopes of disarming the brother.

"Just as you like, Mr. Payson."

Harry and Bess were almost hilarious as they danced about the ballroom, one from excess of joy, the other because he hardly knew what he did. The iron had entered his soul.

After the ball, there were all sorts of opportunities made and sought by Bess and Mr. Payson to be together. Before he left for London Bess had plighted her troth, while Harry, powerless to forbid the banns, had become a sort of specter at the feast, of whose presence Mr. Payson was most conscious.

Harry insisted upon going to the train with Bess to see Mr. Payson off.

Goodbys were said, and the train pulled out for London. Bess turned away with a deep sigh.

"Harry, let's walk to the house, won't you?"

"I'm glad to walk, sister."

"Oh, brother, I never knew there were different kinds of love. I have loved you so. Even now I wish Jasper (hasn't he a beautiful name) were more like you, I miss something. With this something wanting, brother, how do you suppose I can love Jasper better than all else in life? But I do, Harry!"

"If anything should happen to him I would not want to live. If anything came between us, I could not live. Oh, Harry, just look over the wall there. See, see, all that moss! Arbutus will be there under the moss in the spring. Harry can you remember the place?" And soon they reached home.

Mr. Payson came almost every week-end to visit the Dodges.

A distant cousin had come to make one of the household, and to maintain conventionalities until after the wedding, which was to take place Arbutus Day in May.

The little household agreed that Bess should, before the wedding, go up and see Grace to tell her all about everything. In-

significantly, too, to get a better color in her hair when she was married.

So it was arranged. Letters passed between the sisters. Grace had much to say about Sir Playwright, Bess and Harry agreed that it looked as if a second wedding might take place in the spring after the dramatic season had closed.

The letters to Grace told of the ardent love, the fear Bess felt that her betrothed would not always be content with the mere devotion she would give him. "Just wait, Grace, dear, until you see him. There is no man so noble in London, nor in all King George's realm."

When the day for the departure arrived. Bess wrote:

"Darling Sister Grace: I shall leave on Tuesday. Don't bring Sir Playwright to meet me at the station. One never looks her best at the end of a journey. Am sorry 'beloved' can't escort me, he is in London now, or out in Devon at some place."

"While I'm with you, Grace, we will have him visit us. Harry is just as dear as ever, quite the dearest brother in the world."

"If I live away from Harry, after my marriage—I can't write of it. Good-by dearest sister. Lovingly, Baby Bess."

Tuesday Bess arrived in London and found Grace at the station to meet her. Such gre tings, then a joyous ride. Grace stopped the car, first at the theater then at her apartment, but as Sir Playwright was out at Deva, Bess did not enter the theater nor did she stop to see the wonderful den. Devon was not far, and the girls had the jolliest of times motoring out.

Sir Playwright was not in evidence as the big car swung around the drive to the door. His secretary approached the car and with apologies, that Mr. Payson had not yet finished dressing, extended both hands to Grace, as he assisted her to alight.

Bess thought she might be mistaken in the name she heard. At any rate Sir Playwright might be a Mr. Payson also.

Because she loved Jasper she would not lay claim to all the Paysons in the United Kingdom. It was, however, rather pleasing to think her brother-in-law (Grace had confessed on that jolly ride from the train) was also a Mr. Payson.

After resting and refreshing themselves, the ladies dressed for dinner.

"Dinner at 7," Grace called, as Bess ran to her room in the southern wing of the mansion. The trunks came up and Bess took out the blue dress, Harry's gift. As she descended the stairs she looked patrician. Her exquisite hair, eyes and complexion far surpassed her sister's. She was less magnificent than Grace, but far more beautiful.

When she reached the spacious, brilliant living-room, Bess was awed by the grandeur, and exclaimed half aloud, "Oh, if Jasper were here!"

With a skip across the floor, she curled herself up on a divan, to think a minute. She wanted just the sweetest message for Sir Playwright when they met. Presently over the stairs floated the voice of her sister mingled with the voice of a man. His voice sounded somewhat familiar. She thought of Harry only, at that moment, but it was not his voice.

She rose, and never more beautiful, waited Grace and Sir Playwright. A sweet voice was waited to her from the flowers on the table. She glanced to look at them, and then turning with love at flood tide in her heart, she stepped out and met Grace and Jasper Payson. Her Jasper!

No sound escaped her, but with hands stretched out, her whitening palms toward the monster, she seemed to wither, to consume, till she fell at his feet, like a crumpled, withered rose. Her heart had broken.

Tenderly she was lifted and carried to her room. Days ran into weeks, weeks into months, Betty spoke not, till Harry came. To him she spoke her first words. "Harry, dear, take me home."

Once at home, she talked little and only with Harry and her faithful servants. To Kate one day, she said, "I didn't see that new moon Kate."

To no one did she speak of the anguish in her soul. Thus she glided out of life into eternity.

Harry remembered the place of the little mossy mound, now a little bed of sweet arbutus. He gathered every flower and placed them all where Bess was laid on the day which was to have been her wedding day.

What of Harry's chance, the big case, in which he was to show his skill? He had given months of his best work to the preparation of the case, but he never brought it to trial.

Harry abandoned his career, and started for the continent, whither Jasper Payson had gone. Why? Jasper Payson still lived and it was man to man.

Spiders.

SOME ODD FACTS ABOUT THE WEB SPINNERS AND THEIR HABITS.

BY EDWIN TARRISSE.

The male of the well-known garden spider is a tiny creature, unfamiliar to the casual observer and very different from the female in both form and habits. Although in early life he can construct an exceedingly perfect snare, he seems to lose the art, or at any rate the ambition to exercise it, upon reaching maturity, and merely spins a few tangled threads, intended, no doubt, as a position of vantage from which to approach his lady love. His courtship is, as a rule, an ignominious affair. He is bullied, pushed out of the web, and not infrequently trussed up and relegated to the larder, by his physically superior spouse.

Zilla, a very common dusky colored spider which frequents stone walls and fences, has improved somewhat upon the orb web of the garden spider, inasmuch as she leaves one segment devoid of the sticky cross threads to facilitate her passage from her hiding-place to the hub of the web. Hypiptotes seems, however, to have reached the highest development in the orb spinning art. The snare is reduced to a mere triangle stretched upon a firm, elastic thread, and at the apex sits the obscure little owner with a coil of thread firmly held in such a manner that the whole web is drawn forward under considerable tension. No sooner does a fly attempt to pass than the thread is released and the web springs forward like a catapult upon the luckless victim.

Closely allied to the orb spinners are those spiders that spin saucer-shaped snares surmounted by a tangle of threads into which flies blunder, falling in their confusion into the sheet of web beneath. In this group are the smallest known spiders, some of them measuring less than a millimeter in total body length. Many of them are aeronauts, traveling vast distances by silken threads emitted from their spinners. They seem to regulate their flight to some extent by paying out more thread as they desire to rise and rolling it up by means of their legs when they wish to descend. Often in suitable localities and under favorable conditions of weather, immense multitudes of these tiny creatures simultaneously embark upon their strange journeys. Trial threads, false starts and collisions are inevitably frequent and the accumulations of web descend as delicate flakes of gossamer.

The water spider, which makes a silken bell beneath the surface of ponds, fills it with air and within it brings up its family, is well known to all readers of general works on natural history. It may surprise some, however, to learn that this species is very closely allied to our commonest house spider. The male of the water spider is larger than his mate, a most unusual thing among spiders.

The vagabond spiders include, besides a number of little known groups, three well marked sections which may be broadly referred to as the crab spiders, the wolf spiders and the jumping spiders. Some of the crab spiders are exceedingly rapid, but the more typical species move very deliberately and trust to cunning rather than to speed for the capture of their victims. Often these spiders are speckled and blotched so as to resemble exactly the ground upon which they rest, and one well-known species, Misumena vatia, which is of an almost uniform yellow or greenish white tint, hides in the center of flowers and seizes insects which approach to gather honey. Even bees are not immune from the attacks of this ferocious little creature, their stings being awkwardly placed for use against a foe who seizes them by the head and drags them into a blossom.

The wolf spiders are dark creatures, commonly of some shade of brown, which run fearlessly upon the ground in the open. They often occur in enormous numbers in suitable spots, giving one the impression that they live in "packs." The eggs when laid are enclosed in a small spherical or lenticular sac, which is carried by the female attached to her spinners. This sac she guards with the greatest care, manifesting the greatest concern and searching diligently for it should she be deprived of the precious packet. Nevertheless she will receive the sac of another female with every indication of satisfaction, and, in fact, a piece of pith cut to approximately the same size as the original sac is, as often as not, accepted and tenderly guarded.

A small section of the wolf spiders, popularly known as the "pirates," frequents the herbage upon the sides of ponds and streams. They chase their prey upon the surface of the water, often diving when threatened by

an enemy. An allied species, generally known as the "pirate," frequents the herbage upon which it circumscribes ponds of considerable magnitude, hiding beneath the tall when danger threatens.

Probably, however, the most curious spiders, as far as habits are concerned, are the salticids, or jumping spiders. These creatures have been fairly studied, especially in the United States, and their life histories would make a volume teeming with interest. The antics of the male during the courting period are most extraordinary, especially when, as often happens, several suitors aspire to the hand of one lady. Dancing matches and wrestling bouts in which the spiders appear carefully to avoid using their poison apparatus, are the usual means of deciding the claim, and, the female having made her choice, the rejected suitor departs, little the worse for the encounter. Should, however, two females come to blows, the result is very different. Within a few moments the stroke of a poison fang generally leaves one of the combatants dead upon the field.

Speed of Animals.

[London Tit-Bits:] The "speed" of a gazelle, "fast as a horse," "fleet as a deer," "slow as an ox," are all familiar terms. But few know just how fast or fleet or slow these things are. An interesting computation made by scientists is designed to throw light on the matter.

A riding horse covers forty inches while walking, while at a jog trot it covers eleven feet in a second. The two-minute-a-mile horse covers forty-four feet in a second.

The leisurely ox moves over only two feet a second when hitched to a wagon, and about twenty inches when attached to a plow.

The elephant, which can pull more than six horses, moves over about four feet six inches in a second, and running as rapidly as it can is able to travel but eighteen feet in a second.

The lion is claimed to run faster than the swiftest hunting horse, which is from eighty feet to 100 feet a second, according to the country through which it is compelled to travel.

Tests differ greatly as to the speed of a hare. Some claim it can travel at the rate of sixty feet a second, while others claim it cannot travel more than half that distance.

The great variety of deer are all quite speedy, but in certain localities they can travel much more rapidly than in others. A roebuck has been known to cover seventy-four feet a second when pursued by dogs.

The giraffe is said to pass over the ground at the rate of about fifty feet a second, while the kangaroo covers ten feet to fourteen feet a second.

The tortoise is much slower. One five inches in length covers but about one half an inch in a second.

A War Bride Romance.

[San Francisco Chronicle:] This is the story of a war bride and of a love triumphant that swept over every danger and obstacle.

It is a story of heart-breaking delays and hairbreadth escapes, and of the meeting in San Francisco of the husband and wife for the first time since they were married in Lodz, Poland, fifteen months ago.

In the office of the immigration station at Angel Island, Mrs. Alvina Nelson, once the most beautiful girl of Lodz, found her husband, a former soldier of the Russian army, and ended a strange series of adventures.

Mrs. Nelson, with her sister, Miss Adeline Voll, arrived on the Shinyo Maru, while C. J. Nelson, the husband, came here a month ago on the Chiyo Maru.

For months they have been laboriously making their way out of Russia and attempting to find each other, their letters crossing and recrossing, and fate keeping them apart.

Once, at Harbin, they were actually so close that Mrs. Nelson saw her husband marching past with 200 recaptured deserters, and, not knowing that he was in Harbin, failed to recognize him and so left without meeting him.

In the same body of prisoners with Nelson marched the affianced lover of Mrs. Nelson's sister, also unrecognized by Miss Voll or Mrs. Nelson.

Nelson escaped a second time, reached Nagasaki by a Japanese ship, and San Francisco a month before the two women got here.

When she saw her husband of an hour march away with his regiment to the roll of war drums the young bride became a Red Cross nurse. After months of separation she received a letter from her husband asking her to meet him in America, because he had planned to flee.

Recent Notable Cartoons.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, January 4, 1914.

Saturday, January 4, 1914.

REMARKABLE VEGETATION OF THE SEA.

Wonders of the Waters. By Mame E. Buxton.

TO THE lover of nature the coast of Southern California offers a veritable paradise. The fury of the waves after a storm and the action of the tides continually cast upon the strand marvelous marine plants of a bewildering variety, ranging all the way from the fantastic forms of the giant kelp family that look startlingly like deep-sea monsters to the exquisitely dainty ferns, more beautiful and filmy than the finest lace. Collecting and mounting these wonderful plants is a hobby that grows more and more fascinating as one becomes familiar with the different orders and species and learns more and more of the interesting facts concerning this strange vegetation. While a sand beach does not favor the growth of seaweeds, the collector

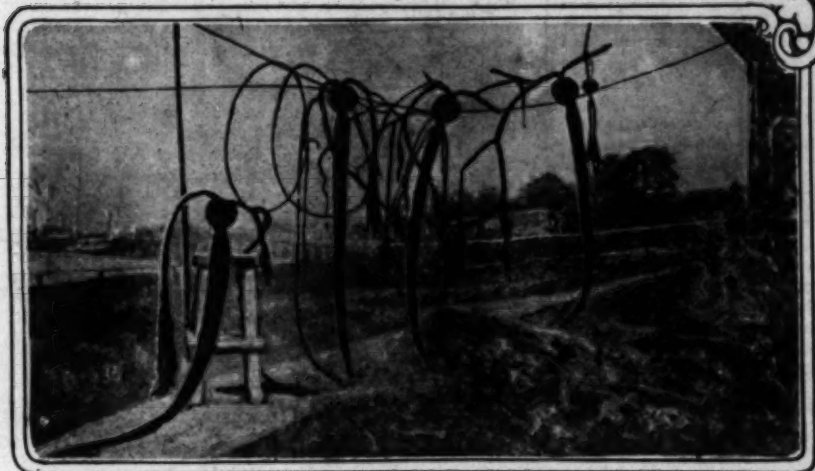
ders the cells arrange themselves in such a variety of combinations as to greatly resemble the leaves and stems of land plants, shrubs and even trees that attain such mammoth size as to form great marine forests that endanger navigation. Sargassum, of the higher order of algae, in some cases leads an independent existence, floating on the surface of the ocean, unattached to rock or sea bottom. It is this remarkable plant that covers the vast area in the Atlantic that composes the Sargasso Sea, so named by Columbus, who was the first navigator to drift into this amazing garden spot of the sea, with its area as extensive as the continent of Europe. These vast acreages of sea vegetation would seem to have no part to perform in the plan of nature, but they

fine hair-like forms that grow in clusters on rocky shores.

The laminarian zone extends from low-water mark to the depth of fifteen fathoms. In this belt grow the red algae and the broad-leaved, leathery seaweeds including the devil's apron, tangle, kelp and sea furbelows. Tangle has a woody stem that is very hard when dried and is often used by fishermen for knife handles. The blade is inserted when the handle is soft; the drying process shrinks the material and holds the blade firmly. The young stalks have been used for food and are said to be very nutritious. In Australia the natives use a huge variety of this plant in making musical instruments and receptacles for food. In Europe another species is used in the manu-

ing on the surface of the water, and form a large part of the food supply of the fishes.

To this order belong the pyrocystis noctiluca that is so luminous when occurring in great numbers as to give the ocean the appearance of being covered with twinkling lights that burst into flames as the waves break. Another species gives the Red Sea the color from which it derives its name. But of the many microscopic forms of algae the diatoms are the most interesting and beautiful. They possess a wonderful shell-like covering composed of two pieces or valves. These shells, falling to the bottom of the sea, form deposits of great depth and in the process of ages this accumulated sediment hardens into rock. The most remarkable bed of fossilized diatoms is that of Richmond, Va.



Giant Kelp found at Redondo.



Tangle found on the beach at Redondo.



Interesting varieties of Kelp.

may here find almost every variety carried from distant shores by the waves. The more delicate varieties are often half-buried in the sand or entangled in piles of kelp, requiring careful search to find. The most favorable time for collecting is at low tide and after a storm at sea. In the winter season, when storms are frequent, the beach is often covered with great heaps of sea vegetation in such a bewildering variety that the search becomes really exciting.

Seaweeds (algae) do not, like land plants, derive their nourishment from the soil, but from substances held in solution in the water. What appears to be the root serves merely to anchor the plant to the rocks, and so tenacious is its hold it often happens that it carries a portion of the rock with it when torn from its moorings by the waves. The structure of sea plants is quite different from the structure of land plants, and this adds to their interest. The former are composed of but one class of cells, corresponding to those that compose the pulp of the leaves of land vegetation. The sea plants have no woody or vascular cells and consequently have neither true leaves nor stems. However, in some of the higher or-

really serve a very important purpose in furnishing food for millions of living creatures. Darwin states that the destruction of all the forests in the land would not destroy so many forms of animal life as would the destruction of the marine forests. This vegetation performs the very necessary office of converting the mineral substance in the water into organic matter necessary for the sustenance of the animal life in the sea.

There are, in all, several thousand species of algae which grow within three distinct zones or belts along the coast. The first zone includes the space between tide marks and is known as the littoral zone. The seaweeds growing in this zone are exposed to such frequent and sudden changes of heat and moisture that they are composed of a great amount of gelatinous matter, nature's method of protecting the cells of these plants. In this zone grow the rockweeds, brown or olive-green in color, and bearing in some cases numerous small air bladders that enable the plant to float when the tide rises. In this zone also grow the grass-green seaweeds, the sea lettuce, which bears a thin, crinkled, ribbon-like frond, and the

facture of artificial leather and gum for finishing cotton fabrics. Iodine and potash in large quantities are obtained by certain processes, but in some of the European countries the plant in its green state is used medicinally and also employed as fertilizer.

The third zone is designated as the coral-line belt and extends to the depth of fifty fathoms. The seaweeds growing in this zone are encrusted with a deposit of lime and closely resemble coral. They are found in a wide variety of colors that are very beautiful. As they contain no gelatinous matter they dry quickly and are easily mounted, but owing to their brittle character they require very careful handling.

The lowest forms of algae are microscopic in size and exist in infinite numbers, float-

It is several miles in extent and in some places is forty feet deep, and contains the most wonderful and beautiful species of diatoms yet found. These beds occur in many parts of the world, and the fine powder obtained from the deposits has been used for a variety of purposes, in the manufacture of dynamite, polishing compounds and, in poverty-stricken districts, it has even been used as food. The rock is cream-colored and crushes easily when rubbed between the fingers. A few grains placed on the slide of a high-power microscope reveal the wonderful structure of these minute algae and opens up a new world of beauty invisible to the naked eye. It is safe to say that no other form of nature study is so fascinating as the study of algology.

Indians Like Old Names.

[Baltimore Sun:] That Indian names still possess their early strength and picturesqueness is shown by those which figured prominently in the recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock reservation in North and South Dakota.

An inspection of the list reveals such names as Kate Good Crow, whose nearest neighbor is Barney Two Bears. Mary Yellow Fat adjoins Melda Crowghost, while Mrs. Crazy Walking, on the southeast quarter of section 19, 23-25, has probably reached the condition indicated by her name through being in the same section with Elk Ghost.

Mary Lean Dog rather envies Agatha Big Shield for her aristocratic name. In like manner, Jennie Dog Man and Mary Shave Head may be all too willing to assume on short notice the heroic name borne by Morris Thundershield, heir apparent to Long Step Thundershield.

Mrs. Did Not Butcher, judging from her name, is in no condition to supply the want of her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Frosted Red Fish, who lives on a half-section not far from Helen Difficult.

And on festal days there gather such notables as Francis Many Horses, Joseph

Shoot the Bear, Mrs. Stanton Grindstone, Mrs. No Two Horns, Good Voice Elk, See the Bear, Married to Santee, Her Holy Road, Tiberius Many Wounds, Plus Shoot First and Shave on One Side.

All of which shows that there is something in a name, especially if it's a good old Indian name that harks back to the forest primeval.

Vanished Algonquin Tribe.

[Boston Herald:] How many of us who follow the progress of excavations in the Old World realize that we also are in the new search with pick and spade for records of ancient men and vanished civilization? The latest incident in this quest is the discovery of over a thousand relics at the Indian camp near Owasco Lake, revealing the existence of a hitherto unknown tribe of Algonquins, and yielding fresh material for our knowledge of one of the most interesting peoples with whom ethnologists ever busied themselves. The layman in this part of the country ought to know something of them, for the Algonquins once occupied the whole of New England. At the beginning of the white immigration they were possessors of the soil over the entire Atlantic Coast between Cape Fear

and Cape Hatteras, their northern limit reaching far into Labrador and along the shores of Hudson Bay. The first British settlers found Algonquins hunting and fishing along the coasts of Virginia. Jacques Cartier was greeted by Algonquins as his vessel passed up the St. Lawrence. They were Algonquins, the historian reminds us, who waged war against our own New England Puritans; Algonquins who sang aves and told their beads in the forest chapel of Father Rasles on the banks of the Kennebec; Algonquins who under the great tree at Kensington made the covenant of peace with William Penn.

Sandbags in the Trenches.

[Boston Transcript:] Probably the least-known function of the sandbag is its use as a mere carrier of excavated earth. In the case of newly-dug trenches all the earth that is excavated is necessary for the making of the fire parapet and for raising to a sufficient height the rear wall ("parados") of the trench. But in an old trench where saps are being dug towards the enemy's trenches, and especially where mining operations are in progress, the earth that is dug out must be carried away continuously lest it should accumulate and block the

trench; as I have already shown, once a trench is made, earth cannot be thrown outside it indiscriminately. The miners fill the soil into sandbags away down in their deep holes, and a continuous stream of men shoulder the bags at the saphead and carry them off to a "dump" somewhere in the rear. Where the Germans are very close to us, and it is vitally necessary to keep on mining and counter-mining at a great rate, a huge amount of earth is evacuated. It is very ticklish work when each side can hear the other's picks and the packing in of high explosives; it is then simply a race as to whether we can blow in the German mine before it can be exploded. I heard of a case some weeks ago which was so urgent that it was necessary to string out some 200 men at short intervals down a long trench and to pass sandbags down and explosives up from hand to hand for nearly twelve consecutive hours.

[Harper's Weekly:] The minister of a small Missouri town called the grocer on the telephone the other day and gave him the following order:

"Send a dollar's worth of meat out to my house. If there is no one at home, just poke it through the key hole."

Man to Man. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

—simple, comfortable, with a business-like atmosphere.

As Harry tips his chair back sitting at his desk, it has been decided that Bess shall have the frock, and he wonders if Grace wouldn't help to buy it.

Grace, a sister, is three years older than Elizabeth, but she seems out of the world, as in truth she is out of their world. She is in London, seventy miles away.

It is a great temptation for Harry to sit idly, contemplating the career of his two sisters. He roused himself, "I must get at my cases. An understudy in a lawyer's office, who hasn't had any chance to prepare for his work, is a poor tool. I feel as if without the preparation I should have had, I'm just a barnacled old hull in this office, though I'm the youngest man in the firm. The business is established, the grind must continue. I'll plod and plod, and let Bess and Grace make fame for the family. I'll be the plodder, let them show their lights."

After Harry left Bess, she threw herself on the couch and buried her face in the cushions, sobbing "O mother, I need you so much; why need you go away and leave your Baby Bess?"

Elizabeth was indeed a beautiful girl of seventeen summers; full of charm and fascination; a wonderful wealth of blue-black hair, heavy eyebrows, arching eyes, beautiful in shape, and quite like her brother's in color; the blue-green-gray, which allows no complexion except the fairest.

After her sobs she sat upon the edge of the couch, and talked with her mother as if she were really there.

"Mother darling, do you see us? Do you know our joys and sorrows? Sometimes I feel you must, and that the mother love we had is ever with us. You must know dear father is still away from home. His malady continues, and only by the greatest care, together with the most skillful treatment, can he be cured.

"Harry denies himself almost all luxury and recreation for father. Grace, soon after you went away, sought the fulfillment of her heart's desire in London. She is studying dramatic art. A new playwright has written her a play, and London expects great things from this production. Grace is busy, too busy. She seems to have forgotten us.

"I sometimes think it would be better if I left town and went to London with her. Harry would not have to maintain this home then; he could do more for himself. He could come nearer to living. Were it not for his love of music I'm sure he would be miserable. The little old Chickering piano, you so often told us you played on when only 6 years old, is still in the south window; Harry's piano now, and how he makes it talk. Chopin, Wagner, Beethoven are all hidden away in that rosewood case, but at Harry's touch, they come forth, as if appearing before a royal audience.

"Dear mother, last night at sunset, Harry was playing your favorite from 'Lucia.' At the end he just cried aloud, 'Oh, mother, mine,' and embracing the dear old Chickering, just as he used to embrace you, he wept. I was outside. How I did love Harry and always do love him. This morning I scolded him—threw my slipper after him. He teased me so. How mean I was. To-night, I'll make up with him and begin over. I like making up with Harry. It seems almost like being engaged to some one. Wonder if I'll ever be engaged!"

Bess suddenly remembered the note she had not written to Mr. Payson, and hurried to the library to write it.

Grace in London was getting ready to produce her new play, and was waiting for her den to receive the playwright who was coming to talk over the details of the dress rehearsal to be given at the Strand Theatre at 4 o'clock.

The den was a fine setting for the beautiful girl. She was what her name proclaimed, grace and beauty. Finished in her art, her poise was wonderful. There was a glorious light in her eyes. Her heart was no longer in her own.

Just then the phone rang. "Ah, is that you? Coming over? That is delightful! So glad you called me up. I'll serve tea promptly at 4 o'clock."

Grace sat down to wait his coming. The coming of the man who was all the world to her. In a few moments a rap at the door was heard. Opening it, "It was nice to

"You like your part, you still find pleasure in it?"

"I find the greatest pleasure of my life in it. Sometimes when the days are long and my thoughts gloomy, I am impatient for the evening, for the theater, for this play, for then my whole being changes, and I become Cora, the Cora of the play, the woman you have created, the woman you must have loved.

"Come, tell me about yourself, I have missed you. Tell me about your trip, she begged sweetly. All I know is that you go away from London to rest, to study, and yet, you always seem to come back apparently leaving a part of yourself there. Wherever there may be. Come tell me, why are you so depressed? Aren't you glad to be back at your work?"

"I've had a hard time. I've visited many beautiful places. I tried to be appreciative. I found it hard! Every day I have thought, 'tomorrow will be easier,' and when tomorrow came I was always disappointed. There is such misery in it all, Grace. You have refused to listen to my wooing, although you admit affection, admiration and tenderness for me. Why not marry me and save me from myself, from the sins of my fathers?"

"Your answer has always been, 'a fate governs,' and you cannot escape the belief that to do as I ask would be folly, worse than anything fate can have in store for you. Why, Grace, why—"

She closed her eyes for a moment, "Let us talk of other things," she sweetly replied. "You are back again, and I have news to tell you. My sister has written a long letter to me, and I'm going to arrange a visit. She has never been in London, and has written all sorts of questions. I fear she is not well, and I wish we all could go to the country. Can you arrange it? What do you say to going down to Devonshire and opening up the old place for the summer. Oh, how I would love it, and little sister would too."

"The clock just struck, didn't it? Let us not be late for the last rehearsal, even if we skip the tea. Tomorrow is our dress rehearsal. Do you remember?"

"My coat, please, in the hall? Yes, the big fur one. I need it even if you think not! I'm awfully chilly. I am sure I shall make good! Chills are symptoms of more conditions than ill health, Sir Playwright!"

Harry's day at the office was a big day. The senior members of the firm had turned over to him for management and trial one of the biggest cases in the office. No more half chances for Harry. The case was his. He must make good. At last, the top of the ladder might be won. All this did not obscure his desire that Bess, Baby Bess, should have her chance.

He stopped at Posner's on the way home. Such an array of bewildering things, made it difficult to choose. But Harry did it. The color was changed; he chose blue, though Bess was more fond of pink.

Appointments were made for Bess, and Harry rushed home. Just outside the door he met his sister, leaving the house to post a letter.

"Better come back, Bess!"

"Oh, don't stop me, Harry. Mr. Payson will think me very rude. I have delayed my regrets a day too long now."

Harry slipped his arm through hers and began at once to tell her of his visit at the modiste's. Bess was so joyous, she tore the letter up and embraced Harry, then and there, just as they were turning in at the gate.

The chug-chug of a limousine sounded near, and there sat Payson, a witness to the little incident. It seemed to Bess he was so near that he must have known the cause of her joy. He, however, appeared to think it was just the most natural thing in the world, even in the street.

He raised his hat. "I have been half afraid a note I sent you, Miss Dodge, has miscarried."

"Oh, no, Mr. Payson, you would have received my answer this afternoon, but now that you are 'Johanny on the spot' I'm delighted to accept the invitation to the riding club ball."

"Thank you," Mr. Payson replied. "Mr. Dodge, will you be there? You know I'm somewhat of a stranger. London is my second home, though of late I love to come to this dear

place. I've been a devotee to its delights, its charms and beauty ever since the riding club picnic last May.

"What did they call that function, Miss Dodge?"

"Oh, yes—a May day dance on Arbutus Day!"

"Really, Miss Dodge, we did try hard to find arbutus that day, did we not? Elusive little flowers, where were they?"

Harry looked at Bess. She was blushing, and oh, so beautiful! He looked at Payson. He looked as usual, except for the tightening of his thin blue lips. Harry was sorry that he had called at the modiste's.

It was man to man, and Harry Dodge decided he saw cruelty and worse in Payson's face.

"Yes, Mr. Payson, I shall be at the ball."

Bess began to laugh. "Why, brother Harry, you don't dance, why this sudden advent into society? Really, Harry, I'm not being rude, but I don't understand," and she straightforwardly rushed at her brother, and with a hug, and clapping her hands exclaimed, "Oh, brother Harry, I'm so happy!"

Mr. Payson rode on. Harry and Bess went back to the modiste's.

Every selection that Harry had made was approved. He left Bess for her first fitting. Walking slowly home, he thought much of Payson, and ghosts began to walk. Only last week, some one in the office, a father of eligible daughters, had said, "Dodge, what do you know about Payson, who is about here of late? They say there is not a theater in London that he doesn't know the stage door more familiarly than the box office. He is rich, and they say talented in a way, but in what way I don't know."

He recalled also that the daughter of his senior partner, looking out of the office window, this very day exclaimed: "Huh, there goes the lion of the town, how I hate him. He makes my shoulders goose flesh, the way he looks at them. Huh!"

Harry at the time thought, "Ha, ha, sour grapes. Baby Bess has caught the lion of the town." Now that he had seen the lion, he was unhappy and fearful. He thought of Payson's strength, the strength of wealth, the strength of a wonderful magnetic personality. Would that strength be too great for Bess?

"Oh, what folly this is! I'll go and have a game of pool by myself. Bess is sufficient unto her day. If Payson is the brute, he will pay the price"

The evening has been a happy one to Bess.

"Harry, dear, good-night, hasn't this been an eventful day?"

"Yes, little sister, quite eventful." Calling Bess, he looked straight into her eyes. He would read the lines most deeply written in her heart. Was he mistaken, did she shrink when he spoke of Arbutus Day, the day she first met Payson?

Harry would not do her such injustice, and calming his doubts he kissed her good-night.

"Good-night, Harry. I must get a lot of beauty sleep, the ball is only a week off."

The week was full of preparation, and was soon past. A bevy of girls were often at the Dodge house, all full of anticipation and joy. Bess was more gay than any of them.

At last even the wonderful blue dress had been brought home. Already Bess had tried it on for Harry's inspection, while Harry arrayed himself in what? Bess could hardly believe it, dancing pumps and a boutonniere! When he appeared in his evening dress, to which Bess was accustomed, with the accessories of dancing pumps and boutonniere, he was in danger of being smothered, for Bess threw her arms tightly about his neck and laughed till she cried.

"Say, Bess, let a fellow alone won't you! This is going some, though, little girl, isn't it?"

On the night of the ball, when Harry and Bess were arrayed, they did not wait long before the sound of Mr. Payson's limousine was heard.

The servants watched their departure. Ellen, the cook, almost from the birth of Baby Bess, exclaimed, "Faith and it's Mr. Payson that's a swell gentleman, but Mr. Harry, could you beat him? He had it all over Payson!"

"Did you see the flower in his buttonhole? Sure he niver has worn one of them, since

...the family had been moved to ask her girlhood friend to give up her position for the winter and come and live with herself and her husband. Isabel had never seen Robert, and she hoped they would like each other. Now, after a few weeks' time, she felt that they were liking each other only too well. Marian was not so sure of Robert's attitude in the matter, but she felt perfectly sure that Isabel was falling in love with her husband. She wondered a little at the principle, or lack of principle, in any woman that would allow her to do that. To Marian herself such a thing would have been an impossibility. Her code in such matters was puritanical. To Isabel it seemed not to matter. The incident of the little plush box was the first concrete evidence she had had of an understanding between her husband and her friend, into which she herself seemed not to enter. It gave her vague distrust and foreboding tangible form, and an anger began to rise within her—which Marian didn't recognize as jealousy.

She ate but little, her abstraction credited to her headache. Begging to be excused, she left the table before dessert was served, and, going into the library, threw herself upon the couch.

Their voices drifted to her from the dining-room, eager and full of laughter. Marian, her head throbbing, bit her lip and clenched her hands to keep back tears. She set her mind to other things, and gradually her thoughts became vague and disconnected. Worn out by pain, she drifted off into a dream-troubled sleep in which little gray plush boxes with flashing contents played a prominent part. She was aroused by subdued voices near her, and when she waked to full consciousness, she felt Robert standing over her.

"Perhaps I'd better waken her," he said, in a hushed whisper.

"No, I wouldn't. If I were you," was Isabel's rejoinder. "Let her sleep off her headache—that's the way I always do." Robert was still reluctant.

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Marian heard the faint swish of Isabel's skirts as she left the room; then Robert also left, to return in a few moments with a silk shawl which he threw lightly over her. Marian felt the swift tears crowd against her closed lids, but he moved away again and she knew he had gone up to dress. She lay there, with her troubled and miserable thoughts, until oblivion once more claimed her. When she awakened again it was 10 o'clock. She sat up with a start and gazed about her. They were gone long ago, of course. Her head had stopped aching, and she felt much better. She resolutely kept her mind off her trouble and went on upstairs to prepare for bed. Isabel and Robert wouldn't be home before midnight.

In the upper hall a flood of light poured out from Isabel's room: In her haste, the girl had left the light on, and the door but half-closed. Marian pushed it open and was about to turn out the light, when her glance wandered to Isabel's dressing-table. Resting on the edge, aside from the litter that always cluttered it, lay the little gray box. A rush of undefined feeling swept over her. Hardly realizing what she did, Marian entered the room, picked up the box and opened it. A diamond-shaped locket sparkled and flashed back at her. It wasn't possible that Robert would give such an expensive thing to Isabel. Hastily she examined it. On the back was a tiny place for initials. The space was bare. With a deep aversion, she put the trinket back in its box and laid it where she had found it, when, from the half-open drawer of the dressing-table, a photograph of Robert—one of his latest—smiled up at her. A hot wave surged over Marian, culminating in a pulsing throb at her temples. She stared down at the picture, then, with a stifled cry, fled from the room.

Morning found her, heavy-eyed and tired, with a fast-growing hatred in her heart for Isabel. She was not a coward, but this was a crisis so delicate she feared to force an issue. In other minor troubles that had come into her life she had been brave enough, but the present situation was too vitally important to her to brook any but the most careful handling.

She struggled for a few days with the matter, and then, one evening, occurred a repetition of the incident of the little gray box. She was up in her room looking for a book, when the front door slammed. Robert had come home. She had left Isabel reading in the library. Now, as she descended the stairs again, she glimpsed them talking eagerly and Isabel was showing Robert the little gray box again. This time Marian didn't shrink back; she descended with a questioning look from Isabel to Robert and back to the box again. Inwardly she was crying, "He's taken it down and had her initials put on." Outwardly she met Robert's look of confusion with cool surprise. But before the little smile on Isabel's lips her anger rose. It was the first time that Isabel had shown that she was aware of Marian's jealousy.

Robert saved the situation by taking the little gray box from Isabel and offering it to Marian.

"You forestalled us a little, dear," he explained. "I had planned to have it by your dinner plate tonight. Congratulations on your birthday."

Marian stared at him dazedly, slowly taking the box from his outstretched hand. Under stress of the trouble she believed facing her, she had completely forgotten that it was her birthday. With mixed emotions she opened the little gray box. The diamond-shaped locket flashed and sparkled back at her. She turned it over slowly in her hands. On the back were her initials, beautifully done. She groped for words to express her thanks, but her mind was in such a surge of readjustment, none came. She had misjudged Robert, and probably Isabel. Her thoughts clung to these two facts alone, then she managed to stammer incoherent thanks, the quick tears filling her eyes.

Only things that Marian liked very, very much brought the tears to her eyes. Robert, manlike, misconstrued her emotion and proud of his choice in a gift so highly appreciated, took it from her unresisting fingers.

"And this was Isabel's idea, too," he continued, with a flourish, pressing a hidden spring. The locket flew open, and smiling up at her from the inside was a picture of himself—a miniature of the photograph she had seen in Isabel's room. The locket and its contents blurred before her eyes again, and a flood of shame swept over her, as the full purport of his words beat against her understanding, dispelling the dark structure of thought her imagination had created around a few little incidents.

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Murmuring words of thanks to Robert, who, entirely unaware of the strained atmosphere that had existed between the two women during the past week, was examining the locket, Marian looked at Isabel. There was a humble appeal for forgiveness in her eyes, which Isabel fully understood. For a moment the latter's gaze remained hurt and relentless, then, with a swift rush of generosity, she smiled warmly. With a little catch in her throat, Marian put her arm about her old friend, in the dear old way. Nothing was said, but each felt the misunderstanding between them forever dissipated. Marian turned to Robert:

"You're a darling, Bobby," she informed him. "The best husband in the world."

Bobby was immensely pleased, but burlesqued his satisfaction with a very broad, open wink at Isabel.

Marian joined in the laugh that followed, while she secretly resolved never to be so foolish again.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE GRAY BOX.

Marian's Suspicion. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

MARIAN, descending the stairs, paused in the shadows on the first landing, arrested by what she saw in the room below. The vague sense of uneasiness which was with her so much of late, and which she had tried so hard to beat back, now crystallized into a definite fear. It was useless to deny it longer. She was afraid—afraid of Isabel—afraid of Robert. For a moment she stood staring down at the two in the room below, heads close together over a small jewel case which Robert held. A rainbow-colored scintillation flashed from the box at the turning of his wrist, as, hands clasped ecstatically, Isabel shifted her look of admiration from the trinket to Robert's face.

Then the maid opened the door leading to the dining-room and announced dinner. The two started apart guiltily, and Marian had time to see Robert slip the box into Isabel's hand.

"I'll call Mrs. Randall," he said to the maid, starting toward the stairs. With an effort Marian stepped out of the shadows, and, pretending she had seen nothing, descended toward him.

Robert stopped, his foot on the first step. "I was just going to call you," he said. "Dinner is ready." Marian gazed down at her husband curiously.

"I'm coming," was all she said. Isabel came forward, solicitude in her manner. "How is the headache, Marian?" she asked.

"Not much better," Marian replied, shortly, leading the way to the dining-room.

Robert frowned a little. "I bought tickets for the opera tonight," he ventured, after they had been seated.

Marian looked up from her salad. "I'm sorry, Robert; it would be misery for me." She paused a moment. "But there is no reason why you and Isabel should stay at home. I'd love to have you go and enjoy yourselves."

Isabel murmured a feeble protest. Robert seemed really sorry. "I'd like to have you go with us, Marian. Are you sure you would rather not?"

Marian was quite sure, and it was arranged that they go without her. And Marian felt that Isabel liked it better thus. She studied her old friend with a burning curiosity. Isabel had changed a great deal in the ten years since she had seen her. Marian felt that she would have hesitated to invite her to spend the winter with herself and Robert had she known of this change. During their High School days the two girls had sworn eternal friendship for each other. After Marian had moved away, and Isabel, through a reversal in fortune, had been thrown on her resources, the friendship still continued through correspondence. Marian had married, and Isabel had entered the business world. Thus time wore on, until two short months ago,

when Marian had been moved to ask her girlhood friend to give up her position for the winter and come and live with herself and her husband. Isabel had never seen Robert, and she hoped they would like each other. Now, after a few weeks' time, she felt that they were liking each other only too well. Marian was not so sure of Robert's attitude in the matter, but she felt perfectly sure that Isabel was falling in love with her husband. She wondered a little at the principle, or lack of principle, in any woman that would allow her to do that. To Marian herself such a thing would have been an impossibility. Her code in such matters was puritanical. To Isabel it seemed not to matter. The incident of the little plush box was the first concrete evidence she had had of an understanding between her husband and her friend, into which she herself seemed not to enter. It gave her vague distrust and foreboding tangible form, and an anger began to rise within her—which Marian didn't recognize as jealousy.

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A Girl's Way of Paying for a Motor Car.

BY A. HUNTER.

IN AN evil moment, Mrs. Loftus confided to Irene that the desire of the family was for an automobile, or, as Mrs. Loftus put it, a car.

"Not an expensive car," she hastened to explain, with a conscientious scruple about being considered extravagant, even by her servant, "just a little, useful runabout, possibly an Ord."

Irene was cleaning the silver at the time her mistress made the confession to her, and she polished off a spoon and laid it down before replying.

"Why don't ya have a car?" she inquired. Mrs. Loftus was a trifle flustered.

"It's so expensive," she murmured, "and just now, when Mr. Loftus's business isn't doing very well—I'm afraid—"

She did not finish, nor was it necessary for her to do so, since the financial status of the family was perfectly well known to Irene.

"Oh, nonsense! Of course ya can have one," that determined young person said. "Ya'll simply have to economize a little bit, that's all."

Mrs. Loftus became interested.

"Do you think it can be done?" she inquired respectfully.

"Surest thing I know. Ya let me manage it. If ya want that car, Miz Loftus, ya can get it, b'leave me."

"All right, Irene, I'll leave it to you," returned Mrs. Loftus, and not having considered the matter very seriously, smiled in frank amusement.

Armed with her mistress' approval, Irene lost no time. She instantly set to work with characteristic vigor to reduce the family expenditures. At breakfast time, two mornings after her conversation with Mrs. Loftus, Irene was summoned to the dining-room. She appeared at once.

"What's the matter with the coffee this morning, Irene?" Mr. Loftus asked pleasantly.

Irene did not waste words.

"Twenty-five cents a pound," she returned briskly.

"Then it's not what we've been using?"

"Sure it's not."

"Why did you get it? It's abominable stuff."

Irene made a rapid calculation and grinned.

"Ya don't mind a little thing like coffee, do ya, Mr. Loftus? We're saving twenty-five cents toward that car."

Mr. Loftus replied not. He looked anxiously at his wife, who had explained to him, only that morning Irene's hopes in regard to the car. She was gazing out of the window, and seemed wholly oblivious to the conversation. Irene withdrew. Mr. Loftus desired greatly to own a car. Therefore, he omitted to comment upon the freshness of the egg he was eating. After all, he argued, the process of economizing would not last long.

On Sunday, the car again indirectly became the cause of a conference. Except at breakfast, when the household regaled itself upon second-rate coffee and third-rate eggs, the subject did not force itself upon the attention. The customary Sunday dessert had been ice cream time out of mind, and the substitution, on the day in question, of a tapioca custard, was hailed as the forerunner of some terrific family cataclysm, the exact nature of which was unknown. The circle about the board eyed the intrusive pudding askance, and Mrs. Loftus, without remark, rang the bell for Irene, who, when she appeared, refused to undertake the part of apologist for the pudding. The protests on the part of the family against this gross violation of an established custom were met by Irene with complete indifference touched, toward the end of the conversation, with impatience. Yield the point she would not.

"I guess ice cream ain't as wholesome as some people make out," she finished, eyeing Miss Violette Loftus coldly. Miss Violette had been very vigorous in her denunciations of Irene's methods of economy.

"But Irene," Mrs. Loftus pleaded, "ice cream isn't very expensive. Surely we can afford it once a week."

"No ya can't, if ya want that car," and Irene, not to be outdone, instantly produced a little book, and proceeded to prove to Mrs. Loftus the exact amount saved toward the price of the desired conveyance, and, not being accustomed to restrain the frank expression of her feelings, she concluded her harangue by remarking, in a slightly offended tone:

Whale of a Wallop.

A MAN was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using food and provine language on the street. One of the witnesses was a house old dairy, who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horse?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talk mighty loud, sah."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled. The lawyer remarked about it to the jury man.

"I see that yer looking fer help, mister," man waited," on the door, he rambled in,

"And you both go to the same church."

"Now tell me—what do you want to prove?" "Surely," exclaimed the man, "you can't believe what I say."

THIS REPLY OF A J. WALKER, THE POPULAR NEGRO CHURCHMAN, HAS A GOOD EFFECT FOR THE BEST PARTIES THAT HE TELLS IN THE FOLLOWING:

"A very decent-looking Salvation Army female, who was traveling in a railway train, was asked by a man sitting next to her whether she believed every word in the Bible."

"Yes," she replied, "I do."

"And your daughter married his eldest son?"

"Yes, sah."

"And you've known each other for years?"

"Yes, judge."

"Isn't he?"

"He's your next-door neighbor, and you wish to prosecute this fellow?"

WHILE DO YOU WANT TO PROSECUTE THIS FELLOW?

THE LADY OF A WALLOR.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Pour La France. By Rene R. Rivierre.

19

MARTIN, descending the stairs, passed the shadow on the first landing. When Martin had been moved to ask her course, her head had stopped aching, and Martin stared at him dazedly, slowly taking the box from his outstretched hand. The window of the house she had left was dark with her shadow and her hand with her shadow. The window of the house she had left was dark with her shadow and her hand with her shadow.

Marian's Suspicion. By Vlasia A. Hungerford.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE GRAY BOX.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 6, 1918.

The protests were silenced, but even the glory of a runabout was becoming somewhat dimmed. Irene's whole-souled interest in the matter was praiseworthy, to say the least, and, as she subsequently remarked more than once, the family had but to submit to her economies, while she had to both plan and execute them. Resistance became not only cowardly, as repulsing Irene's good offices, but cruelly, as indicating a reluctance to endure a few temporary discomforts. As time passed, these in used in number and importance. Irene, having set her heart on assisting her employers in their laudable endeavor to purchase a car, was not to be daunted by any obstacles that presented themselves. She openly reproved her mistress for the suggestion that the hiring of a native of the Land of the Cherry Blossom would facilitate the house cleaning, and even went so far as to take upon herself considerable extra labor in order to dispense with added assistance with the weekly washing. Mrs. Loftus was helpless before Irene's eager good will, and consequently made no objection to her strong hint that a new dancing frock for Violette was an unnecessary luxury. Mrs. Loftus herself had relinquished a new hat without a murmur.

"Why the deuce didn't you tell the girl that you'll get it if you pleased?" ferociously inquired Mr. Loftus, who was wont to speak

and has the lure of the great white way proved stronger than nature's charms?"

"No," he answered, in his calm, even tones. "Nature is my religion as in days of old; but man, not satisfied with arranging the city to suit himself, is going out into the strongholds of God's own abiding place and creating havoc among the denizens of the forest primeval. The time was when I and my brethren scattered throughout these mountain and desert wilds, could abide in peace, undisturbed by the strife and turbulence of so-called civilization. But that day has passed. Now, bands of hunters, campers, hikers and the like, roam over our preserves, kill our furred and feathered pets that have become endeared to us through long association, maraud our gardens to replenish their camp supplies and invade our cabins to photograph us and comment upon our appearance as though we were ethnological wonders from the wilds of New Guinea. Hunters made their headquarters in my cabin. I wouldn't have complained so much about that—although they raised pandemonium till 1 or 2 o'clock every morning—had it not been for the fact that they ruthlessly slaughtered my trusting little forest friends."

"A pair of quail had raised their little brood just over the hedge from my garden. I had scattered crumbs from the table out there all summer, and these little feathered beauties had become so tame that they would come within reach of my hand. Well, one night two hunters came to the door and asked if I would give them shelter for the night. I couldn't refuse them. The next morning I arose early to make a trip down to see Jake, the old placer miner who lives a little way down the canyon. Upon my return I saw, hanging on a string from a branch of a liveoak tree, my little flock of quail. Bunched together as they were, while eating their morning supply of rations, they had proved an easy mark and not one had escaped."

"Then there was an old doe and her fawn that had formed a habit of coming every evening to my garden fence, where I invariably strewed sprigs of green stuff from my garden patch for their special benefit. They became so fearless after a little while that I could place my hand on them, over the top of the garden fence. They were regular visitors during the whole season and on into the following summer. By this time the youngster had grown a pair of spikes and was fair game for the vigilant nimrod. They got him, one evening, within a dozen rods of my cabin door; just as easy as going out and knocking your pet collie in the head with the family ax."

"Well, being a man who shuns discord and strife, I could have endured all that without starting open hostilities; but the worst was yet to come."

"A year ago last summer, two women and a boy of about 10 years of age came to the

canyon and set up their camp about a half mile below my lodge. You know where the laurel grove is, at the mouth of Deer Creek. Suffragettes, I think the women were; at least they had all the qualities mentioned in the London dispatches as belonging to those energetic females, and in addition, an unlimited supply of monumental nerve."

"The first time they came down my way they pounced upon my lowly habitation as though they had been anthropologists who had just discovered the dwelling-place of a supposedly extinct race and found one member of the tribe still in existence. They stood not on the order of calling, but came right in and made themselves at home. I wasn't very enthusiastic over their arrival, but having an inborn sense of politeness, I tried to be civil, at least."

"They wanted to know when and where I was born; if I led that secluded life because of some early love affair; if I could read and write, and if I didn't long for human companionship. That wasn't all the things they wanted to know, but it will serve to give you some idea of the intenseness of their thirst for knowledge. I evaded their questions as much as possible and might have remained on peaceable terms throughout the time of their somewhat protracted stay in the canyon, but one day, that tireless bundle of pernicious activity, the 10-year-old boy, came over with his dotting mother for the regular daily siege. The boy had a bow and arrow, and for feats of archery had William Tell beaten to a standstill."

"He started in by shooting out the only four panes of glass that adorned my humble domicile. Then he made a skimmer out of my coffee-pot which stood on a table by the door. But the final blow was yet to come. You remember Bruno, the old St. Bernard dog that has been my constant companion, sleeping and waking, for a dozen years? Well, he was getting old and almost helpless. The most he could do was crawl out into the sunshine and back to the cabin again. But I loved that dog as though he had been a human being and tried to make the last stages of his life as peaceful and comfortable as possible. Well, that young imp of Satan had tipped some of his arrows with Spanish-dagger points and started in to make a living sacrifice out of poor old Bruno."

"I didn't get it through my head at first what was causing all the commotion out back of the cabin; but the pitiful cries of my helpless comrade brought me around there in a hurry. One arrow was sticking in his shoulder and the blood was streaming down his side; another had pierced his throat. I took that den. of a boy around to his mother in about three strides, and then the long pent-up flood of indignation broke loose. I said some things that I shouldn't have mentioned to a lady, I suppose, but even at that I didn't express all

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)

Modern Hermit Changes His Place of Abode.

BY G. W. JOSE.

While walking down Main street the other day, whom shall I come face to face with but my old friend the Hermit of Dark Canyon. Last summer, for the first time in many seasons I had been obliged to pass my vacation elsewhere than in the canyon, and consequently had not seen the Hermit for nearly two years. But as he had told me on my last visit to his cabin home that he had not been to the city in over twenty years, imagine my surprise at finding him here. And such a change. He was clean shaven, his hair trimmed and he wore an ordinary business suit of neat pattern. I scarcely knew him at first, but a second look at that rugged face and keen gray eye convinced me that he was, indeed, the same kindly personage whom I had known in days of yore.

To most of the visitors in the canyon he had seemed unresponsive to their friendly advances; but I had, by accident, as it were, found the key to his friendship. I had strolled up the canyon one afternoon with the intention of fishing the stream back to camp, along about sunset.

To pass a pleasant hour or two before beginning my fishing jaunt, I had taken along a copy of Scott's poems. I read for some time and then, leaving the book on a log, went on up stream. When I returned to the spot, some hour or so later, I found the old Hermit, picturesque in his long flowing hair and beard and in his woodman's garb, poring over the book.

So interested had he become in his reading that he did not hear my approach until I was close beside him, then he hastily laid down the book, murmuring a few words of apology. I assured him that no excuse was necessary, that he was welcome to take the book and read it during the time that I remained in the camp, if he wished. He accepted the loan gratefully. Then we fell naturally into a discussion of the different poems in the volume; of the poems of Tennyson and Bobby Burns. We found we had many mutual favorites and in discussing their merits, our acquaintanceship progressed rapidly. He invited me to his cabin, and I spent another very pleasant hour in looking over the little library which included many of the old classics.

All this happened some ten years ago, and since then I had spent many pleasant and profitable hours, during each of my summer visits to the canyon, with this rugged old mountaineer.

So then, knowing the aversion of this man of the wilds to the society of mankind in general, I marveled at his being here and at his changed appearance.

We had walked along together to the park and seated ourselves under one of the giant pepper trees.

"Tell me," said I, "what is the meaning of this seemingly revolutionary change in your mode of life? Has the solitude of your mountain fastness palled upon you at last

and has the lure of the great white way proved stronger than nature's charms?"

"No," he answered, in his calm, even tones. "Nature is my religion as in days of old; but man, not satisfied with arranging the city to suit himself, is going out into the strongholds of God's own abiding place and creating havoc among the denizens of the forest primeval. The time was when I and my brethren scattered throughout these mountain and desert wilds, could abide in peace, undisturbed by the strife and turbulence of so-called civilization. But that day has passed. Now, bands of hunters, campers, hikers and the like, roam over our preserves, kill our furred and feathered pets that have become endeared to us through long association, maraud our gardens to replenish their camp supplies and invade our cabins to photograph us and comment upon our appearance as though we were ethnological wonders from the wilds of New Guinea. Hunters made their headquarters in my cabin. I wouldn't have complained so much about that—although they raised pandemonium till 1 or 2 o'clock every morning—had it not been for the fact that they ruthlessly slaughtered my trusting little forest friends."

"A pair of quail had raised their little brood just over the hedge from my garden. I had scattered crumbs from the table out there all summer, and these little feathered beauties had become so tame that they would come within reach of my hand. Well, one night two hunters came to the door and asked if I would give them shelter for the night. I couldn't refuse them. The next morning I arose early to make a trip down to see Jake, the old placer miner who lives a little way down the canyon. Upon my return I saw, hanging on a string from a branch of a liveoak tree, my little flock of quail. Bunched together as they were, while eating their morning supply of rations, they had proved an easy mark and not one had escaped."

"Then there was an old doe and her fawn that had formed a habit of coming every evening to my garden fence, where I invariably strewed sprigs of green stuff from my garden patch for their special benefit. They became so fearless after a little while that I could place my hand on them, over the top of the garden fence. They were regular visitors during the whole season and on into the following summer. By this time the youngster had grown a pair of spikes and was fair game for the vigilant nimrod. They got him, one evening, within a dozen rods of my cabin door; just as easy as going out and knocking your pet collie in the head with the family ax."

"Well, being a man who shuns discord and strife, I could have endured all that without starting open hostilities; but the worst was yet to come."

"A year ago last summer, two women and a boy of about 10 years of age came to the

canyon and set up their camp about a half mile below my lodge. You know where the laurel grove is, at the mouth of Deer Creek. Suffragettes, I think the women were; at least they had all the qualities mentioned in the London dispatches as belonging to those energetic females, and in addition, an unlimited supply of monumental nerve."

"The first time they came down my way they pounced upon my lowly habitation as though they had been anthropologists who had just discovered the dwelling-place of a supposedly extinct race and found one member of the tribe still in existence. They stood not on the order of calling, but came right in and made themselves at home. I wasn't very enthusiastic over their arrival, but having an inborn sense of politeness, I tried to be civil, at least."

"They wanted to know when and where I was born; if I led that secluded life because of some early love affair; if I could read and write, and if I didn't long for human companionship. That wasn't all the things they wanted to know, but it will serve to give you some idea of the intenseness of their thirst for knowledge. I evaded their questions as much as possible and might have remained on peaceable terms throughout the time of their somewhat protracted stay in the canyon, but one day, that tireless bundle of pernicious activity, the 10-year-old boy, came over with his dotting mother for the regular daily siege. The boy had a bow and arrow, and for feats of archery had William Tell beaten to a standstill."

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AN AVIATOR'S SACRIFICE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Pour La France. By Rene R. Rivierre.

Illustrated Weekly. GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE. Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Misplaced Words.

MAN was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street. One of the witnesses was a pious old dandy, who was submitted to a short cross-examination. "Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horse?" asked the lawyer. "Well, he talk mighty loud, suh."

What of the Fishes?

WHEN Auditor of State Vic Donahey and six of his ten children had returned from Sunday-school he tried the children out on the lesson which had been about Noah and the Ark. He impressed on their minds that of all the inhabitants of the Ark, human, creeping and otherwise, all save those which had taken refuge on the Ark perished in the flood. There was nothing living at all except what was on the Ark, he told the children. The waters had drowned out all life.

Was the Real Party.

AT a social affair the other night reference was made to those who ramble around today burdened with great names, when Congressman Edwin S. Underhill, of New York, told of a case along that line. Some time since a colored man applied to a contractor for work, and during the negotiations the employer asked the man what his name was.

Cause for a Pardon.

SENATOR BOB TAYLOR, of Tennessee often told of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," Governor of that State, an old negress came to him and said: "Massa Gov'n, we's mighty po' this winter and ah wish yo' would pardon mah old man. He is a fiddler, same as you is, and he's in the pen-tentry."

She Had Him.

OLD MR. BROMPTON is a very clever man; he had enough degrees after his name to supply a platoon of scientists. Yet the other day his little granddaughter utterly confounded him. "Grandpa," said she, "I saw something so funny running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?"

Abner's Solution.

IN THE lobby of a Washington hotel the other night they were speaking of the country boy's advent in the city when this story was told by Capt. J. H. Gibbons, of the United States navy. Some time ago a youthful party named Abner left the paternal farm and sought his fortune in the adjacent city. Passing a hardware store, and seeing a sign, "Young man wanted," on the door, he rambled in.

That Thrilling Climax.

"OH, DO TELL me something about the play last night. They say that climax at the close of the third act was simply grand," she said. "Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," he replied, without any marked degree of enthusiasm.

But in Mexican.

IN THE good old days, before revolutions raged with their present frequency, there used to be prizefights at Juarez, just across the international boundary from El Paso, and gentlemen of sporting inclinations from the American side of the line attended regularly. One sunny afternoon, as the gladiators sat in their respective corners waiting for the tap of the bell, the official announcer climbed through the ropes and standing in the middle of the ring, addressed the gathering.

Safety First for Him.

A BURLY man, the picture of perfect health and strength, walked into the office of a prominent accident insurance company the other day and wanted to be insured. "Are you engaged in any hazardous business?" asked the secretary. "Not in the least," replied the applicant. "Does your business make it necessary for you to be without sleep at night?"

The Real Reason.

"WHY do you wish to prosecute this man? He's your next-door neighbor, isn't he?" "Yes, judge."

A Needed Respite.

THIS little story was told by Congressman Wyatt Aiken, of South Carolina, when the conversation at a social affair turned to the trials and triumphs of running a boarding-house. In a just-like-home boarding-house in a big city recently one of the young men guests took a single sip of coffee at dinner and then placed the cup on the table.

In Memoriam.

FRANK D. GILDERSLEEVE, assistant general passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, is trying to "get by" with this one: Pat, a newly-created section boss, was taking his old friend Mike over the route. They passed a mile-post. It read: "Baltimore 42 miles."

Blood and Suncombe.

JAMES COUZENS said in the course of a conversation in Chicago: "There is a great deal of talk to be heard on all sides just now about war and peace. Some of the war discussions I have heard remind me of the Irish M. P. who, an ardent advocate of free trade, was intensely bitter against those who did not hold his views."

Sure.

ENGLAND'S recent failure to establish total abstinence for the duration of the war led Robert W. Chambers, the brilliant novelist, to say at the Century Club, in New York: "It's just as well, perhaps. Total abstinence seems a little extreme. There's alcohol in everything, you know. There's alcohol in the very bread we eat."

Whale of a Wallop.

THE Rev. A. J. Waldron, the popular English clergyman, has a fine "eye" for the humorous. One of the best stories that he tells is the following: "A very demure-looking Salvation Army lassie, who was traveling in a railway train," was asked by a man sitting next to her whether she believed every word in the Bible.

Provider Limited.

OLD Mammy Mary Perlmmons called one day on the village lawyer. "Well, old lady," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Ah wants to div'oce mah husband," said Aunt Mary.

Blue Silk Ankles Defiant.

A MADISON AVENUE car stopped at Seventy-ninth street and a pretty young woman in blue climbed aboard. She took the one vacant seat, looking aggressively about her, and crossed her legs. Blue silk ankles, about twenty inches of each, were revealed. Across the aisle sat two women of prim, mid-Victorian aspect. They cast prim glances at the blue stockings, and two mid-Victorian sniffs chilled the air.

Fault of the Clerk.

THE court clerk was examining an applicant for citizenship papers. Unfortunately the clerk didn't ask his questions in the order in which the man from across the seas had been taught the answers. "Do you speak English?" asked the clerk. "Sure Mike," was the answer.

It Wouldn't Work.

THE conversation in a Washington club turned to the subject of health hints the other night, when an amusing little incident was recalled by Samuel W. Beaks of Michigan. Some time since a learned doctor was giving a friend a bit of good advice with regard to mastication. "No matter what you eat," said the physician, "you should chew each mouthful thirty times. It—"

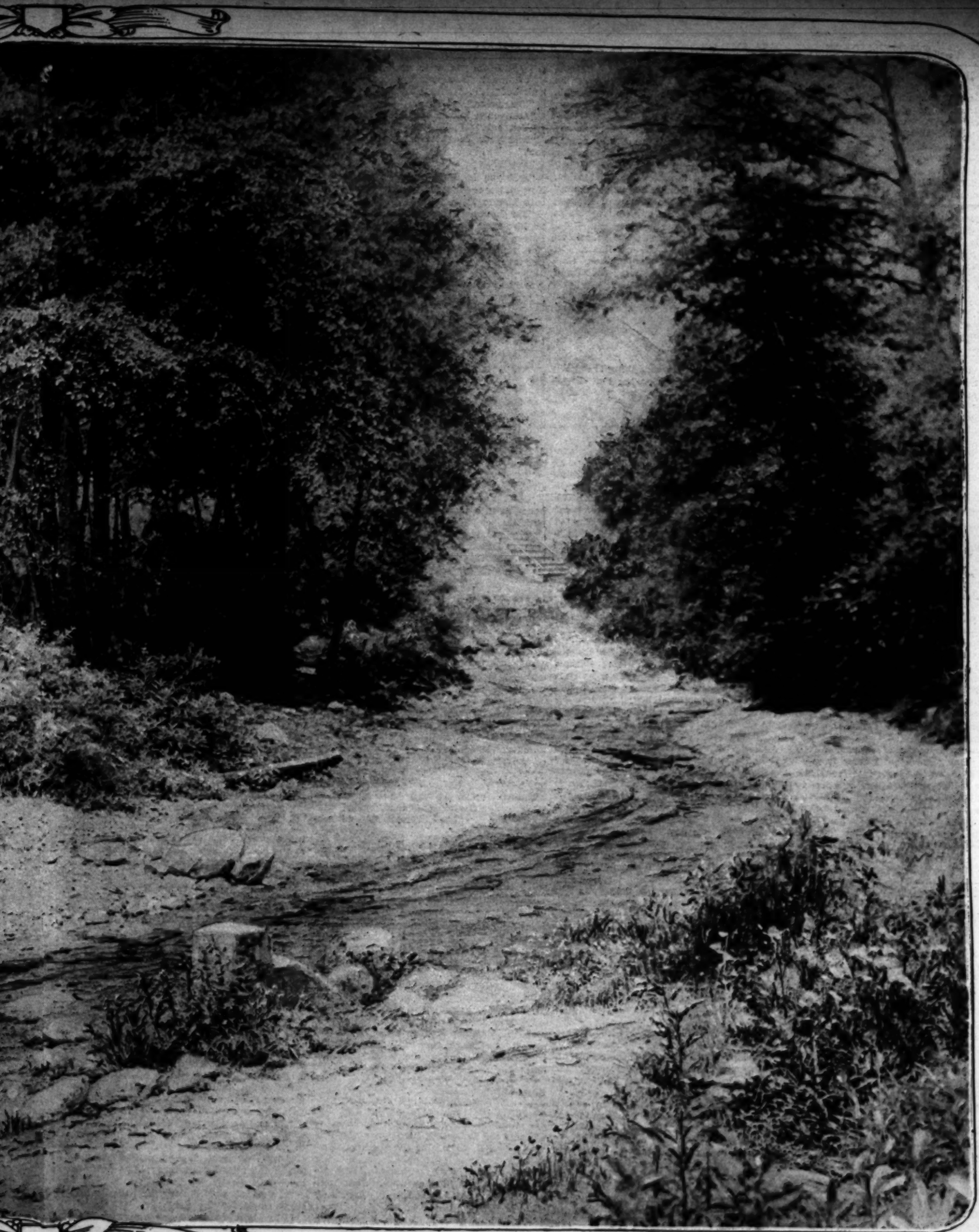
THE AMERICAN TIMES
— OF THE —
WIDMILLER NUMBER

Saturday, January 5, 1919.

Winding Way of a South



Southern California Stream.



SUNDAY MORNING, MARTIA
JAPS BUSY IN MANILA.
Incite Revolt of the Filipinos.
Combination in the Islands Fomenting Trouble Among the Natives.
Pan-Oriental Society Growing Under Supervision of the Mikado's Men.
Filen Administration Seeks to Suppress All News of Late Outbreak.

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Southern California Stream.



THE WORLD'S NEWS AT THE HEART OF IT IN TODAY

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son in a court case that will
be a landmark.
READERS. It is a mistake to jump at the
first part of the news. The news is to be
read in its entirety. Consult the index at the bottom
of the page and read all the news of the day.